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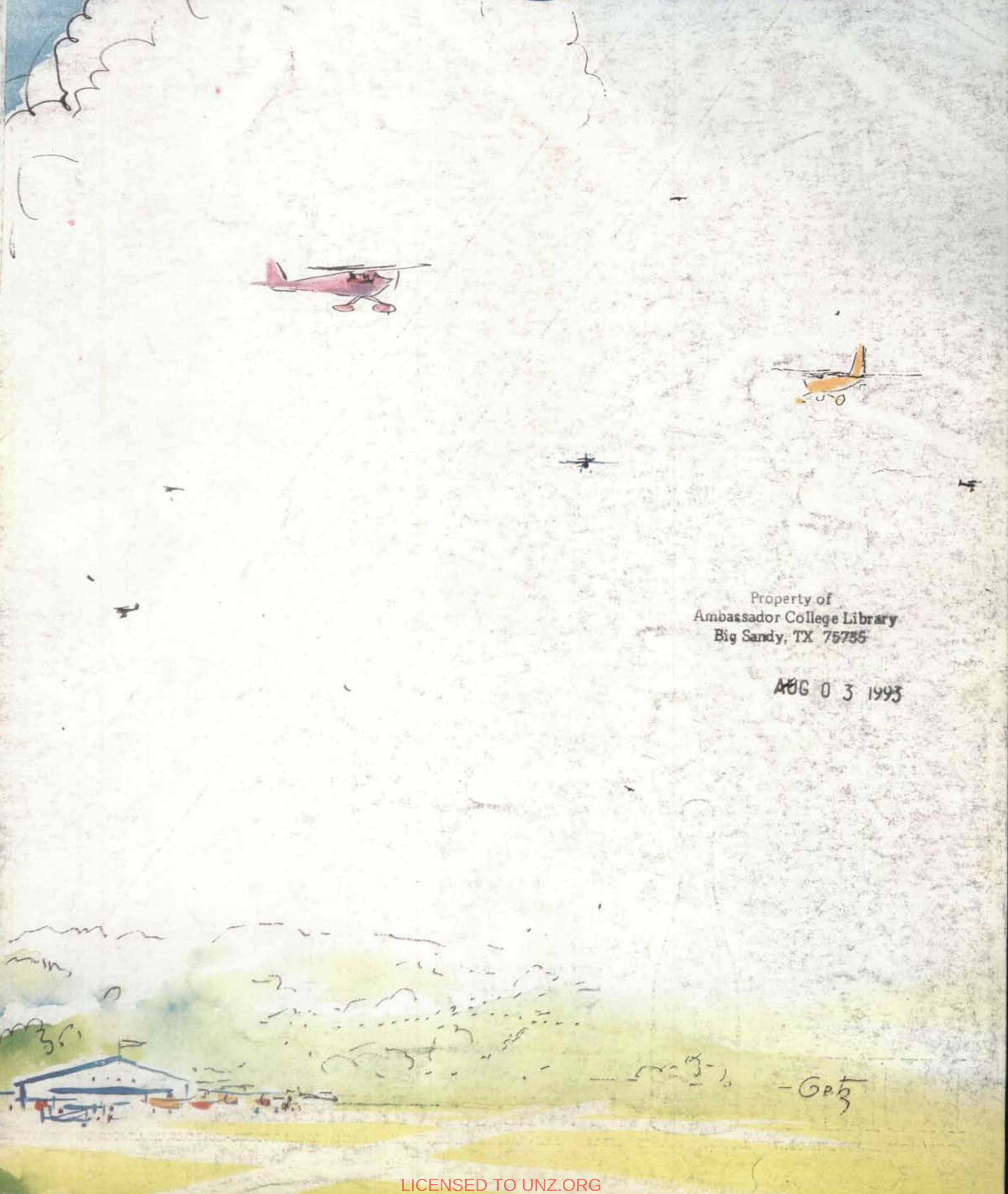

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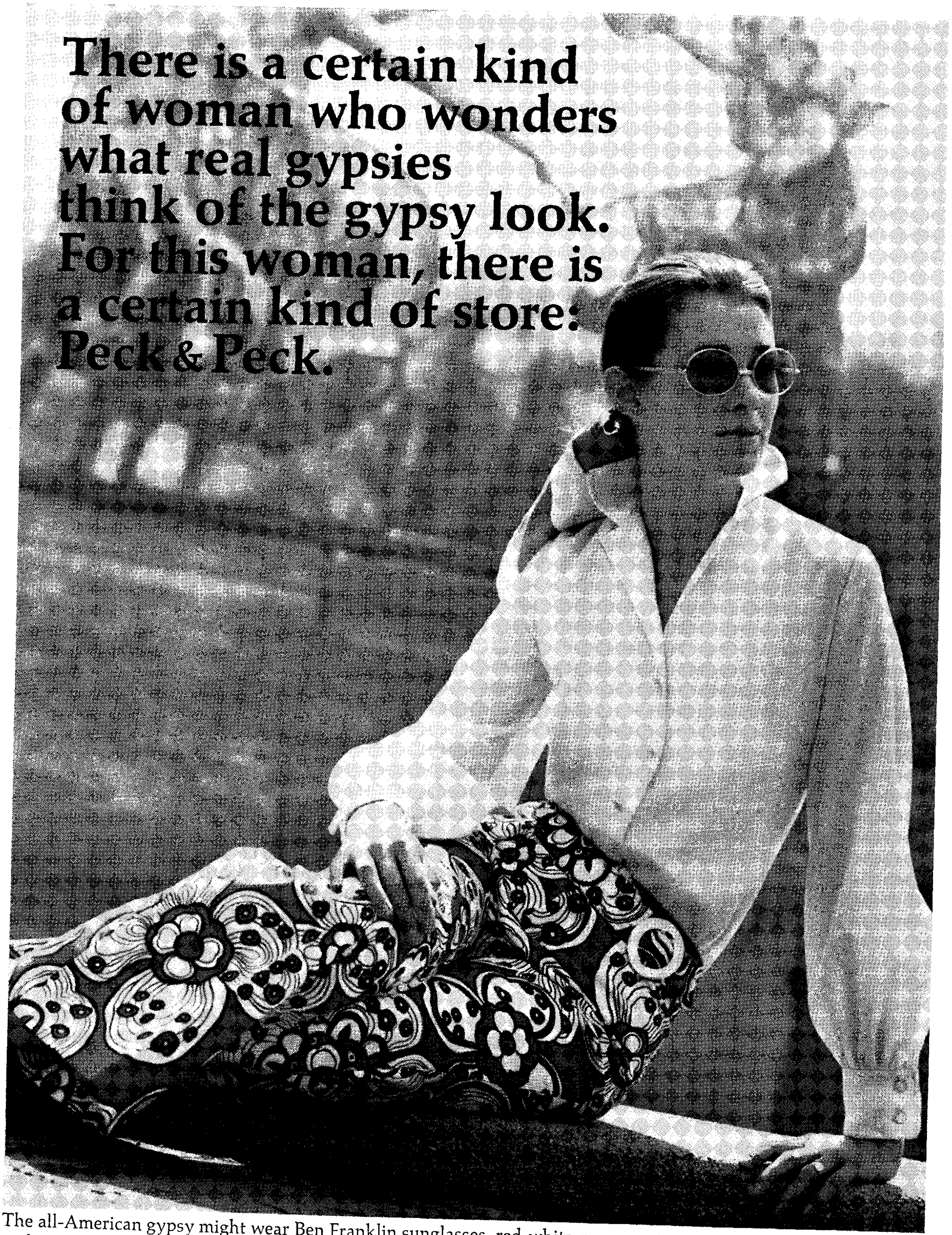
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and Next—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

APA Repertory Company—The final performances of the season. Shakespeare's **Hamlet:** Thursday, April 24, at 2, and Saturday, April 26, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **The Misanthrope:** Thursday through Saturday, April 24-26, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

A Black Quartet—Free performances of a program of four new plays by Ed Bullins, Ben Caldwell, LeRoi Jones, and Ronald Milner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-5111. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, and Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—Reopening of an extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. Previews through Sunday, April 27. Reopens Tuesday, April 29, at 7:30. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forty Carats—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gingham Dog—Diana Sands and George Grizzard in a play by Lanford Wilson. Directed by Alan Schneider. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Great White Hope—James Earl Jones turns in a superb performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Alec McCowen, who takes full advantage of it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—Nicol Williamson in Tony Richardson's British production of Shakespeare's tragedy. Previews through Wednesday, April 30. Opens officially on Thursday, May 1. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Honest-to-God Schnozzola—A play by Israel Horovitz, directed by Rip Torn. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Invitation to a Beheading—A whimsical and mannered adaptation of an early novel by Vladimir Nabokov. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 4.)

Jimmy Shine—A ramshackle comedy by Murray Schisgal about a wistful little loser who keeps on losing. Dustin Hoffman is the whole show. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 26.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Jack Warden now has the leading role. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Man with the Flower in His Mouth—Jay Novello in a triple bill by Pirandello, translated by William Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Papp—A four-character play by Kenneth Cameron. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Play It Again, Sam—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Quoat-Quoat, Guernica, and Pique-Nique en Campagne—A month-long repertory of three plays, performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris. Jacques Audiberti's comedy (the first item): Friday, April 25, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, April 26-27, at 3. . . . ¶ A

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DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Barney Tobey, Donald Reilly, Charles Barsotti, William O'Brian, Henry Martin, Charles Saxon, Alan Dunn, William Hamilton, Eldon Dedini, Louis Nitka, James Stevenson, Whitney Darrow, Jr., F. B. Modell, Warren Miller, Mischa Richter*

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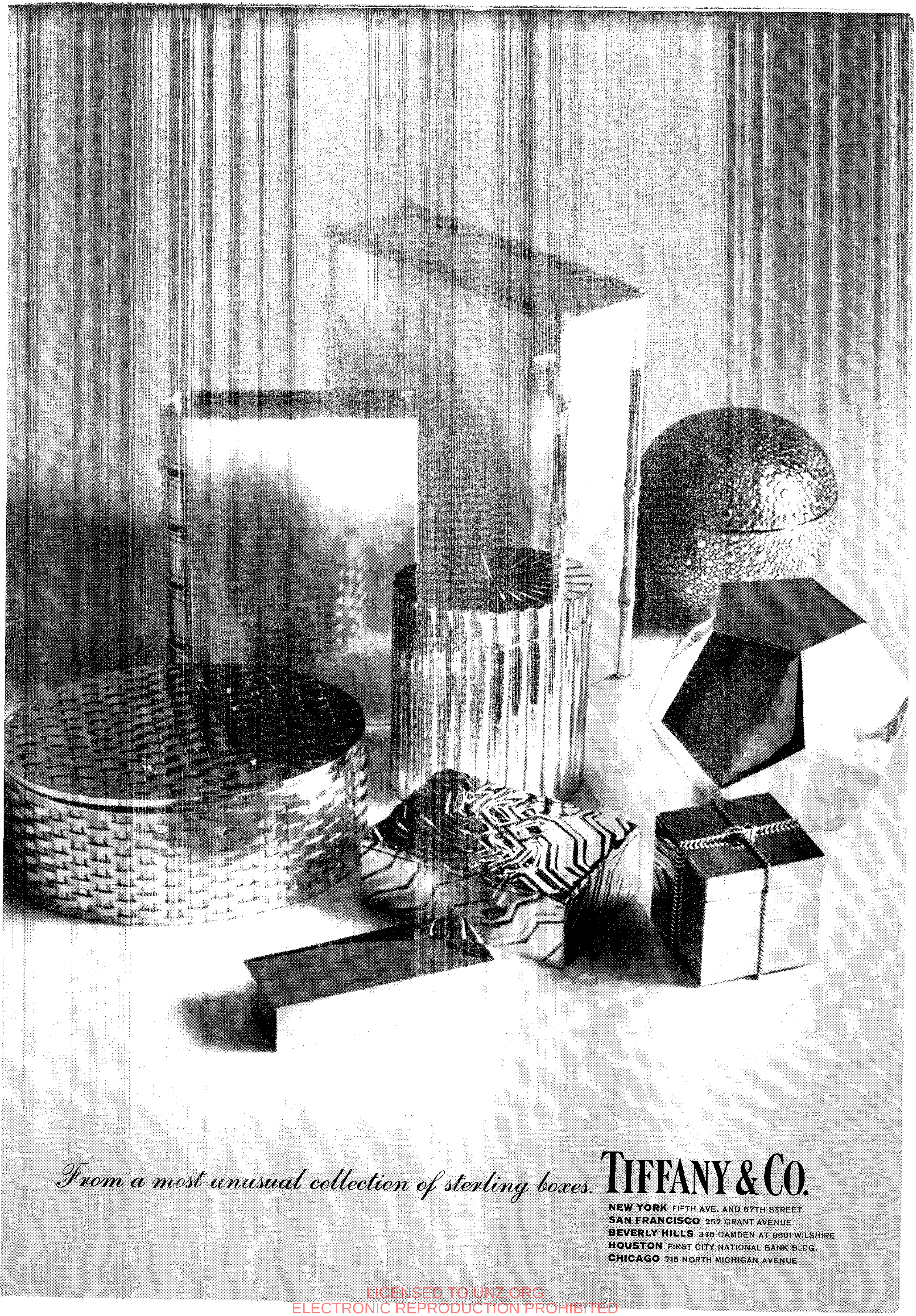

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

double bill by Fernando Arrabal (the second and third items): Wednesday, April 30, at 3 (preview) and 7:30 (opening), and Thursday through Saturday, May 1-3, at 8:30. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Closes Wednesday, May 14. For tickets, call 249-3074.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Barbara Baxley and Dan Dailey are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Canterbury Tales—A falsely jaunty betrayal of the great poet, with silly music and amateurish acting. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Sunday, April 27, at 3.)

Celebration—A musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, with four pleasing performers—Susan Watson, Ted Thurston, Keith Charles, and Michael Glenn-Smith—and several very singable songs. The time is out of time, and the place is no place. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 26.)

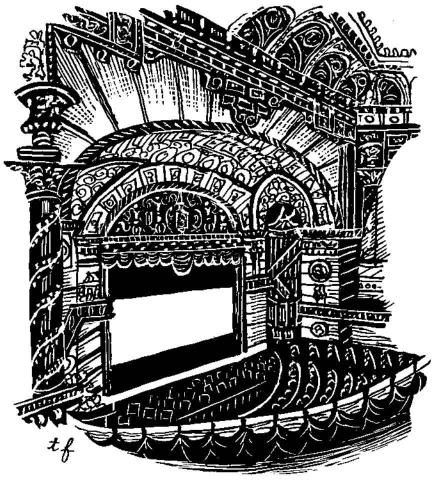
Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—A big, soft sofa-cushion of a musical, appealing more to the eye than to the ear, and redeemed by the gallant trouping of Angela Lansbury. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Max Morath—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish, popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 4.)

The Megilla of Itzik Manger—The final performances in a brief return engagement of this Israeli musical, in Yiddish and English, taken from the Book of Esther. Adapted by Shmuel Bunim, who also directed. The music is by Dov Seltzer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 2 and 5. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this breezy adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A childish retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. Little music, no dancing, and two thin girls. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Trumpets of the Lord—Cicely Tyson in a revival of a musical adaptation, by Vinnette Carroll, of "God's Trombones"—a series of poems in the form of sermons by James Weldon Johnson. Directed by Theodore Mann. Opens Tuesday, April 29. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—An old-fashioned, all-purpose musical, which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GEORGE M!:** A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 26.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Jane Morgan is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... ***YOUR OWN THING:*** *As this rock musical goes its* merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Thursday, April 24, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," "Tarantella," and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday, April 25, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Ivesiana," "La Source Divertissements," and "La Valse." ... ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 2:15: "Jewels." ... ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 8:15: "Ballet Imperial," and "Ivesiana," "Meditation," and "Agon."... ¶ Sunday, April 27, at 1:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, April 27, at 7:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Ivesiana," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Tuesday, April 29, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." ... ¶ Wednesday, April 30, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Apollo," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday, May 1, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Apollo," and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Friday, May 2, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 2:15: "La Sonnambula," "Apollo," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," and "La Valse." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 15.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday, April 24, at 8:30: "La Bayadère," "Enigma Variations," and "Jazz Calendar."... ¶ Friday, April 25, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 26, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Sunday, April 27, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Tuesday, April 29, at 8:30: "La Bayadère," "Enigma Variations," and "Jazz Calendar."... ¶ Wednesday, April 30, at 8:30: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday, May 1, at 7:30, and Friday, May 2, at 8: A new production of "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 2:30 and 8:30: "La Bayadère," "Enigma Variations," and "Jazz Calendar." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880. Through Sunday, June 1.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—The last two in a series of performances. Friday, April 25, at 8:30: "Blues Suite," "Journey," "Knoxville: Summer 1915," and "Black Belt."... ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 8:30: "Toccata," "Hermit Songs," "Metallics," "Lament," and "Revelations." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

José Limón Dance Company—Tuesday, April 29, at 7:30, and Saturday, May 3, at 8:30: "Choreographic Offering," "Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias," and "The Moor's

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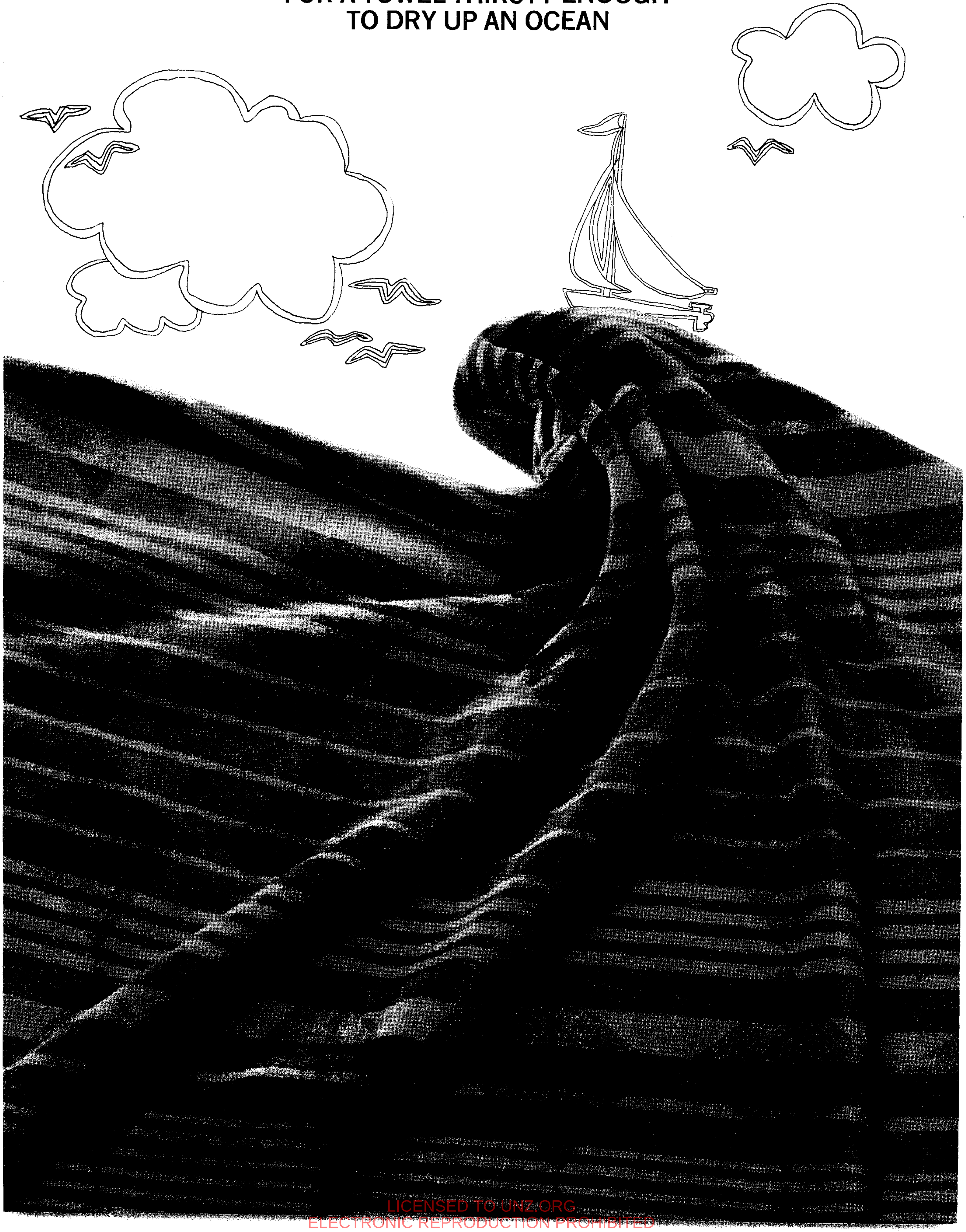

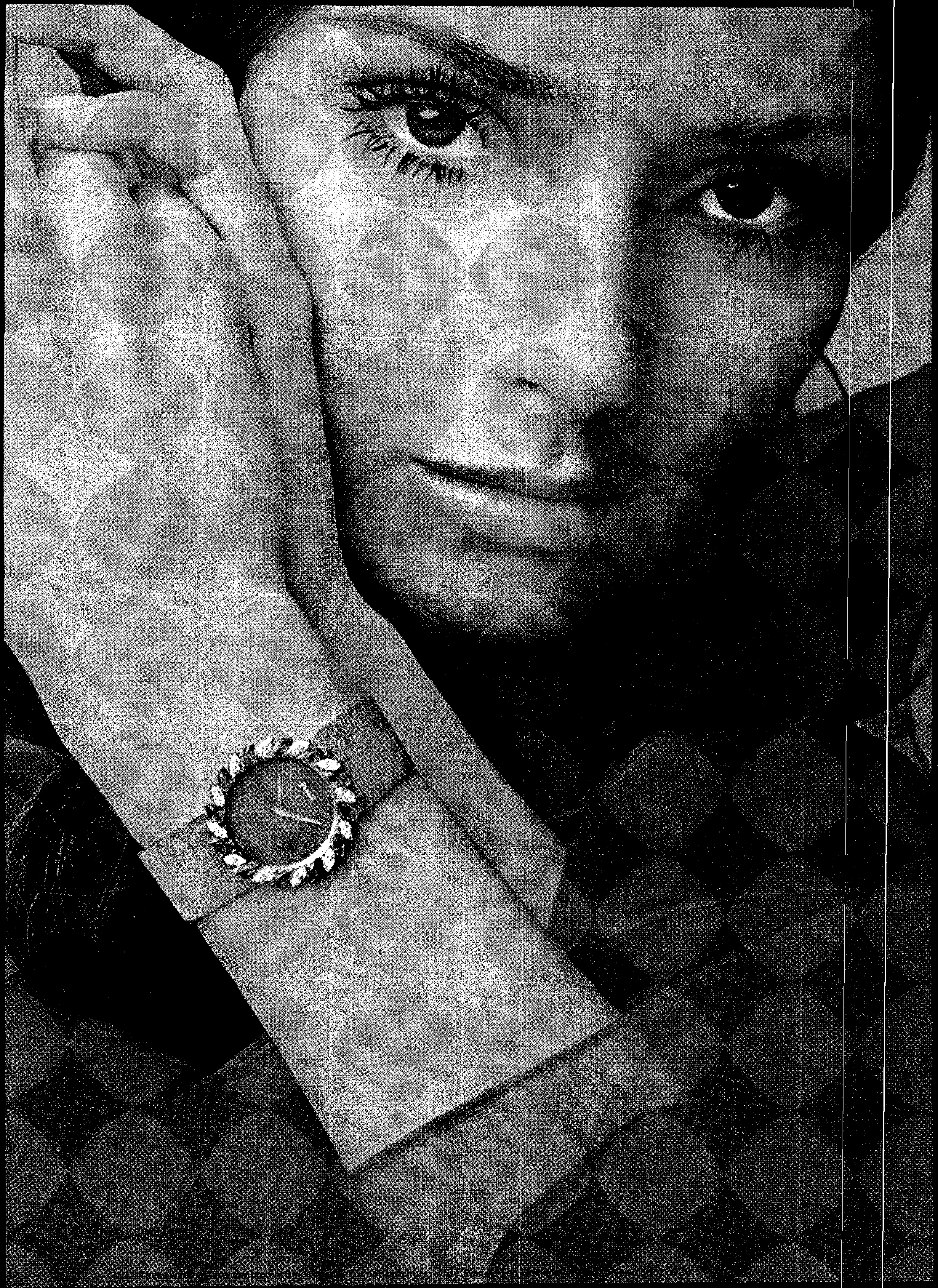
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Pavanne."...¶ Wednesday, April 30, and Friday, May 2, at 8:30: "La Malinche," "The Exiles," "Legend" (New York première), and "The Traitor." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's wingding, with a cast of dancing elephants, acrobats, and so on, not to mention trained camels. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 11. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Black Expo—The final performances in a week-long festival of black performing arts. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30: Amanda Ambrose and the New York Jazz Sextet.... ¶ Friday, April 25, at 8:30: Eleo Pomare and Rod Rodgers and their dance companies. ...¶ Saturday, April 26, at 2:30 and 8:30: Billy Taylor and friends, with, in the afternoon, Duke Pearson's band and, in the evening, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis jazz orchestra....¶ Sunday, April 27, at 2 and 8: A soul and gospel show, with Patti and the Blue Belles, the Dandridge Choral Ensemble, and Listen My Brother. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Singers, strummers, and talkers come and go throughout the evening—among them David Steinberg, a caustic comic, who will be here through Monday, April 28. Shows begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, and at times a groove. Six nights a week, at eight-thirty and eleven, pianist Otis Spann takes turns with a ten-piece ensemble named the Great Train Robbery. On Monday, April 28, from eight, singer Bob Gibson will lead a one-shot folk-music show. Ice cream is served in very large dishes.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot, currently made even more easeful by the Ross Tompkins trio, a quintet led by Roy Eldridge and Richie Kamuca, and singer Anita O'Day. On Tuesday, April 29, the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet will relieve the above musicians, while Miss O'Day stays on. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes, at one time or another, Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top-Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

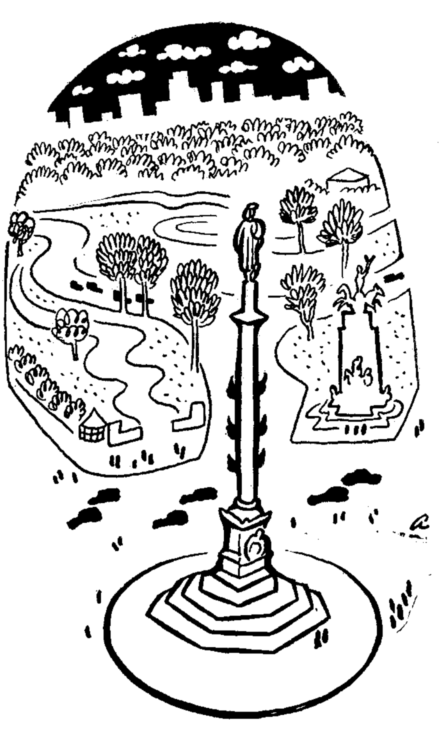
Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. Jeremy Steig's *Zauberflöte* is at the center of his hip quintet, which plays most nights from nine to four. On Tuesday, April 29, the Lee Morgan quintet will arrive. On Saturday, April 26, from five to nine, the New Life trio will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, April 27, Sam Rivers' orchestra will do the same. Mondays, from nine to four, are devoted to sundry jazz groups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the Bill Evans trio and the solo piano of Toshiko. Beginning Tuesday, April 29, the Mose Allison trio will trade sets with pianist Jaki Byard. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned....¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, the Miles Davis quintet will share the evening with the Eddie Harris quartet; Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, the Hugh Masekela quartet will alternate with the Modern Jazz Quartet.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz. The Pharoah Sanders quintet and the Dexter Gordon quartet play Tuesdays through Saturdays, beginning—in theory, anyway—at nine-thirty. Mondays are reserved for the loud sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. On Sunday, April 27, from eight-thirty to one, a nineteen-piece ensemble from New York University will perform.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Golly, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, a Dixieland band plays before the evening fun begins.



DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to rampant live rock and back again several times during the evening. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic sort of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as on Tuesdays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live music comes from Nucleus (through Sunday, April 27) and Elephant's Memory (starting Tuesday, April 29). On Sunday, April 27, from three to nine, a new band called the Jazz Composer's Orchestra will dominate the scene; among its members are Cecil Taylor, Don Cherry, and Pharoah Sanders. On Monday, April 28, the Electric Ear series continues, with Christopher Tree presenting a concert for gongs, timpani, cymbals, bells, chimes, flutes, reeds, and Tibetan temple horn. Nothing alcoholic.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (oh, wow!) the Danube. Between record sets, a six-man group known as the Victorians plays and sings. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. Little wheels spin and spin; big wheels turn around and around. Live music comes from the Brass Buttons (on Thursday, April 24) and the Sioux (beginning Friday, April 25). Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A handsome reward is offered to all who

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enter upon the little kingdom of the Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **EL MOROCCO**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Dig we must, if we are to trace the course of Empire that once held sway. The music still plays on, for auld lang syne—some of it people (Lester Lanin) music, some of it pre-packed. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Early native cottage industries, such as the two-step and the fox-trot, are still being carried on, simon-pure. No others need apply. Argueso's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at 3:30 P.M.; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Mondays and Tuesdays, the clinic is in the charge of Mabel Mercer, whose favorite prescription (take love life where and as you find it) is set to the best words and music the best collaborators (among them Buddy Barnes, at the piano) can supply; the remainder of the week, Sundays excepted, Joan Rivers issues her prescription for the American housewife (spare the rod and spoil the husband). Nothing doing until nine-thirty or ten.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hands across the Aegean, the Gulf of Corinth, and tributaries. Among the hands are Avram Grobard, head man and joker; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; Turkan, *ventriste;* and Itamar, a real Yemeni cricket. Dancing for the listeners, too, and good home cooking, often Israeli. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Free Fall," the local revue, is enacted by a set of skillful boy and girl earthlings (Patti Deutsch must be specially commended) and is possessed by a demon (the mind of Ronny Graham, its head coach), which makes the end product that much funnier. At nine-thirty and midnight, except on Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—A sort of Sir Galahad is Sergio Franchi (he does have the strength of ten), who sings with manly grace and lively pace during dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The Lee Evans orchestra says grace in its own fine fashion. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The Spanish population explosion (the ballet troupe assembled by Ramon de los Reyes, which projects all over the place) and the Argentine ambience explosion (Alberto Rochi's *chansons d'amour*). On Thursday, May 1, Los Chavales de España, Iberia's largest standing and singing army, reclaims its throne. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life happens, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

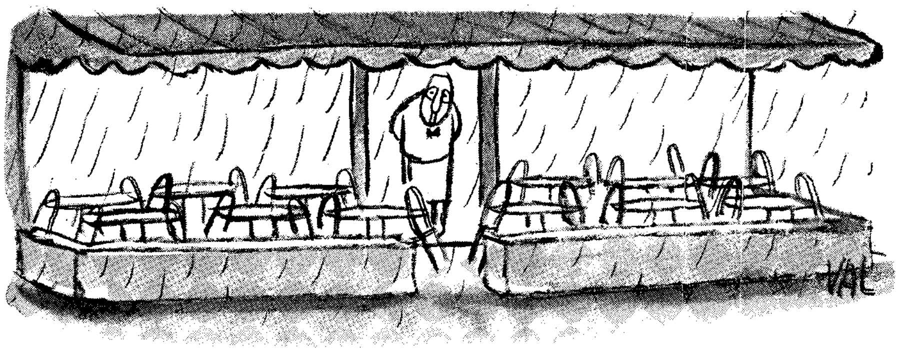
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The age median goes into a decline when such as Paul Anka, who winningly represents one of the now several (if not severed) younger generations, are singing; the air of many-worlds worldliness does not. Every night. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the chords that course through the instruments blow in from Miami and Las Vegas. They belong to The Pacesetters, whose alphabet ranges from alacrity to zest. From ten on and on, every night.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The lower deck of this particular Longchamps rises well above room temperature as early as six-thirty and stays that way until two every night but Sunday. The World's Greatest Jazz Band (the likes of Billy Butterfield, Bob Haggart, Bud Freeman, Lou McGarity, Yank Lawson, Ralph Sutton, and Bob Wilber), Joe Venuti's quartet, and Maxine Sullivan's voice desist on Thursday, May 1; next evening offers Roy Eldridge's quadrangle (for which Jimmy Rushing will bay), a triad composed of Milt Hinton, Marty Napoleon, and Don Lamond, plus Muriel Roberts's solo piano. No (sorry!) dancing.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The grand old Persian Room is host to Dana Valery, Sergio Franchi's little sister and a credit to this sound-of-music family. She's a dinner and supper item. On Friday, April 25, she will be succeeded by Connie Stevens, who handles show-business arias with far less portentousness than most other sopranos. Her do is at ten that night; thereafter, she's twice an evening. The dance bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will keep on lowing o'er the luxurious lea. Everything quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, a change of cast impends: on Tuesday, April 29, the Dukes of Dixieland replace Glen Covington's trinity. Both these crews are for looks; Mousie Alexander's men are for dance. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Closed Mondays. Events begin at eight. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to nine, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—usually every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays).

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Billy Ekstine, who remembers the good old days (he manages to look like an honest riverboat gambler), is doing his favorite songs so blandly, at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. He shuts down on Saturday, April 26, and on Monday, April 28, Marilyn Maye, one of those sopranos, opens up. Dancing begins at seven. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a celebrated groaning board, is also a sounding board for Hildegarde, whose garden-party way of dealing with poesy and prattle still charms her constituency. During the week, she arrives only around ten; Fridays and Saturdays, she's



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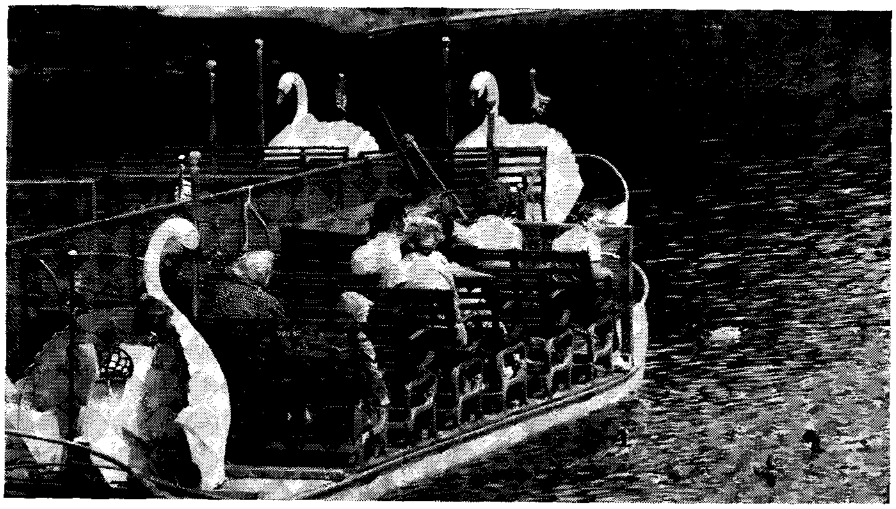

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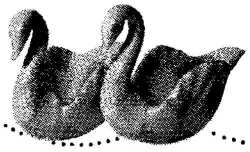

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a double-header. George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's Latinos are in charge of the consumers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—For the benefit of anyone who couldn't, or didn't want to, make it to the Hawaiian beach conglomerates this past winter, the Empire Room has brought back (and alive) Don Ho, a native host and commentator who understands the ways of *tourisme*. So does the floor show he has brought along. Dance tunes flow freely, the best of them from the Re Vells, who are Op as well as Pop. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a rather industrious (almost industrial) trio issues dance tunes from eight until one or so, and dinner and supper are on the hob (but not the house). This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week; a piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

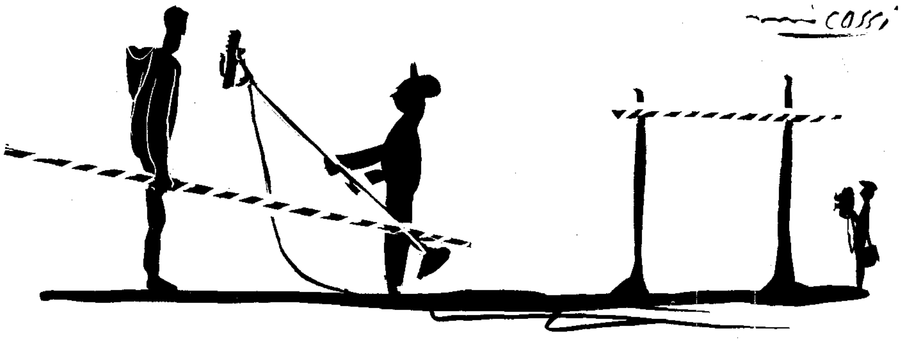
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Community spirit in an all-seasons resort on an Our Town basis. The permanent residents are led by the double piano of Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who are generally on hand from eight until forever. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Where the niceties of life after dark are considered the necessities. The ways of life trod by both the idle and the idyllic rich are the concern of the lyrics sung by Bobby Short, whose background is his own piano and his idyllic sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Not before nine-thirty, and not on Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica rum blends with the dishes and the decoration, both (like the rum) indigenous; the Jamaica ginger is made on the spot by the carolling, peripatetic singers. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The denizens of both bar and grill will, upon application, trust anybody over twenty-one, but that is mostly because they're having such a good time. Chuck Wayne's pensive but persuasive triad intersperses the conversation pieces until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **Grenadier**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): It's not quite the Ivy, though it offers resemblances to that London retreat, but it *is* sort of Ivy League. No Ivy, though, on the brow of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear and Manhattan, at her piano in the bar from nine until two, except on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **La Chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): She would have been named Fifi or Mimi in Paris when it sizzled, but in the twentieth-century New World she is Rita Dimitri, an open bottle of champagne on a piano top. She sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Act 1, Scene 1 of a Hungarian operetta in rehearsal. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band represents the merry villagers. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Rantipole, hubris, and tantivy, all because the waiters would rather sing for your supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **The Apartment**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Most everything on Second Avenue is, as it should be, off limits; exception can be made for Charles De Forest, who, though he must spend his nights in a piano bar, sings distinctly non-piano-bar songs all night long. Mr. De Forest lays off Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Château Henri IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The rear echelons make a fine, pocket-size Roman Empire; the bar remains Little Old New York, and there Lynn Mullinax does the proper prandial and postprandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **Salum Sanctorum**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Is this upstairs suite Ottoman Empire, a hanging garden of Babylon, or just plain Camp (both High and Kill Kare)? The piano music in one room is American for sure, though. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. Piano every night, five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty. . . . **Café Renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **Rembrandt Room**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Perfect pitch—that describes the setting in which the ancient art of Viennese dinner music is still carried on. It will be produced by George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, as far as Saturday, April 26. On Monday, April 28, Fred Fassler's violin and Karl Inwald's piano, likewise from the Ring, will move in. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Herman Honigsberg's strolling players (fiddles and music boxes) have returned to the scene of their prime, and they do help make the scene. From seven until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, neat and as expansive as the playing fields of Eton, affords well-put-together piano by Bob Kail from six-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Polo Bar**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Far from the madding crowd, and therefore lost (but not least) in calm and contentment, Joe Miles conducts the piano from nine-thirty until one. He has Sundays and Mondays to himself. . . .



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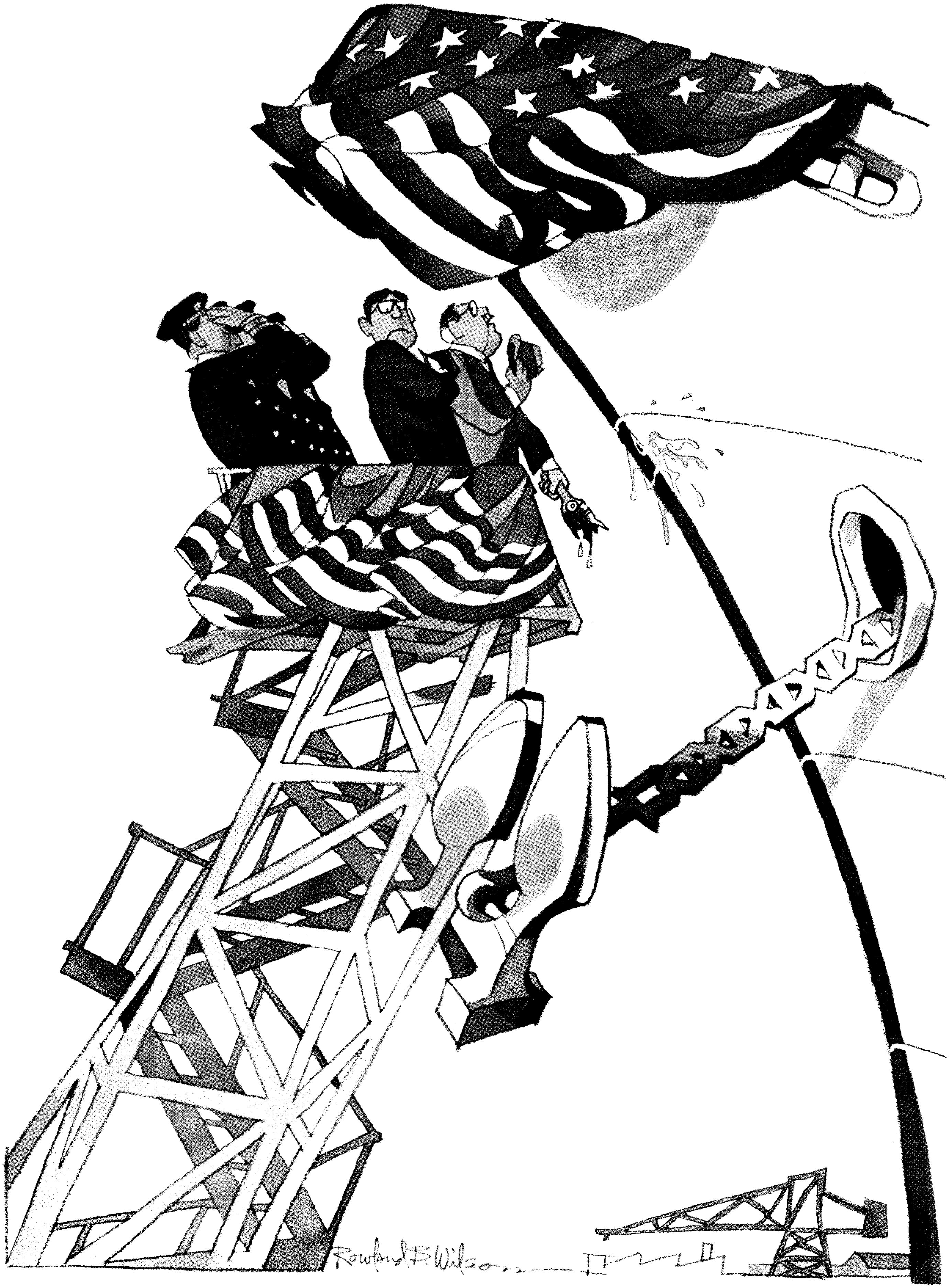

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

UMBERTO, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Time is measured here in Roman numerals, and the architecture is Roman candles. In the midst of it all, Franco Pagani serves as ambient and articulate minstrel, from seven until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CARL ANDRE—Modular floor sculptures; starting Saturday, April 26. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—This Op artist introduces variations into his eye-tricking color patterns; through Saturday, April 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

DAVID ARONSON—Bronze sculptures with motifs based on Jewish mysticism and medieval legends; through Saturday, May 3. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUGENE BERMAN—Twenty-six "classical" landscapes by a leading Neo-Romantic; through Saturday, May 3. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAMELA BIANCO—Intricate, dazzling geometrical compositions; through May 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

FERNANDO BOTERO—Social-commentary paintings with a folk-art quality by a Colombian artist now living in New York; through May 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

DAVID BURLIUK (1882-1967)—A large exhibit of flower paintings and landscapes by a Russian artist who worked for many years in Hampton Bays; through May 10. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE (1849-1916)—Paintings, drawings, and prints by this American Impressionist; through May 10. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

ED COLKER—Airbrush paintings of shapes floating in light; through Friday, April 25. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

ROLLIN CRAMPTON—Twenty-five paintings covering the period 1950 to 1968 by a Woodstock Abstractionist; through Thursday, May 1. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

MANIERRE DAWSON—Paintings by an American early influenced by Cubism; through Thursday, May 1. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT (1812-68)—Paintings by an indigenous American portraitist; through May 10. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY FAULCONER AND CLEADE ENDERS—Scenes, animals, and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 26. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Paintings, drawings, cartoons, and toys; through Saturday, May 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN-MICHEL FOLON—Watercolors of figures and landscapes; starting Tuesday, April 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

PETER GOLFINOPOULOS—Five huge abstractions; through Saturday, April 26. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday morning.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ (1876-1942)—A comprehensive exhibition of sculptures, pastels, and drawings by the pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through May 10. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Abstract paintings, some with effects of collage; through May 8. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstract paintings and drawings; through May 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ETIENNE HAJDU—Semi-abstract reliefs and free-standing sculptures, mostly in bronze and aluminum, some in marble or slate; starting Tuesday, April 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

CLEO HARTWIG, LOUIS SCHANKER, AND ANITA WESCHLER—Figurative carvings, abstractions, and color constructions; through Saturday, April 26. (Sculptors Guild, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

ALEX HAY—Drawings of earth contours, and cubical sculptures derived from castings of city streets; through May 8. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HEALEY—Sculptural effects created through projections of light by a British experimentalist; through May 10. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BARBARA HEPWORTH—Bronze, stone, and wood sculptures by one of Britain's foremost Abstract artists; through Saturday, May 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLINTON HILL—Paintings consisting of overlay transparent color washes; through Saturday, April 26. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Figures, landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a leading British contemporary; starting Saturday, April 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HOYLAND—Seven large color-field paintings; through Thursday, May 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY (1864-1941)—Fifteen oils, plus drawings and watercolors, by the Russian modernist; through Saturday, May 3. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

KANDINSKY, FRANZ MARC, AND AUGUST MACKE—A large benefit exhibit of watercolors, drawings, and a few sculptures by three members of the German Blue Rider group; through May 28. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

FREDERICK KIESLER—Sculptures and sketches, some related to the huge sculptural compound on which the Viennese modernist was working at the time of his death, in 1965; through May 10. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DONG KINGMAN—Watercolors and drawings of scenes on several continents; through Saturday, May 3. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

PAUL KLEE AND GIORGIO MORANDI—Oil paintings, watercolors, and drawings; through May 10. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DOROTHY AND CHAIM KOPPELMAN—A man-and-wife team, both followers of Eli Siegel's Aesthetic Realism, present paintings by the former, prints and drawings by the latter; through May 31. (Terrain, 39 Grove St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MICHEL LARIONOV (1881-1964)—Forty-two paintings covering the development of the Russian modernist famous for his work with the Diaghilev Ballet; through May 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

MAX LIEBERMANN (1847-1935)—Drawings and graphics by Germany's best-known Jewish modernist; through May 8. (Leo Baeck Institute, 129 E. 73rd St. Closed Saturdays. . . . ¶ Also paintings at the American Bank and Trust Company, 562 Fifth Ave., at 46th St. Closed Saturdays.)

RICHARD LINDNER—Watercolors and drawings by a specialist in fear-generating females; through May 10. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTONIO LORENZO—Atmospheric paintings of imagined machines by a Spanish artist; through Saturday, April 26. (Kreisler, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—Semi-abstract paintings and drawings of mountains in the West; through Saturday, April 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

CÉSAR MANRIQUE—Heavily painted, volcanic Abstractions; through May 17. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Bronze reliefs, including studies for his widely discussed panels for the door of St. Peter's in Rome; through May 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

EDGAR NEGRET—Massive metal-plate constructions by a Latin-American; through Saturday, May 3. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH NOLAND—A color-field painter continues his experiments with horizontal bands;

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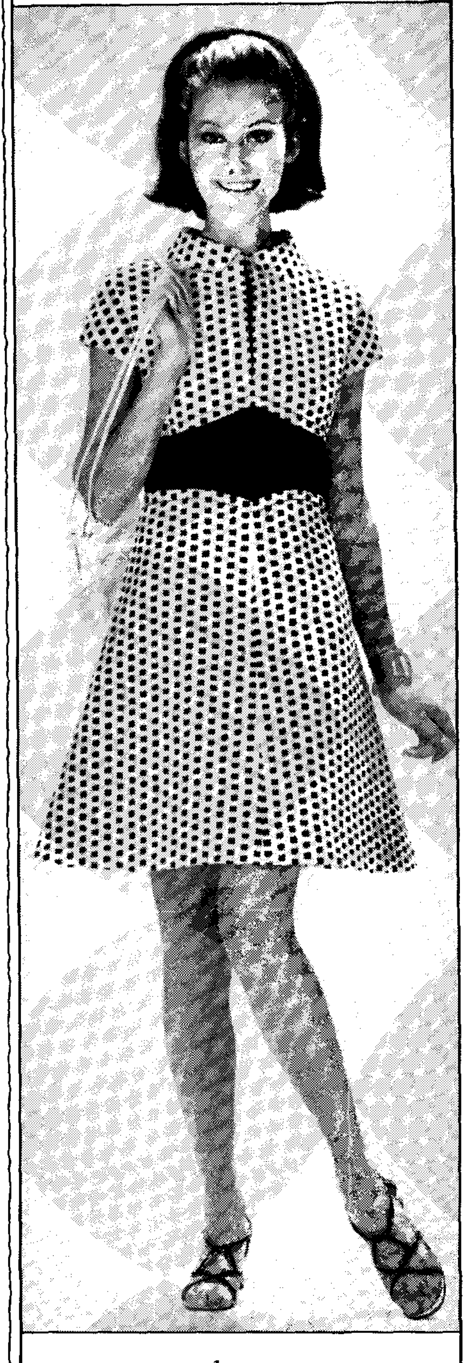

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through Wednesday, April 30. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Toshio Odate—Words on Plexiglas and mirrored surfaces describing impossible sculptures; through Wednesday, April 30. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pavia—Monumental Abstract sculptures in stone; starting Saturday, April 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pearlstein—Nudes and portraits by a leading contemporary figure painter; through Saturday, May 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Porter—White plastic boxes or blocks of variously shaped parts; through Wednesday, April 30. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Abraham Rattner—Expressionist paintings with Abstract elements by an important American contemporary; through Saturday, April 26. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—More of this artist's combines; starting Saturday, April 26. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919)—A major benefit show comprising ninety-five oils and pastels; through Saturday, May 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes and seascapes, some with figures; through Saturday, May 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henri Rousseau—Paintings and drawings from the collection of his friend Max Weber, who, as it happens, is having a show of his own works at the nearby Danenberg gallery. Also letters from Rousseau to Weber, Picasso, and others. Through May 31. (Feigen, 25 E. 77th St.)

Jannis Spyropoulos—Abstract Expressionist paintings in sombre hues; through May 7. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Stadler—Paintings featuring expanses of color; starting Saturday, April 26. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Racelle Strick—Geometrically patterned paintings, drawings, and plastics; through Saturday, April 26. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Sidney Tillim—Figurative paintings and drawings; through May 8. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Joaquín Torres-García—Abstract primitivist paintings done between 1931 and 1946 by this artist, who died in 1949; through May 15. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Vickrey—Paintings, many in egg tempera; starting Tuesday, April 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Max Weber—(1881-1961)—Examples of work over a period of fifty years by an American identified with Paris modernism; through May 10. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundred-and-second annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, April 27. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the BANFER, 23 E. 67th St.: About forty paintings and twenty drawings by Jared French, Maurice Grosser, Ken Davies, and Margo Hoff (to mention a few); through May 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . GRAHAM, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Large-scale drawings by such artists as Norman Bluhm, Elaine de Kooning, Mary Frank, Knox Martin, Motherwell, Newman, Rivers, and Wesselmann; through Saturday, May 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . LANDAU-ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings mainly, by William Brice, Carroll Cloar, Marcia Marcus, and Paul Wonner; through May 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists—for instance, Alechinsky, Bissier, Pol Bury, Jorn, and Sugaï; through Saturday, April 26. . . . VISUAL ARTS, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works executed by pairs of artists, including Ray Johnson, Rosenquist, Don Nice, and Wolf Kahn; through May 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.) . . . DORIS WIENER, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Seventy Indian miniature paintings from 1500 through the eighteenth century; through Wednesday, April 30. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century Florentine paintings, drawings, and sculptures from American collections. Columbia University collaborated in the exhibition. Through June 15. . . . ¶ Sculptures done last year by the painter Jules Olitski; through May 18. . . . ¶ A hundred photographs by thirty photographers from Brady to Stieglitz and Steichen; through June 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective, previously shown in Amsterdam and London, of Willem de Kooning's paintings, drawings, and pastels from the mid-thirties to 1967; through Sunday, April 27. . . . ¶ An impressive exhibit of approximately forty tapestries and weavings by contemporary craftsmen working as artists in this medium; through May 4. . . . ¶ Fifty watercolors, many never seen here before, by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through May 11. . . . ¶ A comprehensive exhibition of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; starting Tuesday, April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological retrospective of the entire career of the leading American sculptor David Smith, who died in 1965; through May 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Forty-seven contemporary sculptures constituting "Selection II" of works recently acquired by the Museum from often-mentioned artists; through May 5. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventy-four paintings, photographs, and drawings by Charles Sheeler (1883-1965), famous for his clean-cut compositions representing machine-age America; through Sunday, April 27. . . . ¶ Three camels in mixed mediums by Nancy Graves, to whom the camel is equivalent to the square of Albers; through Wednesday, April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred prints and drawings collected by the Museum during the past thirty years, with examples ranging from Dürer and Rembrandt through Matisse, Miró, and Albers; through Sunday, April 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Overseeing the new Hall of Ocean Life and Biology of Fishes is a ninety-four-foot, five-hundred-ton model of a breaching blue whale, suspended from the ceiling in a remarkable way. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A large assembly of paintings, bronzes, ritual implements, and temple scrolls representing eight centuries of Tibetan art, including secret paintings and sculptures shown only to Buddhist initiates; through June 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Figurines of the T'ang dynasty (618-906 A.D.) depicting non-Chinese who played various roles in Chinese life, and also ceramic vessels influenced by the West; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, graphics, posters, sculptures, furniture, and objects of art in the Art Nouveau style; starting Wednesday, April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred paintings and fifty drawings constituting a retrospective covering all periods of the social-realist Philip Evergood; starting Tuesday, April 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—About two hundred objects, such as books, boxes, and tapestries designed by a hundred promi-

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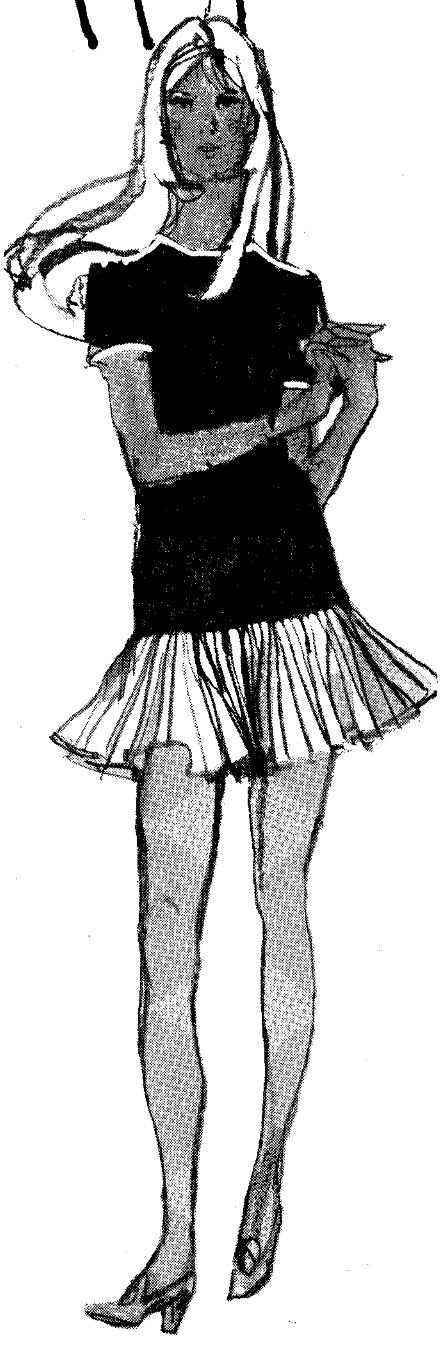

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nent American and European artists, among them Oldenburg, Christo, Arman, Vasarely, Rosenquist, Frank Stella, and Man Ray; through June 29. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of Swiss folk art; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Religious objects of New Guinea—carved figures, masks, shields, ornaments, and musical instruments; through May 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ A selection of drawings in various mediums by Reginald Marsh, documenting his work as book illustrator; through June 16. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Eighty watercolors by American Indians, craft objects (such as kachinas, pottery, and blankets), and seventy-five photographs of Navajo life; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Hunter College Opera Association—The première here of David Amram's "Twelfth Night." Staged by Adelaide Bishop, with the Opera Orchestra of New York conducted by the composer. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday and Friday, April 24-25, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting performances of Verdi's Requiem on Thursday April 24, at 8:30; Friday, April 25, at 2; Saturday, April 26, at 8:30; and Monday, April 28, at 7:30 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Cesare Siepi, bass; and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ An all-Stravinsky program on Thursday, May 1, at 8:30; Friday, May 2, at 2; Saturday, May 3, at 8:30; and Monday, May 5, at 7:30, directed, variously, by Mr. Bernstein, and by Farhad Mechkat and François Huybrechts, assistant conductors of the Philharmonic.

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Houston Symphony Orchestra—André Previn conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 30, at 8:30.)

Toronto Symphony Orchestra—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Yuji Takahashi, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Igor Markevitch conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 3, and Monday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg and James DePreist conducting a benefit concert, with Zero Mostel, guest conductor; Marian Anderson, narrator; and William Warfield, bass-baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 3.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Wednesday, April 30, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Chorale—Barbara Gambino and Richard L. Zorn directing, with soloists and an orchestra. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with soloists and an orchestra. The final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing settings of the "Te Deum" by Haydn, Verdi, and Kodály, with soloists and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 27, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Singers of Mount Holyoke College—Tamara Knell directing a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus—David Randolph directing Orff's "Carmina Burana" and Kodály's "Missa Brevis," with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 2, at 8.)

RECITALS

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Music of the Royal Court—The last in a series of programs, this one devoted to words and music heard in the reign of Elizabeth I, performed by the Renaissance Quartet and Celeste Holm. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30.)

American String Trio—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Theodore Lettvin, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Leontyne Price—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 30, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-69—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them William Balcolm and Donald Erb. The last in a series. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Wednesday, April 30, at 8:30.)

New England Conservatory of Music Festival—Wednesday, April 30: Boston String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 1: New England Conservatory Chamber Singers and Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, May 2: Rudolf Kolisch and Russell Sherman in a recital of Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3: Composers' Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, April 30, at 8:40.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 2, at 8:30.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, May 3, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Arliss Heukelekian—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Joni Mitchell, James Cotton Blues Band, and Taj Mahal—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, at 8 and 11:30.

Don Shirley—With an ensemble conducted by Archie Bleyer, and with actress Beah Richards. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Incredible String Band—Fillmore East. Sunday, April 27, at 7:30.

Freddie Hubbard—Wollman Auditorium, Ferris

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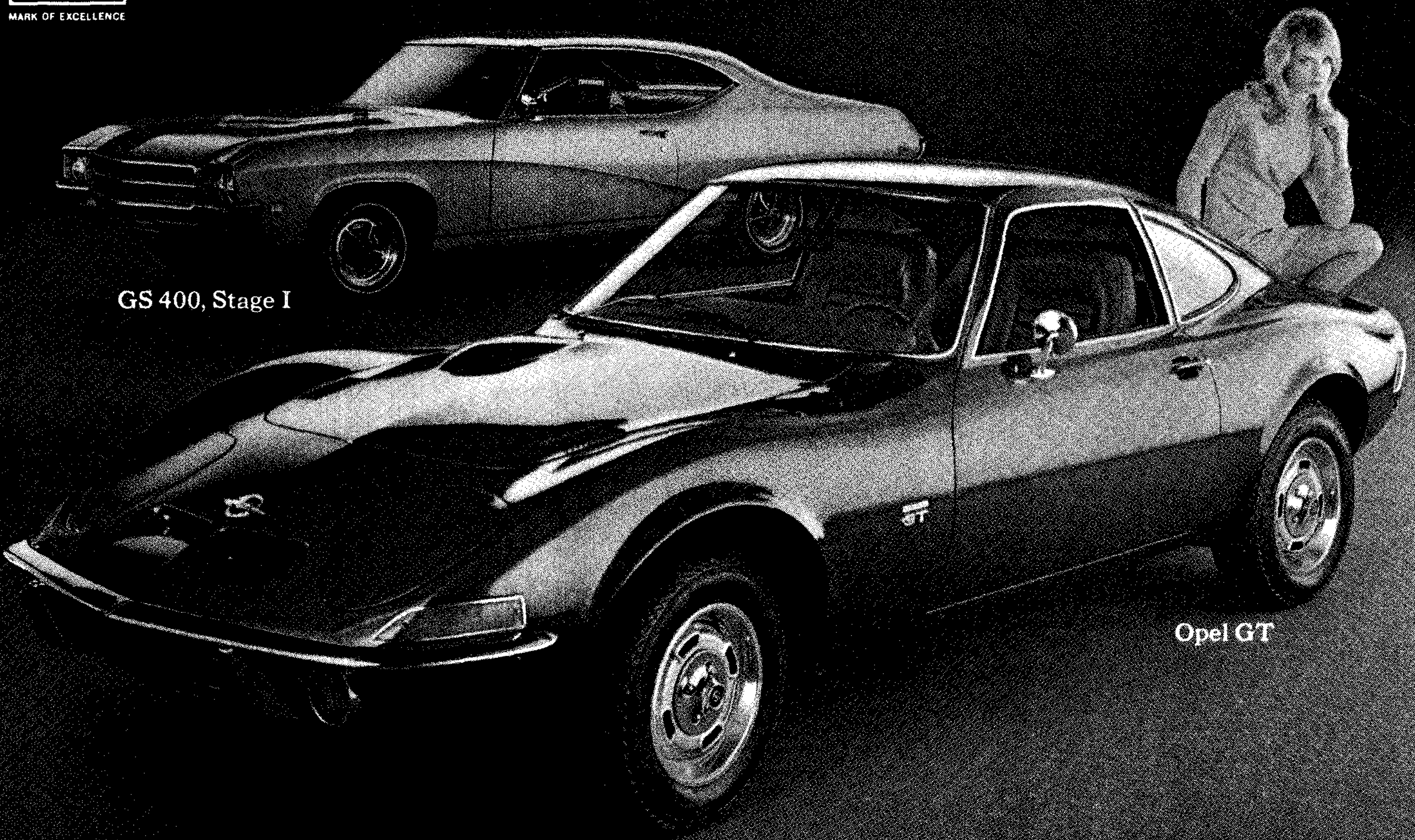

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Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-3600. Monday, April 28, at 8.

ROD MCKUEN—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 29, at 8:30.

JEFF BECK GROUP, JOE COCKER & THE GREASE BAND, AND NRBQ—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8 and 11:30.

RAY CHARLES—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 8:30 and at midnight.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, April 24, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, April 25, at 8:05; Saturday, April 26, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 27, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Monday and Tuesday, April 28-29, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, April 30, at 8, and Thursday, May 1, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, May 2, at 8, and Saturday, May 3, at 2.

BOXING—David Eltoro Melendez vs. Dick Diveronica, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, April 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

CREW—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 26.). . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 26.). . . ¶ Goes Trophy Cup: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. Saturday, April 26.). . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 3.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 3.)

HORSE SHOW—Sugartown Horse Show. (Rosemont, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 3-4.)

HUNT RACING—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 26.). . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 3.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 26; the Youthful, Wednesday, April 30; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 3. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Friday, May 30. Post time is 1:45 through Saturday, April 26; after that, 2. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 3.

TRACK—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.). . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Siegfried Landau conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonia in the final children's concert of the season, with dancers from the High School of the Performing Arts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, April 26, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30; and Friday, April 25, at 3:30 and 7:30.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, April 26, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sunday, April 27, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE: "Cinderella." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 26, at 2:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sunrise at Stonehenge." Starting Tuesday, April 29, there will be a new show, "Captives of the Planets." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In CENTRAL PARK: A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily 10 to 4:30.). . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, mice, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

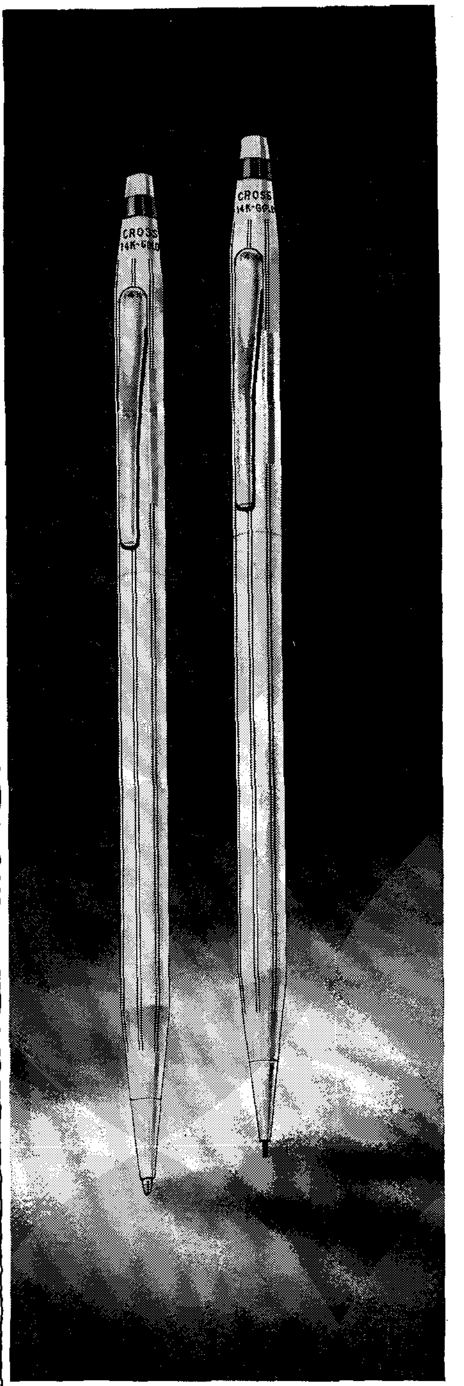
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Richard Wilbur reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 24, at 1:45: Part I of the Melvin Gutman collection of medieval and Renaissance jewelry and vessels of rock crystal and other semi-precious stones. . . . ¶ Friday, April 25, at 1:45: Abstract paintings by such artists as Jackson Pollock, Andy Warhol, and Willem de Kooning; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 10:15: African art, belonging to Emile Brocco. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 1:45: Furniture and decorations, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 29, at 1:45: Chinese art, including paintings, early dynastic pottery and porcelain, and ivory carvings; from the estate of Mrs. Godfrey Peckitt and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 30, at 10:15 and 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and other paintings, drawings, and watercolors; from many collections. Exhibition starts Friday, April 25. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 1, at 10:15 and 1:45: Russian works of art, among them three icons by Fabergé, a bust of Rasputin by Aronson, and a group of Gardner figurines; from the Gutman collection and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 26.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—April 24 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Killers" (1946), with Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. . . . ¶ April 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Out of the Past" (1947), with Jane Greer and Robert Mitchum. . . . ¶ April 26 at 11:30: "Volpone" (1939), in French, with Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet. . . . ¶ April 26 at 3 and 5:30: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948), directed by, and with, Orson Welles. . . . ¶ April 27 at 2 and 5:30: "White Heat" (1949), with James Cagney and Virginia Mayo. . . . ¶ April 28 at 2 and 5:30: "I Walk Alone" (1947), with Lizabeth Scott and Burt Lancaster. . . . ¶ April 29 at 2 and 5:30: "D.O.A." (1949), with Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ April 30 at 2: "Juno and the Paycock" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock. . . . ¶ April 30 at 5:30: "About the White Bus" (1967), directed by John Fletcher; and "The White Bus" (1967), directed by Lindsay Anderson. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Starts Sunday, April 27, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.



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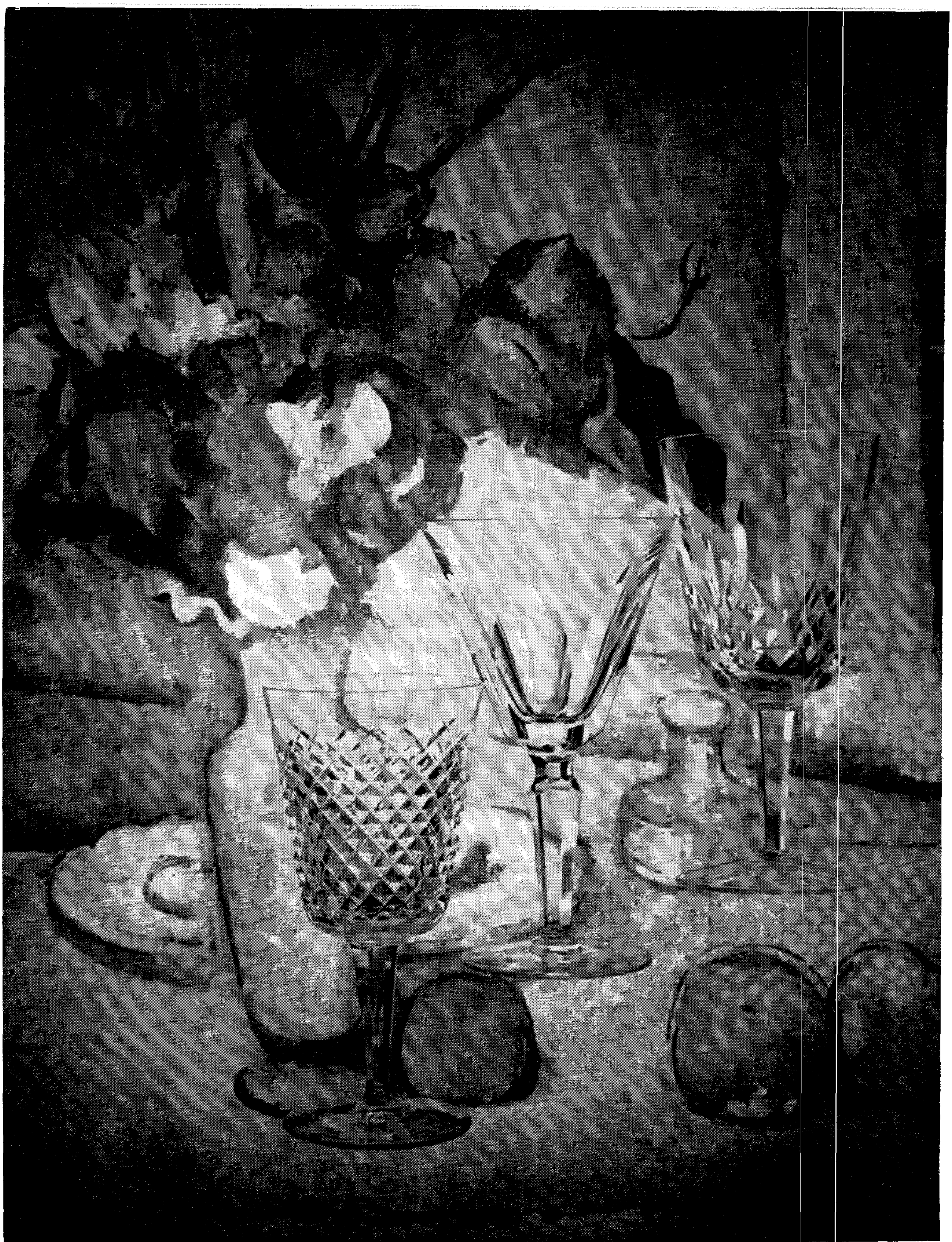

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

CINEMA
ALL STAR CAST
2 BIG SHOWS
TODAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

Accident (1967)—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; April 24.)

Barbarella—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this stale mess of an erotic comic-strip future that she seems to be a new Dorothy in a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 29.)

Beauties of the Night (1954)—Directed by René Clair, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 28-29.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—Directed by René Clair, with Michel Simon. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 28-29.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; April 28-30.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 30.)

Charlie Bubbles (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous English writer who feels alienated. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 29.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; April 26.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; April 27.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Faces—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semidocumentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123; through April 26.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth on the theme of a bright young Jewish boy who is caught in the middle of a Jewish joke and not laughing about it, although the film itself is funny, because Richard Benjamin, as the hero, seems exceptionally alert to the familiar gambits with guilt-giving. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. TR 9-1313.)

Greetings—As tawdry as an exploitation film and as disorganized as an underground film, Brian De Palma's comedy about a draft evader is, nevertheless, funny and good-natured. With a whole gallery of new, young, talented performers. (8th St. Playhouse. 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

If . . .—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society, in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 25-27.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Peter Sellers gets another chance at an American impersonation—this one a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie—in this careless comedy, which turns out to be surprisingly pleasant and occasionally witty. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback from a script by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 29.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through April 27.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loves of Isadora—Karel Reisz's finely intelligent study of the character of Isadora Duncan, wonderfully acted and danced by Vanessa Redgrave. Some hamfist in the movie industry not only added "The Loves of" to the original title but also lopped off nearly an hour of the film's running length. As with "War and Peace," we should press to see the full versions that other countries are getting. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; starting April 27.)

Mayerling—Not much passion in this new version by Terence Young, but Omar Sharif and the décor are very handsome. With Catherine Deneuve, Ava Gardner, and James Mason. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166; through April 29.)

Monterey Pop—*Cinéma vérité* about a pop music festival two summers ago in California, photographed by Donn Pennebaker with a team of associated cameramen and a revolutionary way of recording sound. Showing with a grimly funny short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs conferring on holiday in Hawaii. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; April 25.)

Nazarin (1958)—Buñuel's film about a defrocked priest in Mexico. Francisco Rabal plays the priest. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina and François Périer. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 29.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye (1965)—A quasi-documentary film about an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and acted by Peter Kastner. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; April 28.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through April 27.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Pierrot le Fou—Jean-Luc Godard's violent, chaotic attempt to show people trying to live like characters out of fiction. Jean-Paul Belmondo (called Ferdinand for Céline) and Anna Karina get involved in crime and politics, but the picture seems to be about romance and misogyny. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 27.)

Port of Shadows (1938)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith as Muriel Spark's heroic, eccentric, snobbish teacher (a cross between Emlyn Williams' Miss Moffat and Norman Podhoretz' Mrs. K.), and Celia Johnson as her quietly implacable enemy. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

La Prisonnière—The director of "The Wages of Fear," Henri-Georges Clouzot, wrote and directed this story about a far-out dealer in Op Art (Laurent Terzieff) who locks a girl into a sadomasochistic mock-intimacy that grips her by its appropriateness to her own fantasies. A faulty but very interesting piece of filmmaking by a director who knows what he is doing. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

The Red and the White—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material, they make something austere and entirely to do with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's vision of what men do on their last days on earth. A simple, lucid masterpiece, with a great performance by Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 30.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 25-27.)

Stolen Kisses—A pleasant romantic comedy by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as the man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 24.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. With an English narration. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 30.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Yellow Submarine—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 24.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
April 24: **ACCIDENT.**
April 25: **MORGAN!**
April 26: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).
April 27: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER.**
April 28: **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.**
April 29: "I'm All Right, Jack" (1960), Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
From April 30: "Changes," Kent Lane.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish. (Daily at 3, 5:30, 8, and 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Wedding Party," Charles Pfluger.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 29: **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (in Italian); and "The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.
From April 30: ***TO DIE IN MADRID;*** *and* "Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 29: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom; and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" (1968), Barry Evans.
From April 30: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French); and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Wanderer" (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through April 26: "Before Winter Comes," David Niven, Topol.
From April 27: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA.**

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Seven Golden Men," Rossana Podesta, Philippe Leroy.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
IF . . .

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
April 24: "Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?," Anthony Newley, Joan Collins.
From April 25: "Succubus" (in German).

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
LA PRISONNIÈRE (in French).

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Lola Montès" (1955; in French), Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Salesman," a documentary film.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Guru," Rita Tushingham, Michael York.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Run, Angel, Run!," William Smith.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
April 24: "2" (in Danish).
From April 25: "The Miracle of Love," a semidocumentary film.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 29: "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.
From April 30: "Hannibal Brooks," Oliver Reed, Michael J. Pollard.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through April 27: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian); and **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).
April 28-30: **THE BIG SLEEP**; and "Sergeant York" (1941), Gary Cooper.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 29: **BARBARELLA**; and "The President's Analyst" (1967), James Coburn.
From April 30: "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida; and "Paper Lion," Alan Alda.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
GREETINGS.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE RED AND THE WHITE (in Hungarian and Russian).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through April 29: **MAYERLING**; and "Kenner," Jim Brown, Madlyn Rhue.
From April 30: "The Mad Room," Stella Stevens, Shelley Winters.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Inga" (in Swedish).

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 30: "I'm No Angel" and "She Done Him Wrong" (both 1933, with Mae West and Cary Grant).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
April 24: "The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.
April 25-29: "The Sweet Body of Deborah," Carroll Baker, Jean Sorel; and "The Big Bounce," Ryan O'Neal, Leigh Taylor-Young.
From April 30: "A Bullet for the General" (in Italian).

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday and Sunday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through April 29: "Not Mine to Love" (in Hebrew).
From April 30: To be announced.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through April 26: "African Safari," a documentary film.
From April 27: "Adelaide" (in French), Ingrid Thulin, Jean Sorel.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123.)
Through April 26: **FACES.**
From April 27: "King, Murray," a semidocumentary film.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
NAZARIN, **VIRIDIANA**, and **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL**—all in Spanish.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
April 24: "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.
From April 25: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
April 24: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.
From April 25, at 8: "Katerina Izmailova" (in Russian), Galina Vishnevskaya. (Opening night by invitation only.)

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 26: "The Smugglers" (in French).
From April 27: **PIERROT LE FOU** (in French).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 29: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and **CHARLIE BUBBLES.**
From April 30: **SHAME** (in Swedish); and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 24: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** and **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (both in Spanish).
April 25-27: **IKIRU** (in Japanese); and **THE SPANISH EARTH.**
April 28-29: **BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT** and **BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL** (both in French).
From April 30: **PORT OF SHADOWS** (in French); and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1939; in French), Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Inga" (in Swedish).

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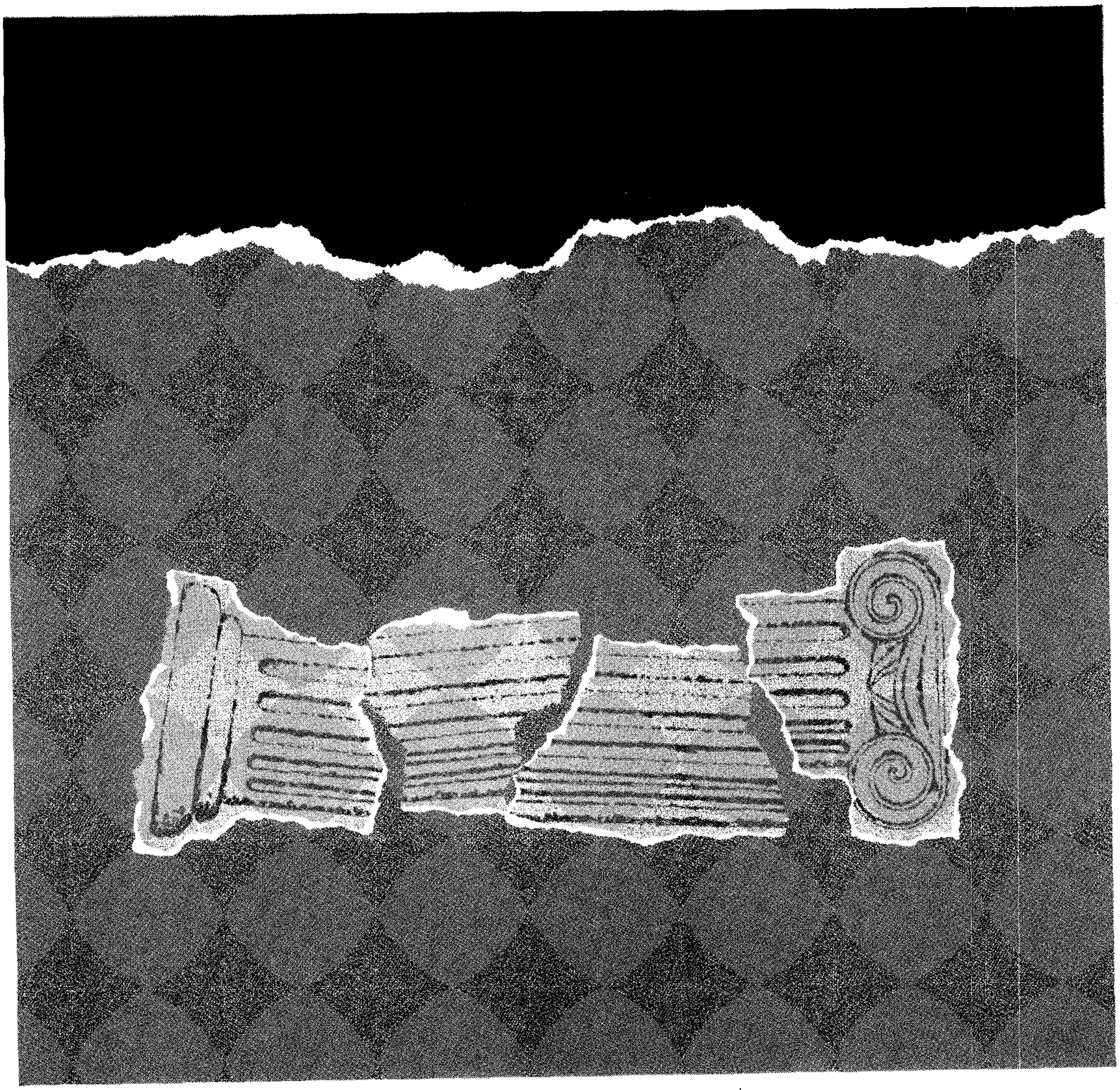

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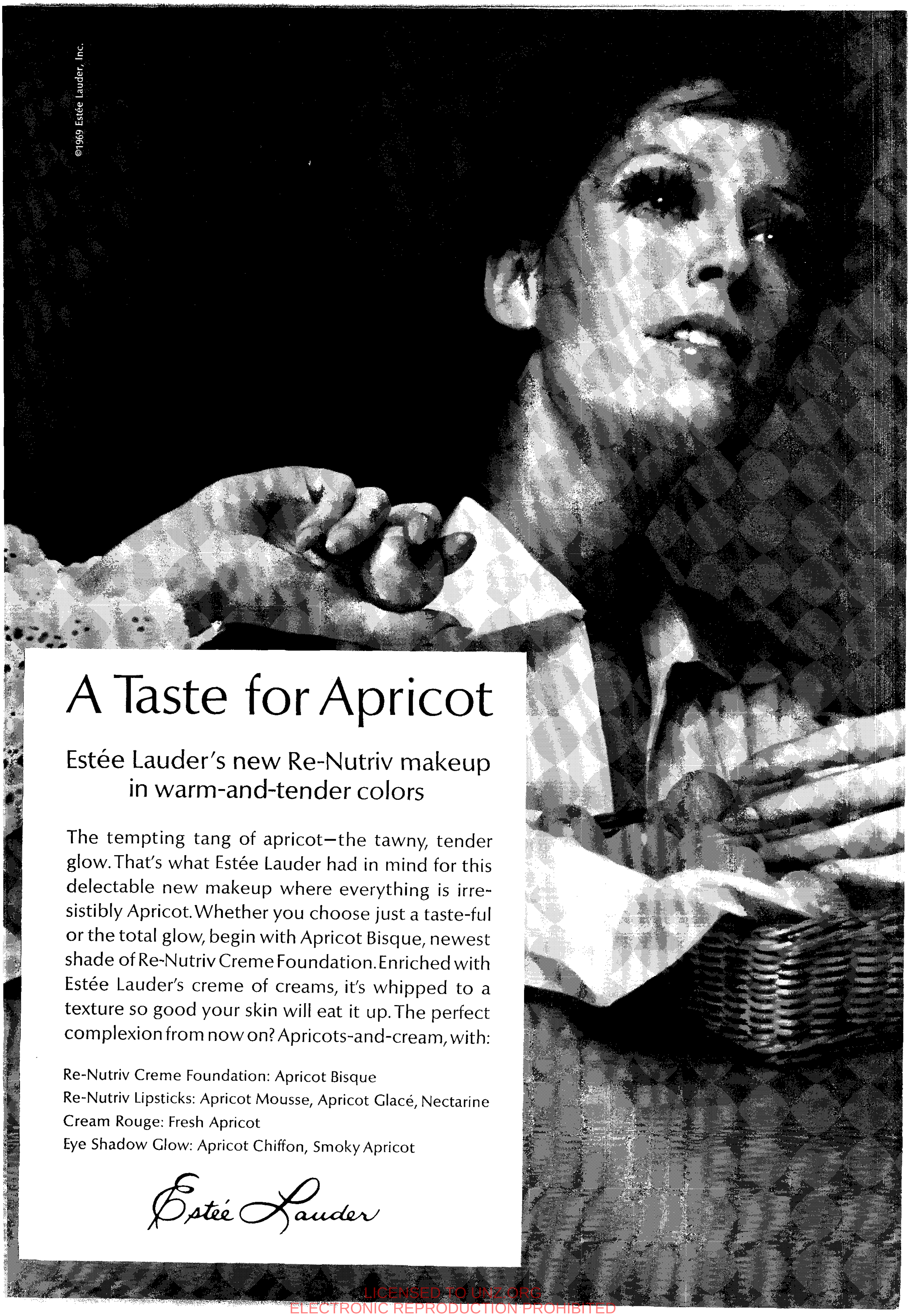
Much of the work that men do in this world can be compared to keeping house. It is always necessary and essential, sometimes arduous—but leaves little trace. Undone, such work soon results in glaring inadequacies and shortages. Done, it is taken for granted.

Not all the work performed by the men of our Company is glamorous; not all of it leaves a tangible trace. The gasoline is consumed; the fuel is burned; the chemicals vanish into other substances that themselves are processed away.

But the world in which we live depends upon efforts such as ours. Without them; without the efforts of unsung men, the fabric of civilization can come loose and fall apart. And with such a dissolution, all the towering structures of art and thought fall helplessly to earth.

Ashland the industrial resources company

ASHLAND OIL & REFINING COMPANY, Ashland, Kentucky 41101



©1969 Estée Lauder, Inc.

A Taste for Apricot

Estée Lauder's new Re-Nutriv makeup in warm-and-tender colors

The tempting tang of apricot—the tawny, tender glow. That's what Estée Lauder had in mind for this delectable new makeup where everything is irresistibly Apricot. Whether you choose just a taste-ful or the total glow, begin with Apricot Bisque, newest shade of Re-Nutriv Creme Foundation. Enriched with Estée Lauder's creme of creams, it's whipped to a texture so good your skin will eat it up. The perfect complexion from now on? Apricots-and-cream, with:

Re-Nutriv Creme Foundation: Apricot Bisque
Re-Nutriv Lipsticks: Apricot Mousse, Apricot Glacé, Nectarine
Cream Rouge: Fresh Apricot
Eye Shadow Glow: Apricot Chiffon, Smoky Apricot

Estée Lauder

Eastern a
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new airl

We call it The Smile. It works on a simple but scientific principle. We smile at you, and do special things to please you. And you feel like smiling back. We're using this new fuel on all our flights. And there's a difference you'll notice right away. Take-offs seem about 25% faster because everyone is enjoying themselves.

nnounces
tionary
ine fuel.

Cruising altitude seems higher because The Smile makes the day-to-day world seem farther away. The Smile makes meals tastier. And landings even smoother. And flying more fun than it ever was.

We think The Smile is good fuel to run an airline on. From your viewpoint, it could be the most important thing to look for in an airline.

EASTERN Smiling faces going places.

The Money Game.

It's 9:45A.M. in New York. Guess how much your money's worth in Zurich.

If money talks, as they say, it talks in strange languages.

Pesos. Yen. Francs. Guilders. Kroner. Kronor. Lire. Pounds sterling. Eurodollars. Dollars. Canadian $.

Who can figure out this Babel of monies?

At Bankers Trust there are six men who each morning at 8:30 A.M. seat themselves at a hexagonal table surrounded by teletypes, special telephones and other rapid communication devices.

Each day these men are expected to interpret money throughout the world and to trade in it.

Which is why they're called traders.

To the outsider the trader's work is likely to be as mysterious as a secret agent's.

Even his phone conversations read like Hitchcock.

"Sterling?"

"75-77."

"Real?"

"Yes."

"I'll take a quarter of a million at the middle."

"Done."

What all this adds up to is a demonstration of the fact that the world grows smaller. And smaller.

For American companies expanding overseas it is more than natural that varying kinds of foreign exchange should cross their hands. And foreign companies ordering goods and equipment from the U.S. usually require dollars for payment.

But one of the great problems is distance. We're here and they're there.

For this reason the trader's hectic day doesn't consist only of his American business. It actually accelerates during those hours when overseas traders are awake simultaneously.

Obviously, the job keeps him jumping. It calls for an agile mind and a strong stomach, too. Because it just isn't easy keeping up with fast-moving balances of world money while committing yourself verbally to binding contracts worth millions of dollars.

And many of these contracts involve future exchange.

That's when a company or a broker or another bank orders sterling or marks, for example, at today's prices for delivery at some future date.

Who knows what can happen between now and then?

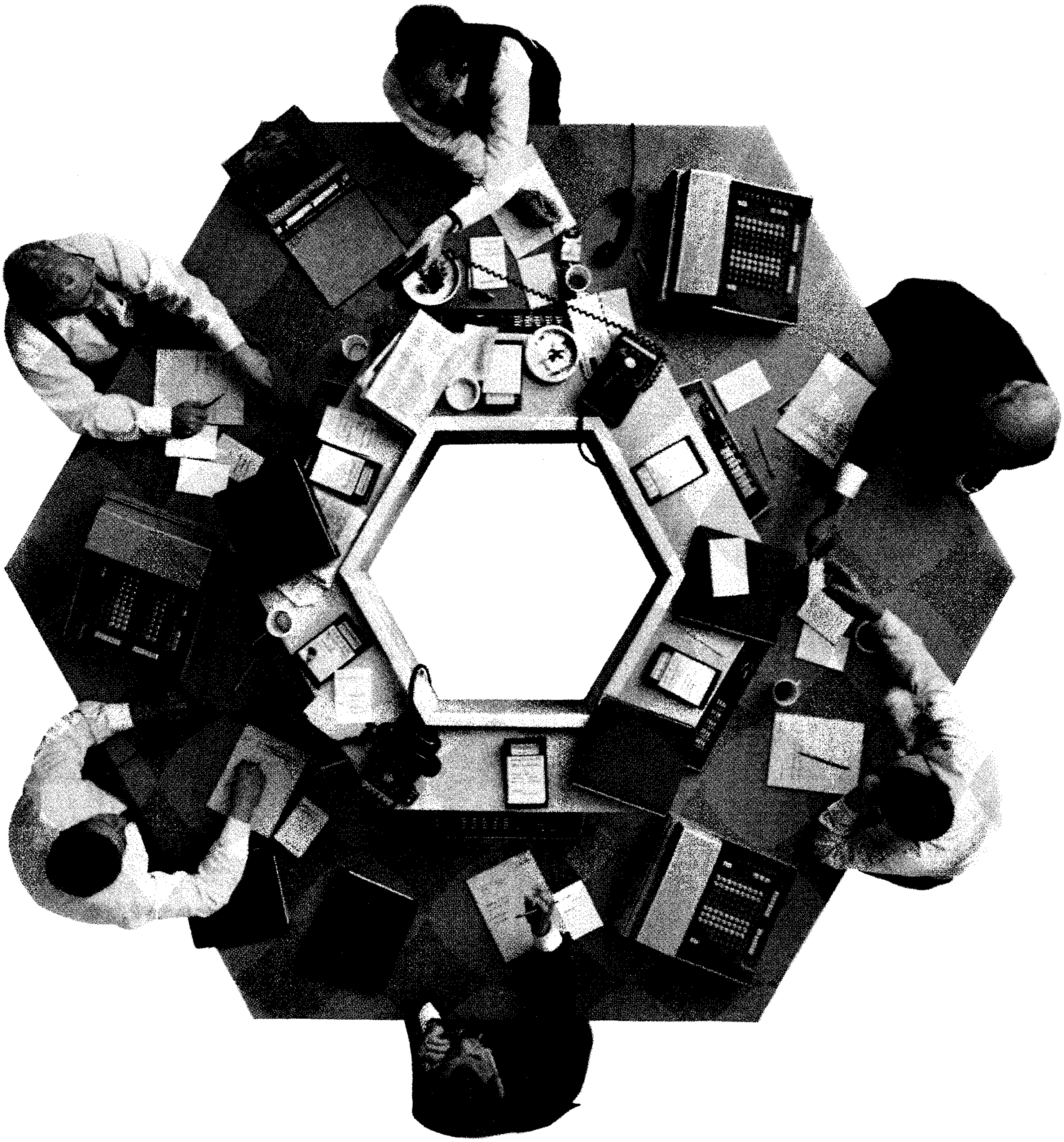
A war in the Middle East. A rumor on the price of gold. The Russians beating us to the moon. But the contract remains firm.

While we hardly think that foreign exchange is a service that can interest everyone, it affects everyone. So even if you're only interested in financing a car or building up savings, we wanted you to know that our people are good with money.

That's our game.

You'll find a banker at Bankers Trust.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation © Bankers Trust Company



Our hopes for America.

We, at After Six, have a vision of a better happier America. An America where courtesy and beauty reign supreme in all the states, even the tiniest. An America wearing formalwear: Happy Clothes.

For instance—the policeman. In his hot blue serge who would not be grouchy or cynical? But put that same man in a blue dinner jacket (with matching cummerbund, shirt, tie and badge), and the policeman would be a much happier man. (Plainclothesmen could, of course, wear an inconspicuous black tuxedo.)

Another for instance—the doctor. In a formal dinner jacket every doctor would look like a TV star.

And maybe he would feel so good he would even make housecalls.

Or a hippie. He could trade in his informal costume for a formal costume. He would be more beautiful but no less visible.

And he could eat in good restaurants, besides.

Or a soldier. Picture two soldiers facing each other In neat (but dramatic) informal formals. Now obviously, two men, so well dressed could not go around shooting at each other. Right?

Formalwear is good looking. And the fabrics we use make it lightweight and comfortable. (Our doctor's dinner jacket is made of Dacron® polyester and Orlon* acrylic—Our formal soldier is clad in Dacron* polyester/worsted/mohair.)

Formalwear is stylish—and remarkably easy to wear.

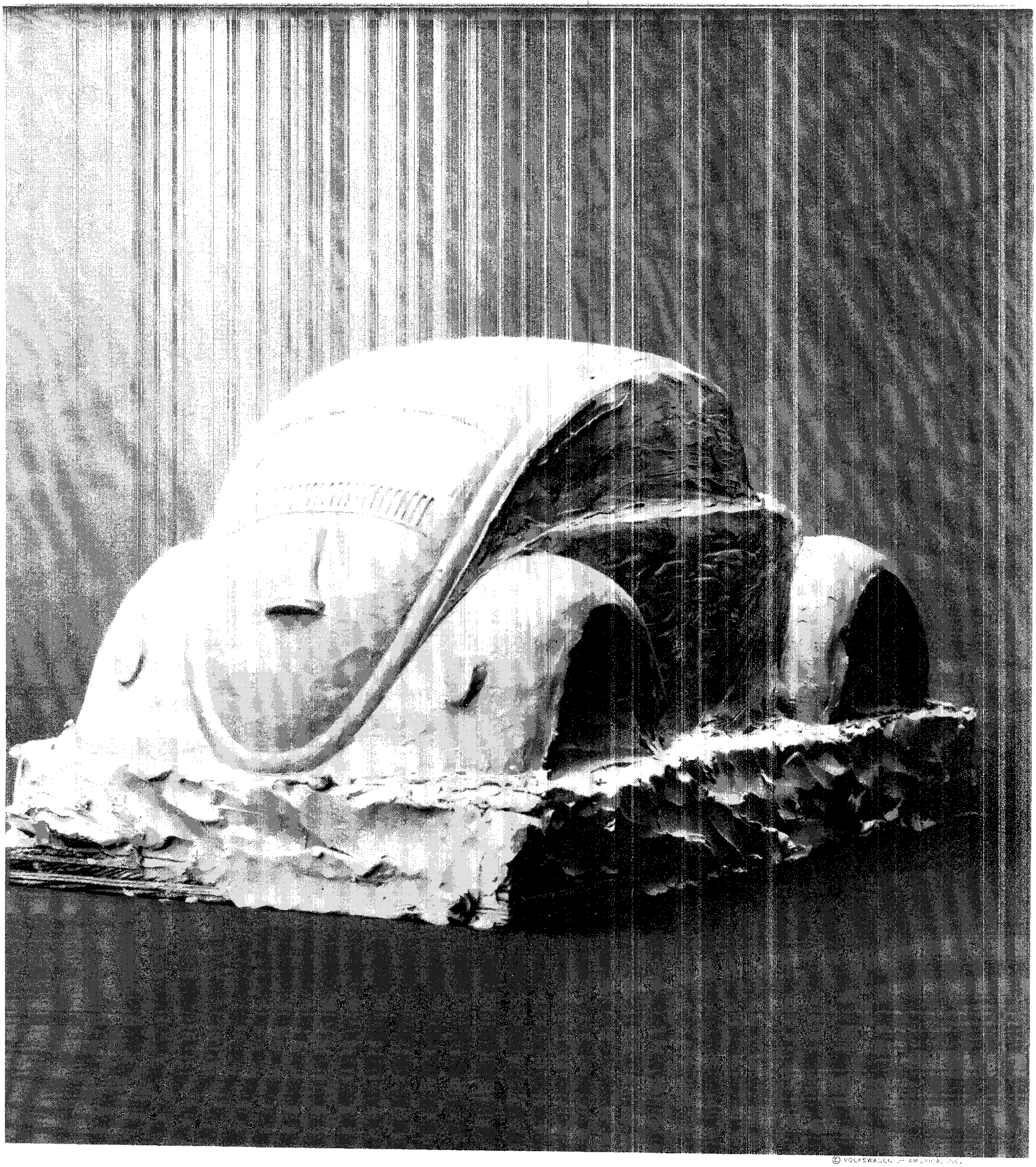
And we welcome all inquiries from Police Departments, Armies, Hippies, and the A.M.A.

AFTER SIX, INCORPORATED
1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y.
22ND & MARKET STS., PHILA., PA.

after Six FORMALS
WITH DACRON*

AFTER SIX, INCORPORATED, MANUFACTURERS OF AFTER SIX FORMALS,
AFTER SIX ACCESSORIES, RAMEY-TYSON SHIRTS, HARRY FISCHER OUTERWEAR, AND DISTINGUISHED COATS BY THE HOUSE OF MALCOLM KENNETH.

*Dupont registered trademark.



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We don't have to start from scratch each year.

We've been making the same basic VW for so long now, you'd think we'd be bored with the whole thing.

But the fact is, we're still learning.

For no matter how perfect we think one year's model is, there's always an engineer who wants to make it more perfect.

You see, at the Volkswagen factory we spend 100% of our time making our car work better and 0% making it look better.

Any change is an improvement.

And when we do make new parts we try to make them fit older models. So there's nothing to stop a Volkswagen from running forever.

(Which may explain why Volkswagens are worth so much at trade-in time.)

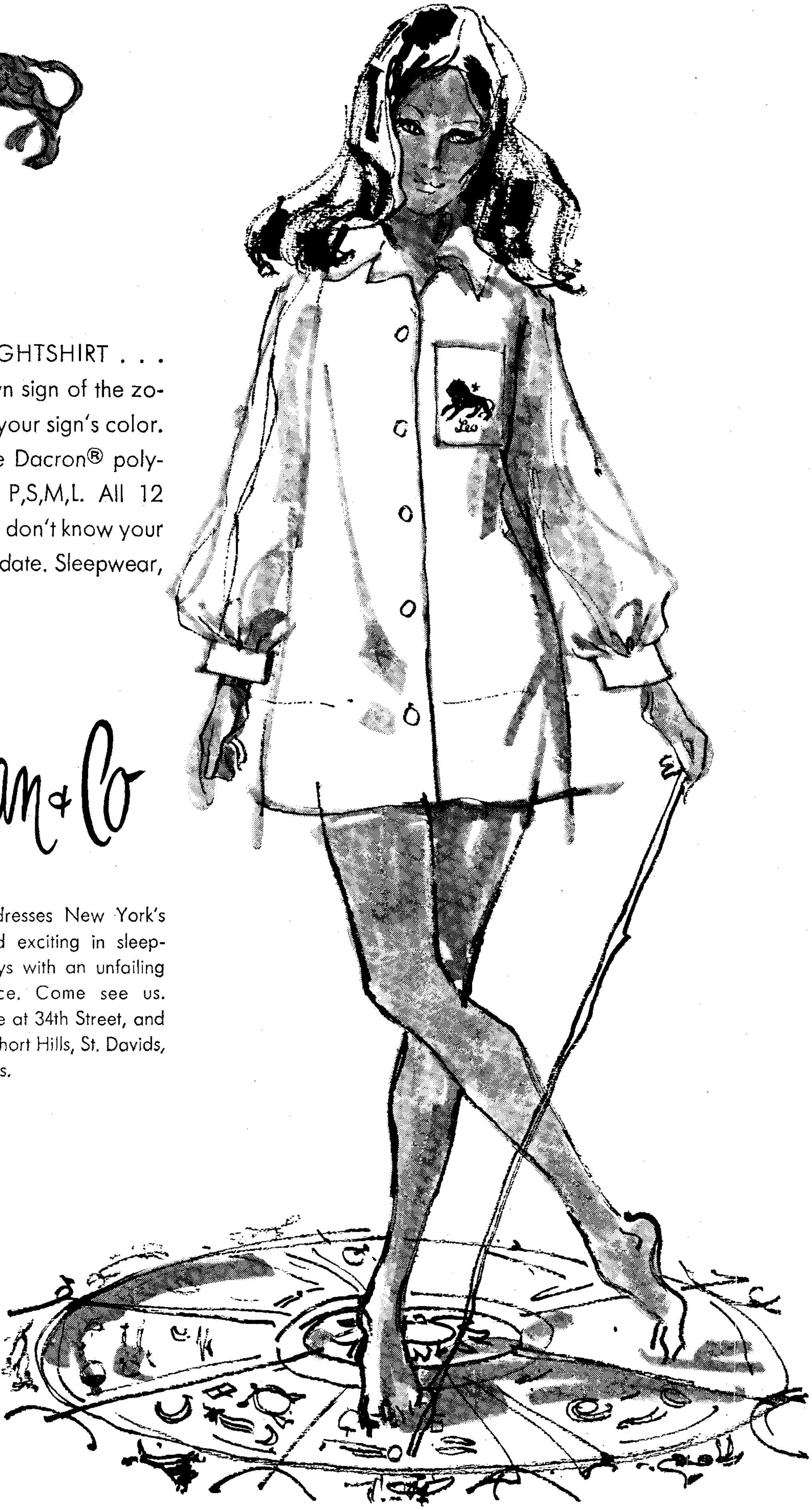
Starting from scratch each year can get in the way of all that.

Just when they've ironed out the kinks in the current model, they have to face the kinks in the next.

We'll never understand all the hoopla over the "big changes" for next year's models.

Weren't they proud of this year's?

THE STARGAZER'S NIGHTSHIRT . . . proudly bearing your own sign of the zodiac . . . embroidered in your sign's color. The shirt is in crisp, white Dacron® polyester and cotton. Sizes P,S,M,L. All 12 signs are available. If you don't know your sign, just tell us your birthdate. Sleepwear, second floor. 10.00.



B Altman & Co

Fifth Avenue's great store dresses New York's women in all that's fun and exciting in sleep- or day-wear . . . and always with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and Ridgewood/Paramus.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A PARAGRAPH from a letter from a friend: "I am not at all sure that the more things change the more everything is the same. A face on the obituary page of the *Times* made me put down the paper and think. Sure enough, I had known this man, though not well, and the last memory I had of him was not of a conversation but of his legs ascending the stairs of the Phi Delt house in plus fours, thirty-eight years ago. My college roommate in my senior year was the editor of the literary supplement of the campus newspaper, so in 1929 and 1930 I was in a position to observe the campus literary scene. I therefore knew that the subject of the obituary notice had, as a very young man, written a story for a short-story-writing course which his instructor was enthusiastic about, and which my roommate wanted to publish, although it ran into trouble with the censor. In the end, it was printed, but with one sentence cut out by the dean of men, who considered it too inflammatory. The sentence was 'I love your body, Connie.' Isn't that touching?"

Flower Market

"TODAY we've got pink carnations, white carnations, yellow pompons, white pompons, roses, Easter lilies, bronze chrysanthemums, white, pink, and purple statice, violets, tulips, birds of paradise . . ." William Doyle, a short, white-haired, pink-cheeked man in his middle seventies, walked slowly around the wide-board floor of his wholesale flower store at 114 West Twenty-eighth Street, in the flower market, pointing out what was in stock. It was seven-thirty in the morning on a beautiful day last week, and Mr. Doyle, wearing a blue suit, a vest, a bow tie, and a hat, had just arrived at work. The flowers smelled sweet—a fresh, piercing smell that filled the store.

"What do you call these red-and-white tulips?" Mr. Doyle asked an employee in a blue jacket.

The man glanced over and thought for a moment. "Red-and-white tulips, I guess," he said.

Mr. Doyle nodded. He looked at some violets. "I specialized in violets in the old days," he said. "They come from Dutchess County. At one time there were forty growers up there. Now there's only two or three. Those Easter-lily heads"—he indicated an open box on a shelf—"they use them for funeral work and weddings. I've been down here sixty years. I went to work for Sauter—he was noted for snapdragons—when I was fourteen. Sauter's dead, but his sons have a store near here on Sixth Avenue, and his nephews have a place around the corner. Flowers came in by train and wagon in those days—from Long Island, Connecticut, and New Jersey. Some fellows from Staten Island used to bring chrysanthemums by horse and wagon. We worked seven days a week, from six in the morning to six at night. We had iceboxes in the back; the ice wagon would come by, and the men would carry the big cakes of ice in on their backs. Everything's changed now. It's the difference between night and day. Flowers are flown in now from Florida and California. I get here at seven-thirty and I go home at two. Then I take a nap. I'm always taking naps." He laughed.

The man in the blue jacket laughed, too. He said his name was Carl Demostes. "We've been working together here for thirty years," he said. "I come in at four in the morning and see what the truckmen have left during the night—they have keys and they come in and leave our consignments—and then we start selling to the retail florists at six. You have to learn the varieties, the sizes, the qualities, the value—what's fresh, what's old, what's in demand. One day you'll have fifty boxes of something, the next day ten, and the next day a hundred. Weather and season have a lot to do with it. But flowers always get sold. The last resort is the peddlers. They come around late in the morning, and they're looking for price."

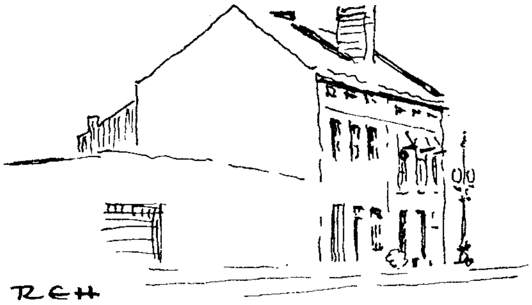
We asked Mr. Doyle if he had a favorite flower.

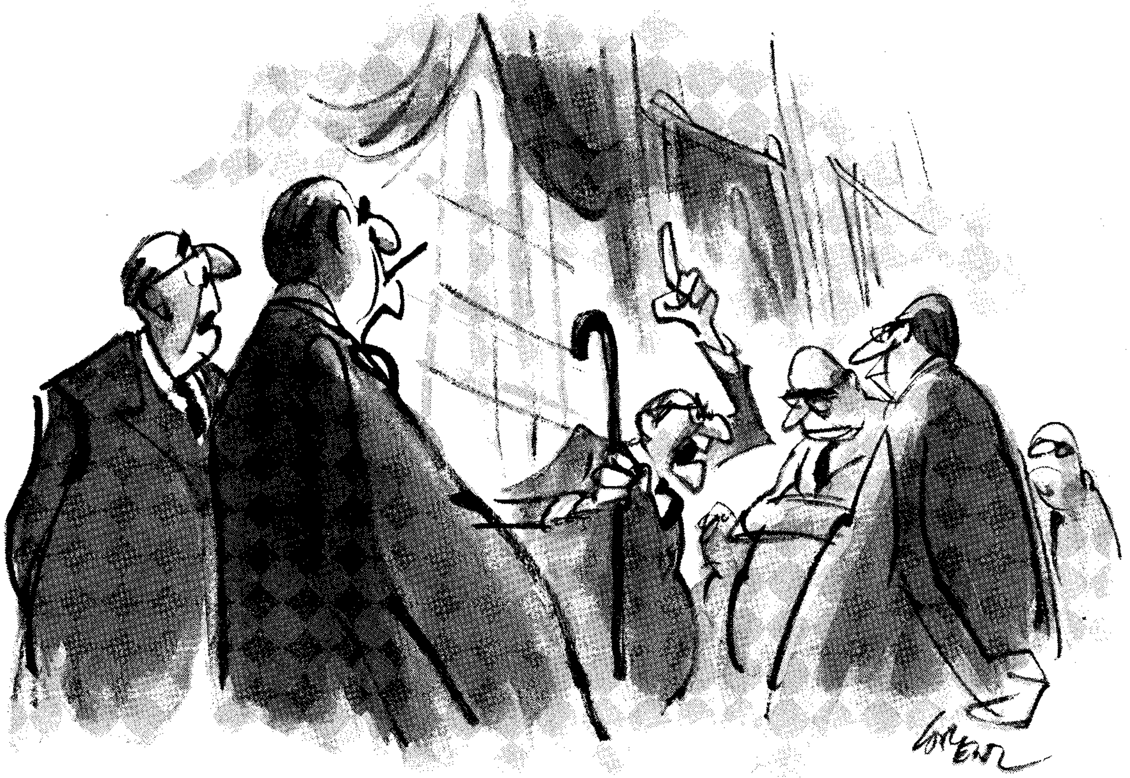
He shook his head. "I wouldn't take lilies home," he said after a moment. "I'd take a few carnations or roses."

We mentioned the marvellous smell of the store.

"You get used to it and you don't smell the flowers anymore," he said. "Oh, you open a box you might get a *little* fragrance, but after that . . ." He shrugged. Demostes nodded in agreement.

Mr. Doyle suggested that we pay a call on the Sauter sons, so we said goodbye and went out onto the sunny sidewalk. To the west of us, the flower market ended halfway down the block—there was a glass-and-mirror store, an air-conditioning-equipment store, Brown's Pressing School, and then the beginning of the fur district and the harsh, sour smell of coffee-and-hero-sandwich shops. But to the east, toward Sixth Avenue, it was all flowers. Sauntering that way, we passed a young man pushing a low cart stacked with large cardboard boxes marked "IRIS. Perishable. Rush, East Palatka, Florida." A companion, carrying two pots of trailing ivy, was saying, "You oughta at least *start* with liberal arts." The store windows were full of daisies, daffodils,





"It's time someone told Haverstraw just who 'that man in the White House' is."

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bunches of roses in waxed paper, hyacinths, gladiolas, ferns, baby's breath; the abundance was staggering, and we paused at several doorways just to lean in and sniff.

A. Sauter & Co., at 800-2 Sixth Avenue, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Streets, was a big, cheerful room with a wooden floor, tables piled with boxes of flowers, and five or six employees moving about. We asked for the Sauters, and William Sauter—a tall, amused, partly bald pipe smoker—came over and greeted us. His brother Carl was busy on the phone. "I started here in 1927," William said. "Unfortunately, they don't shoot you after forty years." He added, "Well, what you can't cure, you endure." He smiled. "I suppose the business has its points," he said, gazing around the store, "but flowers are only goods to me here. At home, my hobby is raising orchids—under lights and terrible conditions. If I get one to bloom, that's miraculous. But here we have orchids by the thousand, and those—I'd give 'em away. You sell in such great quantities, and you can't smell the flowers, so you have only a sense of quality—if they're good and clean, or if they're going to die."

An employee who was standing nearby had heard the word "orchids," and he called out, "You know who was the greatest for the flower business? Daddy Browning. He'd call up a retailer and say 'How many orchids you got?' and he'd take 'em all. And Jimmy Walker—he put his girl friend in the retail business, remember?"

Sauter nodded. "The drama has gone out of the business a little," he said. "It used to be more of an open market in the twenties, with the customers shopping from one place to another. You'd sell for six cents, then an hour later for eight. Nowadays, we hardly fluctuate. You fill the orders, and you get what they want at the price they want." The original Sauter store, he said, had been in the Coogan Building, one block down Sixth. "Our landlord was old Mrs. Harriet Coogan. Same family that Coogan's Bluff is named for. She was a skinny, nervous, dowdy, energetic old lady. Very rich and very eccentric, but I imagine she was full of redeeming qualities. For four years, she never bothered to cash our rent checks. Then, one day, she cashed four years' worth all at once. The bank was on the phone to us like a flash, and we had to scrounge around to cover it." He laughed.

A very small, bent old man in an overcoat came in and mumbled something to Sauter. There was a brief discussion and a quick sale, and the man left. "He bought four heather plants," said Sauter. "He's a peddler. I've known him forty years, but I don't even know his name. They're quite a crew, the peddlers—a vanishing breed. He'll sell on the sidewalk somewhere. Retail florists are antagonistic to them, but I think flowers on the sidewalk beautify the city—they have 'em all over Europe. The peddlers here are harassed, but they're the last individualists. Each one has a certain specialty and style. They have a lingo of their own. Flowers are called a 'joint,' a cop is 'the shamus,' and if the shamus catches them selling, they'll 'slough the joint'—abandon the flowers and run. When they're in here buying, there is no such thing as good flowers. All flowers are 'larries'—meaning bad flowers, old flowers. They'll point to a perfectly beautiful bunch of flowers and ask, 'How much for the larries?' " He beamed. "When they sell on the sidewalk, they hold up a bunch of nice flowers, and that bunch of flowers is called the 'worker.' You don't sell that—that's the one that 'works.' 'What are the lines?' means 'How much?' They'll say to me, 'I'll pay you line ten for the larries.' That means five cents. 'Line' is half. I think it comes from the old days of bargain department stores on the lower East Side, where every price tag had a line drawn through it and the sale price written underneath. The peddlers have a gypsy personality. If you offered them a good job, they couldn't stand it. They're freedom-loving, which we are not."

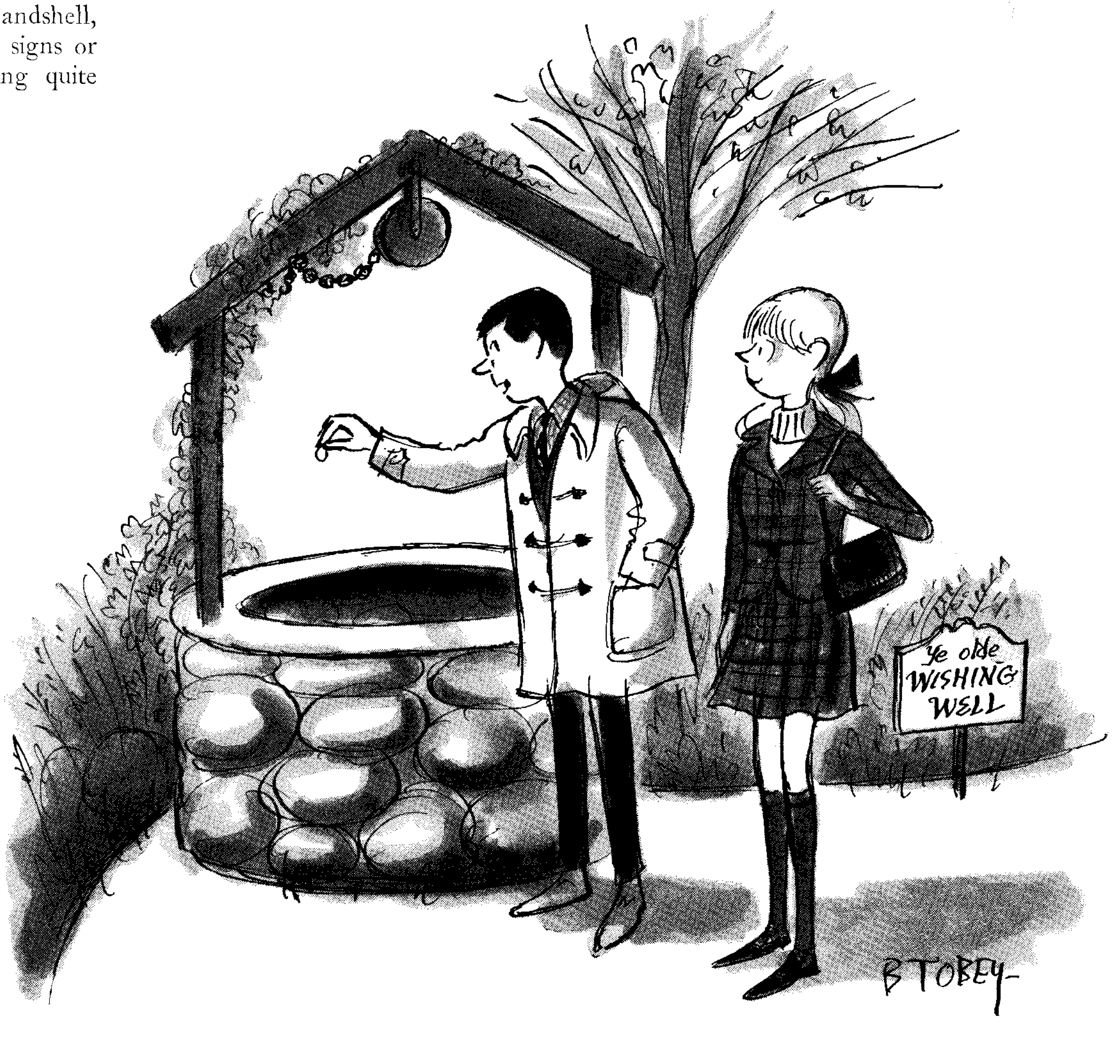
We started to say goodbye, and Sauter walked us to the door and out onto the sidewalk. It was sunny and warm. He looked down the street. By now, there were even more flowers out on the sidewalks. Across the avenue, there were small forests of fake trees, rocks, and statuary in front of some stores, and rows of potted plants. "The 'L' used to be here, and the street was dark," Sauter said. "It's a lot nicer now. I'll tell you what's nice down here—it's when these groups of twenty or thirty pre-school kids come over from Brooklyn or somewhere to see the market, and you see them all leaving, and each one is carrying a flower. Everyone has given them a flower. All children like flowers. All children. And a lot of these kids have probably never really seen a flower before."

Protest

LAST Tuesday morning, under overcast skies but with the temperature comfortably in the sixties, we went up to the bandshell on the Central Park Mall to attend a rally for welfare recipients that had been called by four groups—the Citywide Coördinating Committee of Welfare Groups, the Coalition for Adequate Income and Medicaid, the Trade Union Committee to Fight Budget Cuts, and the Community Council of Greater New York—to demand that the New York State legislature "restore the money cut from welfare, Medicaid, and hospital budgets; repeal the sales tax; and reform the tax structure." According to the announced program, the rally was to start at ten o'clock, and by three o'clock everybody was supposed to go home.

When we arrived, shortly after ten, there were more than three thousand people sitting in front of the bandshell, occasionally holding up picket signs or banners but otherwise listening quite circumspectly to Mr. Victor Gotbaum, executive director of District Council 37 of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees. Mr. Gotbaum, a tall, well-built man wearing a gray suit and a black-and-white striped tie, was concluding the opening address, and he was heartily applauded when, just before he sat down, he called for "the beginning of a coalition between labor and the poor." Mr. Gotbaum was the first of a number of speakers to make frequent use of the word "beginning." He was followed to the platform by Mr. Herman Badillo, Borough President of the Bronx and a candidate for the Democratic Party nomination for Mayor ("This rally is the beginning of a very long fight not only for New York City priorities but for national priorities as well"), who received loud but even-tempered applause, and then by Mr. James Scheuer, another aspirant for the Democratic nomination for Mayor. Mr. Scheuer's well-dressed look occasioned the first break in the mood of the crowd, which had been militant but good-natured up to that point; we could not hear a word of what he said, because his speech was drowned out by a chorus of boos mixed with occasional shouts that he was "working for the capitalists." Visibly disturbed, Mr. Scheuer surrendered the microphone to the Reverend Carl McCall, a handsome black man in his middle thirties, who is one of the vice-presidents of the Urban Coalition and was formerly an official in the Human Resources Administration. Mr. McCall described the rally as "the beginning of a counteroffensive by the poor" against their condition. "We who are poor and penniless will save this city and this country," he told the welfare recipients. They cheered him on, and Mr. McCall seemed to be doing quite well until he happened to say that "the most difficult job in the City of New York belongs to the Commissioner of Welfare," at which point the crowd hooted him into silence, and, in spite of his many polite pleas, would not allow him to say anything more. The hooting and cries of "Phony liberal!" and "Up with the people!" subsided only when Mr. McCall asked to be permitted to introduce the next speaker. This turned out to be the very man who holds "the most difficult job in the City of New York"—Mr. Jack Goldberg. Perhaps not even Mr. Goldberg was surprised that he was unable to get a single word in, and that the booing and demonstrating stopped only when he went back to his seat.

By twelve-thirty, when the prominent speakers had had their say—or had tried to have it—and had left, the area around the bandshell was packed with more than five thousand people and the temperature of the crowd seemed to be rising. At this point, the chairmanship of the rally was taken over by Mr. Hulbert James, the field director of the National Welfare Rights Organization. Mr. James, an intense and articulate man in his late twenties, was wearing a thick beard, an untended Afro hair style that seemed to grow as it pleased, and a dashiki made of pur-



"I hereby wish that all the peoples of the world would live in peace and brotherhood, and that you and I would inherit a million dollars each."

ple towelling. Mr. James' appearance at the microphone was received with loud cheers. The bandshell erupted with shouts and slogans: "Up with the people!" "Power to the people!" "Give it to 'em, Hulbert!" Holding up his hands for calm, Mr. James launched into a short speech in which he said that the welfare cuts were "the beginning of our struggle," and continued, "We must go to Governor Rockefeller and Mayor Lindsay and demand the right to organize. We must show them that even though we are poor, we are people, and that even though we are not rich, we, too, have a right to the pursuit of life and happiness in this society." He then declared the next sixty minutes to be "the hour of the people," and invited any grass-roots leader who had anything to say to come to the platform and "do your thing." A Black Panther spokesman tore into "the pig-power structure;" an S.D.S. leader urged the poor to "take to the streets;" three young men unfurled a flag of Puerto Rico and, clenched fists held aloft, called for "Puerto Rico Libre;" an M.D.S. (Movement for a Democratic Society) spokesman told the crowd, "You don't want to improve this rotten system, you want to change the whole thing right now;" a large middle-aged black man with a guitar came up and sang "Everybody's Got a Right to Live;" and a lean white boy, also with a guitar, sang, with professional polish, "Not Enough to Live On but a Little Too Much to Die," which he said he had written the first week he and his family went on welfare.

Mr. James now said he would introduce the last two important speakers of the day. The first of these was Mrs. Beulah Sanders, a black woman, powerful in physical appearance and commanding in voice, who is chairman of the executive committee of the Citywide Coördinating Committee of Welfare Groups and second vice-president of the National Welfare Rights Organization. "We are gathered here today to demand that the welfare cuts be rolled back," Mrs. Sanders said. "We were taught that this is a government of, for, and by the people, and we are going to have to start acting as if that is true. In order for poor people to have a right to live, it is clear that they themselves are going to have to fight for the right to live. And we have to begin today. If you are serious about being here today, then let us—every one of us—march from this place down to Rockefeller's house on Fifth Avenue."

The Mall erupted with shouts of "Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!" Mr. James had to stand helplessly at the microphone until the energy of the demonstration began to ebb, and then he introduced the last speaker—Dr. George Wiley, a young, bearded chemist in a green corduroy dashiki, who gave up his profession and a teaching career at Syracuse University to become executive director of the National Welfare Rights Organization. "Poor people are organizing all across the country!" he shouted. "One day, when the poor realize that there are more people who are poor than people who are rich, then poor people will realize how much power they have, and will get what they need. So let's go to Rockefeller's house! Let's march! Let's march!"

At two o'clock, the leaders—Mrs. Sanders, Dr. Wiley, and Mr. James—linked arms, and scores of their followers did likewise, and, amid chants of "Power to the people! Power to the people!," more than three thousand people streamed in a long procession out of the Park onto Fifth Avenue. As the march swung down Fifth at Seventy-second Street, the chant changed to "Rockefeller must go!" and "Stop the war against the poor!" Fifth Avenue doormen looked on morosely, and in several apartment buildings we could see residents peering through the slats of Venetian blinds. Some of the demonstrators saw them, too, and the chant changed again, to "Tax the rich and not the poor!"

At Governor Rockefeller's apartment, at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third Street, the crowd started shouting "We want Rocky's money!" and "Give us Rockefeller's money!" but no decision seemed to have been reached as to what else to do or say, and the demonstration streamed past the building. The leaders ordered the march to turn east along Fifty-ninth Street, move up Madison to Sixty-second, proceed west along Sixty-second, and swing down Fifth again. Somebody announced through a bullhorn that the march would proceed "through the drawing room of the power structure, down the length and breadth of Fifth Avenue." The marchers passed banks advertising home and automobile loans; passed travel agencies with little booklets in their windows telling of economy flights to faraway places; passed churches with notice boards announcing meetings for "Creative Prayer;" passed scores of shopwindows filled with expensive apparel, jewelry, house furnishings, books, objets d'art, cosmetics, radios, television sets, and hi-fi components. "Go to work!" a white-haired woman shopper, with shopping bag, shouted at the marchers at the corner of Fiftieth Street.

At Forty-third Street, the police, who had tried, with a minimum show of temper, to adapt themselves to the extemporaneity of the marchers' plans and the vagaries of their moods, made their first firm decision. They would positively not permit the march to proceed any farther down Fifth Avenue. "It has gone on long enough," a patrolman said to the marchers at the head of the line. "You don't have a permit, you don't seem to know where you are going or what you want to do, and nobody is at this point in any real control." Some of the marchers responded by sitting down in the street, and mounted police charged around them, trying to disperse the crowd. The demonstrators stood their ground, and the police offered a compromise. While they would not allow the march to proceed any farther downtown, they said, they would have no objection if it turned east on Forty-second Street and proceeded toward the United Nations, where it could disperse. The compromise was accepted, and the march turned along Forty-second. The eastbound lane was clear of traffic, but cars and buses were speeding by in the opposite direction, effectively confining the marchers to the south side of the street. Now, threading the center lane between the demonstrators and the vehicles, there came a score of policemen on horseback. The last officer in the line, we noticed, appeared to have a skittish mount, which pushed sidewise into the crowd from time to time, compressing the marchers.

"Look at him work that horse," a blond girl marcher said to a boy standing beside her. "Watch, now. He's going to turn that horse sidewise again and push that next bunch of people back into the group." We watched where she pointed, and, sure enough, the horse did exactly that. "Boy, that's some riding!" the girl said, with what sounded like genuine admiration.

"Whose side are you on, anyway?" asked the boy she was with.

"Yours," the girl replied. "But I just have to admire good horsemanship."

At Lexington Avenue, the police

"Let's unload this dump, buy a little condominium, and sock the rest of the wad into a go-go fund."

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employed another control tactic—allowing the march leaders to turn south but then moving in behind them and directing the rest of the demonstrators to continue east. In response, the entire line stopped, and most of the marchers sat down in the street, many of them on the signs they had been carrying. Again the chant went up of "Power to the people!" Then, abruptly, the mood changed. The tolerance and good humor that the demonstrators and the police had shown toward each other evaporated. The horses began moving into the periphery of the marchers, and, to avoid being trampled, many of the demonstrators stood up again, several of them attempting to hold their ground but others retreating hastily to the south sidewalk. We found ourself on the north sidewalk, standing next to a lieutenant in the Office of Public Information. "Look," he said, pointing across the street to several demonstrators who were waving their signs in the faces of the horses. "That takes guts. I wouldn't want to shake those horses up myself. You can't tell what they're liable to do."

Now the mounted men were spurring their animals into and through the clusters of marchers. There was a moment of something very close to panic. Several demonstrators attempted to dodge north across Forty-second Street, but they were intercepted and turned back by a second line of horsemen. A minute later, several patrolmen emerged from the crowd half pushing and half carrying Hulbert James. A photographer followed James and the policemen across Lexington Avenue to a waiting police car. There was a minor scuffle as the patrolmen started to push their prisoner into the vehicle, and one of the officers quickly moved in front of the camera to prevent the photographer from recording the action. When the photographer tried to duck around the officer to continue taking pictures, a nearby lieutenant shouted "Take him!" and the photographer was himself seized, hurled to the ground, and then forced into the patrol car with James. A few seconds later, a soda bottle hurtled over the crowd and smashed into the roof of the prowl car just as it started up.

"I'm a working man!" a bystander near us called out to the embattled demonstrators. "But now I think I'll join you!"

"If you're going to join them," said a patrolman disdainfully, "then go ahead and get across the street over there with them."

Across the street, on the southwest corner of Lexington and Forty-second, the horses were still at work, breaking up and separating the marchers, many of whom had by now been forced off the sidewalk and into the lobby of the Chanin Building. On Lexington Avenue, more prisoners were being taken—with and without incident. One man was half dragged and half carried across the street, kicked several times in the shins, and then dumped into the back seat of a prowl car. The next men arrested (there were fourteen in all) were brought out of the crowd passively. No resistance was offered, and no force was employed as they were put into another prowl car.

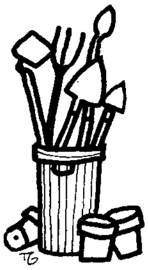
It was over now. The horses were pulled back, and the police lines opened up to allow bystanders and demonstrators alike to move freely on the sidewalk.

THE DOCTOR

IN late March, the snow began to melt. First it ran off the slopes and roads, and the brooks started flowing. Finally there were only low, shaded patches in the woods. In April, there were four days of warm sun, and on the first day Art Castagnetto told Maxine she could put away his pajamas until next year. That night he slept in a T-shirt, and next morning, when he noticed the pots on the radiators were dry, he left them empty.

Maxine didn't believe in the first day, or the second, either. But on the third afternoon, wearing shorts and a sweatshirt, she got the charcoal grill from the garage, put it in the back yard, and broiled steaks. She even told Art to get some tonic and limes for the gin. It was a Saturday afternoon; they sat outside in canvas lawn chairs and told Tina, their four-year-old girl, that it was all right to watch the charcoal but she mustn't touch it, because it was burning even if it didn't look like it. When the steaks were ready, the sun was behind the woods in back of the house; Maxine brought sweaters to Art and the four children so they could eat outside.

Monday it snowed. The snow was damp at first, melting on the dead grass, but the flakes got heavier and fell as slowly as tiny leaves and covered the ground. In another two days the snow melted, and each gray cool day was warmer than the one before. Saturday afternoon the sky started clearing; there was a sunset, and before going to bed Art went outside and looked up at the stars. In the morning, he woke to a bedroom of sunlight. He left Maxine sleeping, put on a T-shirt, trunks, and tennis shoes, and carrying his sweatsuit he went downstairs, tiptoeing because the children slept so lightly on weekends. He dropped his sweatsuit into the basket for dirty clothes; he was finished with it until next fall.



He did side-straddle hops on the front lawn and then ran on the shoulder of the road, which for the first half mile was bordered by woods, so that he breathed the scent of pines and, he believed, the sunlight in the air. Then he passed the Whitfords' house. He had never seen the man and woman but had read their name on the mailbox and connected it with the children who usually played in the road in front of the small graying house set back in the trees. Its dirt yard was just large enough to contain it and a rusting Ford and an elm tree with a tire-and-rope swing hanging from one of its branches. The house now was still and dark, as though asleep. He went around the bend and, looking ahead, saw three of the Whitford boys standing by the brook.

It was a shallow brook, which had its prettiest days in winter when it was frozen; in the first weeks of spring, it ran clearly, but after that it became stagnant and around July it dried. This brook was a landmark he used when he directed friends to his house. "You get to a brook with a stone bridge," he'd say. The bridge wasn't really stone; its guard walls were made of rectangular concrete slabs, stacked about three feet high, but he liked stone fences and stone bridges and he called it one. On a slope above the brook, there was a red house. A young childless couple lived there, and now the man, who sold life insurance in Boston, was driving off with a boat and trailer hitched to his car. His wife waved goodbye from the driveway, and the Whitford boys stopped throwing rocks into the brook long enough to wave, too. They heard Art's feet on the blacktop and turned to watch him. When he reached the bridge, one of them said "Hi, Doctor," and Art smiled and said "Hello" to them as he passed. Crossing the bridge, he looked down at the brook. It was moving, slow and shallow, into the dark shade of the woods.

About a mile past the brook, there were several houses, with short stretches of woods between them. At the first house, a family was sitting at a picnic table in the side yard, reading the Sunday paper. They did not hear him, and he felt like a spy as he passed. The next family, about a hundred yards up the road, was working. Two little girls were picking up trash, and the man and woman were digging a flower bed. The parents turned and waved, and the man called, "It's a good day for it!" At the next house, a young couple were washing their Volkswagen, the girl using the hose, the man scrubbing away the dirt of winter. They looked up and waved. By now Art's T-shirt was damp and cool, and he had his second wind.

All up the road it was like that: people cleaning their lawns, washing cars, some just sitting under the bright sky; one large bald man lifted a beer can and grinned. In front of one house, two teen-age boys were throwing a Frisbee; farther up the road, a man was gently pitching a softball to his small son, who wore a baseball cap and choked up high on the bat. A boy and girl passed Art in a polished green M.G., the top down, the girl's unscarfed hair blowing across her cheek as she leaned over and quickly kissed the boy's ear. All the lawn people waved at Art, though none of them knew him; they only knew he was the obstetrician who lived in the big house in the woods. When he turned and jogged back down the road, they waved or spoke again; this time they were not as spontaneous but more casual, more familiar. He rounded a curve a quarter of a mile from the brook; the woman was back in her house and the Whitford boys were gone, too. On this length of road he was alone, and ahead of him squirrels and chipmunks fled into the woods.

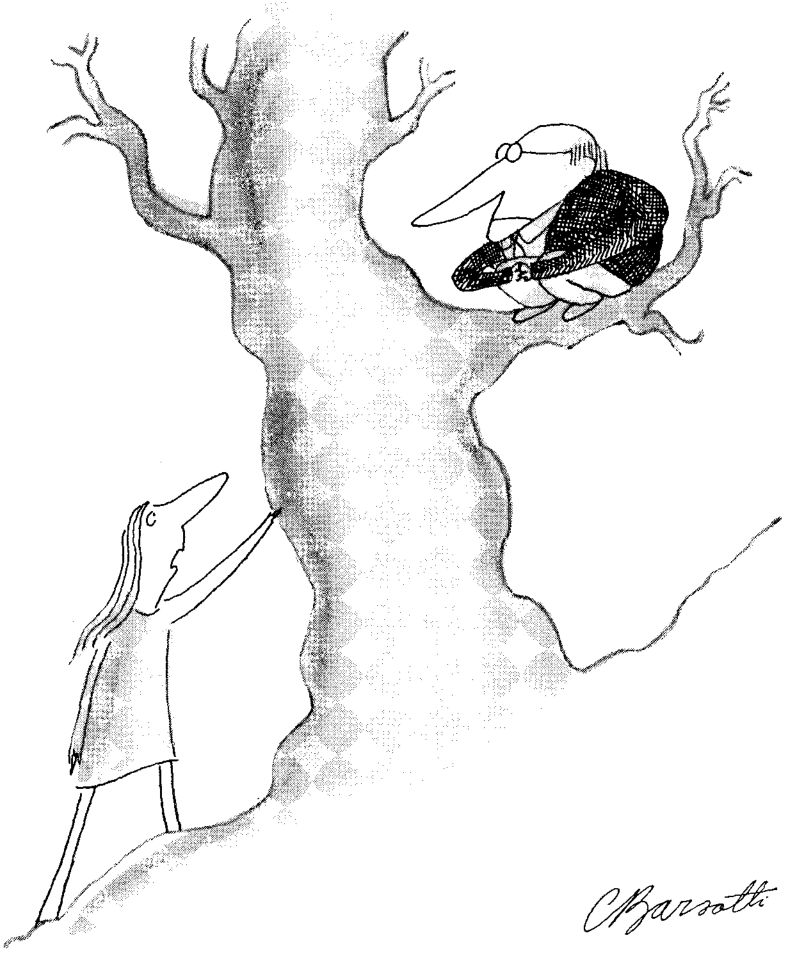
Then something was wrong—he felt it before he knew it. When the two boys ran up from the brook into his vision, he started sprinting and had a grateful instant when he felt the strength left in his legs, though still he didn't know if there was any reason for strength and speed. He pounded over the blacktop as the boys scrambled up the lawn, toward the red house, and as he reached the bridge he shouted.

They didn't stop until he shouted again, and now they turned, their faces pale and openmouthed, and pointed at the brook and then ran back toward it. Art pivoted off the road, leaning backward as he descended the short rocky bank, around the end of the bridge, seeing first the white rectangle of concrete lying in the slow water. And again he felt before he knew: he was in the water to his knees, bent over the slab and getting his fingers into the sand beneath it before he looked down at the face and shoulders and chest. Then he saw the arms, too, thrashing under water as though digging out of caved-in snow. The boy's pale hands did not quite reach the surface.

In perhaps five seconds, Art realized he could not lift the slab. Then he was running up the lawn to the red house, up the steps and shoving open the side door and yelling as he bumped into the kitchen table, pointing one hand at the phone on the wall and the other at the woman in a bright-yellow halter as she backed away, her arms raised before her face.

"Fire Department! A boy's drowning!" Pointing behind him now, toward the brook.

She was fast; her face changed fears



"But, Father, there are other old liberals who are rebuilding meaningful lives."

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and she moved toward the phone, and that was enough. He was outside again, sprinting out of a stumble as he left the steps, darting between the two boys, who stood mute at the brook's edge. He refused to believe it was this simple and this impossible. He thrust his hands under the slab, lifting with legs and arms, and now he heard one of the boys moaning behind him, "It fell on Terry, it fell on Terry." Squatting in the water, he held a hand over the Whitford boy's mouth and pinched his nostrils together; then he groaned, for now his own hand was killing the child. He took his hand away. The boy's arms had stopped moving—they seemed to be resting at his sides—and Art reached down and felt the right one and then jerked his own hand out of the water. The small arm was hard and tight and quivering. Art touched the left one, running his hand the length of it, and felt the boy's fingers against the slab, pushing.

The sky changed, was shattered by a smoke-gray sound of winter nights—the fire horn—and in the quiet that followed he heard a woman's voice, speaking to children. He turned and looked at her standing beside him in the water, and he suddenly wanted to be held, his breast against hers, but her eyes shrieked at him to do something, and he bent over and tried again to lift the slab. Then she was beside him, and they kept trying until ten minutes later, when four volunteer firemen descended out of the dying groan of the siren and splashed into the brook.

No one knew why the slab had fallen. Throughout the afternoon, whenever Art tried to understand it, he felt his brain go taut and he tried to stop but couldn't. After three drinks, he thought of the slab as he always thought of cancer: that it had the volition of a killer. And he spoke of it like that until Maxine said, "There was nothing you could do. It took five men and a woman to lift it."

They were sitting in the back yard, their lawn chairs touching, and Maxine was holding his hand. The children were playing in front of the house, because Maxine had told them what happened, told them Daddy had been through the worst day of his life, and they must leave him alone for a while. She kept his glass filled with gin-and-tonic and once, when Tina started screaming in the front yard, he jumped out of the chair, but she grabbed his wrist and held it tightly and said, "It's nothing, I'll take care of it." She went around the house, and soon Tina stopped crying, and Maxine came back and said she'd fallen down in the driveway and skinned her elbow. Art was trembling.

"Shouldn't you get some sedatives?" she said.

He shook his head, then started to cry.

Monday morning an answer—or at least a possibility—was waiting for him, as though it had actually chosen to enter his mind now, with the buzzing of the alarm clock. He got up quickly and stood in a shaft of sunlight on the floor. Maxine had rolled away from the clock and was still asleep.

He put on trousers and moccasins and went downstairs and then outside and down the road toward the brook. He wanted to run but he kept walking. Before reaching the Whitfords' house, he crossed to the opposite side of the road. Back in the trees, their house was shadowed and quiet. He walked all the way to the bridge before he stopped and looked up at the red house. Then he saw it, and he didn't know (and would never know) whether he had seen it yesterday, too, as he ran to the door or if he just thought he had seen it. But it was there: a bright-green garden hose, coiled in the sunlight beside the house.

He walked home. He went to the side yard where his own hose had lain all winter, screwed to the faucet. He stood looking at it, and then he went inside and quietly climbed the stairs, into the sounds of breathing, and got his pocketknife. Now he moved faster, down the stairs and outside, and he picked up the nozzle end of the hose and cut it off. Farther down, he cut the hose again. He put his knife away and then stuck one end of the short piece of hose in his mouth, pressed his nostrils between two fingers, and breathed.

He looked up through a bare maple tree at the sky. Then he walked around the house to the Buick, got the key out of the ignition, and opened the trunk. His fingers were trembling as he lowered the piece of hose and placed it beside his first-aid kit, in front of a bucket of sand and a small snow shovel he had carried all through the winter.

—ANDRE DUBUS

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Lack of adequate housing codes and enforcement are sorely needed, HUD officials contend.—*Prentice-Hall Accountant's Weekly Report.*

Is sorely needed. Watch your grammar!

MADNESS

(TIME: SPRING. PLACE: VIRGINIA. A DOMESTIC DOG WANDERS FROM THE HOUSE, IS BITTEN BY A RABID FEMALE FOX, RUNS MAD HIMSELF, AND HAS TO BE HUNTED DOWN, KILLED, AND BEHEADED.)

Lay in the house mostly living
With children when they called   mostly
Under the table begging for scraps lay with the head
On a family foot
Or stretched out on a side,
Firesided. Had no running
Running, ever.
Would lie relaxed, eyes dim

With appreciation, licking the pure contentment
Of long   long notched
Black lips. Would lap up milk like a cat and swim clear
In brown grateful eyes. That was then, before the spring
Lay down and out
Under a tree, not far but a little far and out
Of sight of the house.
Rain had sown thick and gone

From the house where the living
Was done, where scraps fell and fire banked full
On one sleeping side of the spirit
Of the household
and it was best
To get up and wander
Out, out of sight. Help me was shouted
To the world of females   anyone will do
To the smoking leaves.

Love could be smelt. All things burned deep
In eyes that were dim from looking
At the undersides of tables   patient with being the god
Of small children. In spring it is better with no
Doors which the god
Of households must beg at   no locks where the wind blows
The world's furry women
About in heat. And there

She lay, firesided, bushy-tailed, her head
On the ground wide open, slopping soap.
Come   come close
She said like a god's
Wild mistress said come
On boy, I'm what you come

Out here in the bushes for. She burned alive
In her smell, and the eyes she looked at burned
With gratitude, thrown a point-eared scrap
Of the world's women, hot-tailed and hunted; she bit down
Hard on a great yell
To the house being eaten alive
By April's leaves. Bawled; they came and found.
The children cried

Helping tote to the full moon
Of the kitchen   "I carried the head"   Oh, full of eyes
Heads kept coming across, and friends and family
Hurt   hurt
The spirit of the household, on the kitchen

Table being thick-sewed   they saying it was barbed
Wire looked like
It got him, and he had no business running

Off like that. Black lips curled as they bathed off
Blood, bathed blood. Staggered up under
The table making loud
A lowborn sound, and went feeling

For the outer limits
Of the woods   felt them break and take in
The world   the frame turn loose and the house
Not mean what it said it was. Lay down and out
Of sight and could not get up
The head, lying on God's foot firesided
Fireheaded   formed a thought
Of spring   of trees in wildfire
Of the mind speeded up   and put all thirst

Into the leaves. They grew
Unlimited. Soap boiled
Between black lips; the house
Spirit jumped up beyond   began to run   shot
Through the yard and bit down
On the youngest child. And when it sprang down
And out across the pasture, the grains of its footprints leapt
Free, where horses that shied from its low

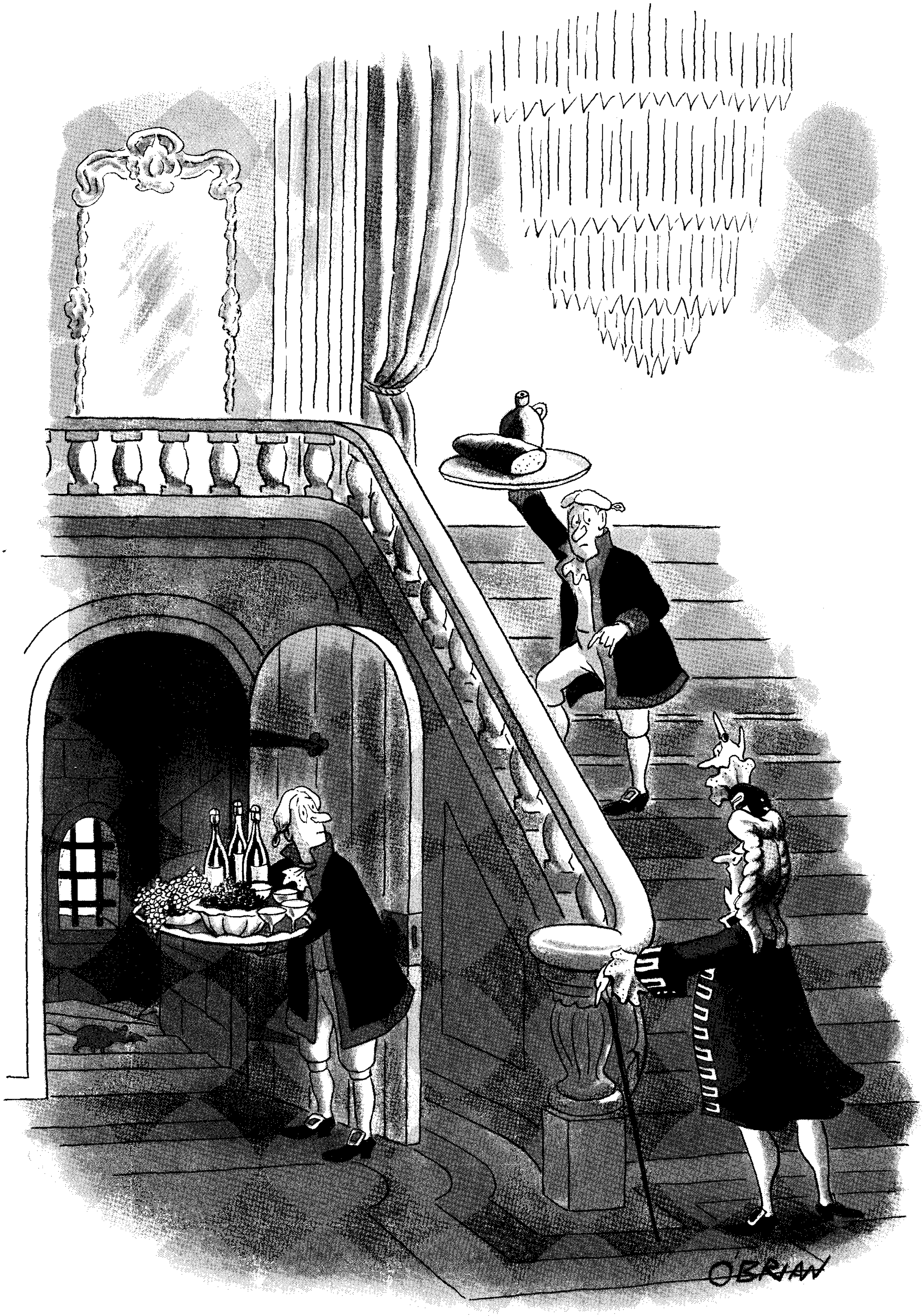
New sound were gathered, and men swung themselves
Up to learn what spring
Had a new way to tell, by bringing up
And out the speed of the fields. A long horn blew
Firesided   the mad head sang
Along the furrows   bouncing and echoing from earth
To earth through the body
Turning   doubling back
Through the weather of love running wild and the horses full

Of strangers coming after. Fence wire fell and rose
Flaming with messages as the spirit ran
Ran with house-hair
Burr-picking madly   and after came

Men   horses   spirits
Of households leaping crazily beyond
Their limits, dragging their bodies by the foaming throat through grass
And beggar-lice and by the red dust
Road where men blazed and roared
With their shoulders   blew it down and apart where it ran
And lay down on the earth of God's
One foot and the foot beneath the table kicked
The white mouth shut. This was something

In spring in mild brown eyes   as strangers
Cut off the head and carried and held it
Up, blazing with consequence   blazing
With freedom saying   bringing
Help   help   madness   help.

—James Dicke



"You blundering idiots, how often do I have to tell you! The wine and caviar go up, the bread and water go down!"

MEMOIRS OF AN ANTI-SEMITE

THE big something falling from the floor above my grandmother's apartment cast a sudden shadow on the window before it bumped on the cobblestones, and my grandmother's gouty claw reached for the little bell beyond the flowery field of playing cards she had laid out on the table for her game of patience and shook it violently. Decades of strained impatience made her movement awkward, and the thin silver sound seemed to mock the intention to reach the deaf ears of old Marie. Nevertheless, as in a vaudeville gag, the door opened instantly and old Marie appeared, trembling with age and the suppressed contradictions of nearly fifty years of service to a most complicated family.

"Yes, please?"

My grandmother majestically stretched her tortoise neck as if it still were encircled by half a dozen rows of pearls and turned her head toward the window. "Something fell down from the upper floor. The Jews must have put their feather beds in the window to ventilate or something of that kind. Go and have a look."

Old Marie pushed her head out of the window and then brought it back into the room. "Please," she said triumphantly. "This is no feather bed. It is the young Raubitschek girl."

I SPENT part of my youth in this apartment house, which was in a drowsy residential section of Vienna. When I met the "old Raubitschecks" on the staircase, I saluted them with the same polite reserve they used in saluting my grandmother, whose recognition was a delightful mixture of joviality and distance. Never a word was exchanged. They were educated people, though. Papa Raubitschek being a professor at the University of Vienna, famous artists came to their apartment, and every Wednesday evening the remote sounds of chamber music reached my grandmother's apartment and would make her—she was very sensitive to noise—say contemptuously, "Again they are playing Beethoven's 'Allergique' or something equally horrid." Whether those chamber-music concerts got on the nerves not only of my grandmother but also of Minka Raubitschek I am unable to say. However, she was a girl full of temperament and with a strong and stubborn will, and on the occasion I have just mentioned, during a quarrel with her mother, she jumped out of the window. "Exaggerated" was my grandmother's comment. "As those young Jewish intellectuals usually are." Fortunately she didn't do herself much harm. She broke a hip and was slightly lame thereafter, that was all. In later years, when I had been accepted into the company of her friends, we used to put a mountain climber's cord around her waist and let her down the steep stairs to the ladies' room of the Kärntnerbar. This was necessary not only because of her lame hip but also because her sense of equilibrium was impaired by too many whiskeys. She used to thank us with bits of cultural-historical information. "Do you realize where you are, you drunken swine? This place was designed by Adolf Loos, a pupil of Frank Lloyd Wright. It is one of the early masterpieces of modern architecture—a room that would normally not be big enough for a dozen ignoramuses of your kind shelters half a hundred. If that isn't progress . . ."

As the grandson of an architect who had done his share to make Vienna's monuments conform to the taste of the *fin de siècle*, I should have given particular consideration to such remarks of Minka Raubitschek. Her tastes were exquisite and her knowledge was profound. But at the time I was merely reminded of my grandmother. "It is disgusting," my grandmother would say, "how very much like your father you have become. He is a perfect barbarian, with his monomaniac passion for shooting. But when I think that I gave my daughters Renan to read in order to have them take up spiritualism . . ."

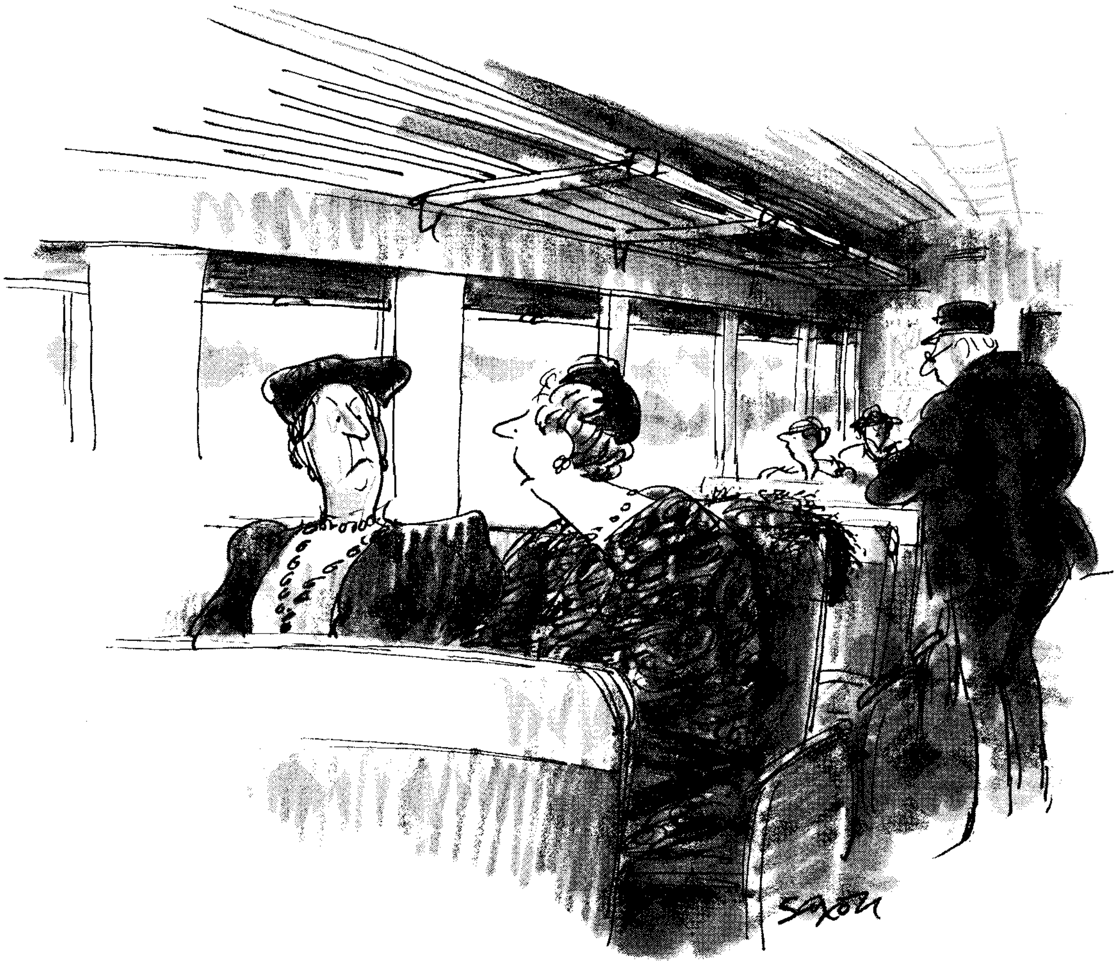
The two neuralgic points in my grandmother's existence were the marriage of her eldest daughter, my mother, with my father and the "exaggerated ideas" of my unmarried aunts. My grandmother never set foot in the back rooms of her apartment, which, after the death of my grandfather, were occupied by her two spinster daughters, for there, every Wednesday evening, accompanied by the remote sounds of the Raubitschek chamber music, the meetings of the esoteric community of Mr. Malik took place. Mr. Malik was an engineer with supernatural powers that enabled him to massage the souls out of the bodies of ladies with metaphysical talents so that the emptied vessel could be filled with some free soul of a dead person not yet reborn, who would then use the mouth of the medium to utter mystical nonsense, the theosophical interpretation of which was left to my aunts. The soul massaged out of the body remained attached to it by an astral navel cord, and when the free soul, who came like a guest into your body for the duration of the séance, had left, Mr. Malik would massage your waiting soul along that very same astral navel cord back into your body and you would be yourself again. In later years, when we were letting Minka down to the ladies' room of the Kärntnerbar, I had great success with what I had learned of Mr. Malik's

teachings. "It's only her cursed *materia* that descends," I would explain. "Her soul stays with us and her whiskey."

The presumably free, not yet reborn soul of Mr. Malik will perhaps forgive me. I was only eighteen years old when I thus profaned his messages, and all during my childhood nobody had done much to make me take him very seriously. "I am sure that man is not an engineer at all but just a cheap crook," my grandmother used to say. "Probably a Jew who has changed his name."

The suspicion that somebody could have changed his name already made him a Jew—provided, of course, he was not an Englishman, like charming Mr. Wood, who one beautiful day became Lord Halifax. But that was quite another thing. It was typically Jewish to change your name, for Jews quite understandably did not want to be taken for what they were. Since their names usually made it quite clear what they were, they had to change them, for camouflage. Had we been Jews, we should certainly have done the same, because it must be painful to be a Jew. Even well-bred people would make you feel it—either by their reserve or by an exaggerated politeness and coy friendliness. But fortunately we were not Jews, so, though we could see their point, we considered it a piece of insolence when they changed their names and pretended to be like us. Part of the certain esteem my grandmother had for the Raubitscheks came from the fact that they had not changed their name. Jews who changed their names, like Mr. Malik, were crooks and swindlers. Their camouflage was but a falsehood to which they were driven by their disgusting greed for profit and their repulsive social climbing. I had known all that since I was born, for I was born in Bucovina, next to Galicia, where the overwhelming number of all Jews came from. Bucovina had formerly belonged to the Hapsburg Empire, like Galicia. After the fall of the imperial and royal monarchy of Austria and Hungary, Bucovina had been given to Rumania and Galicia to Poland. Still, when you spoke about Polish Jews—a term that specified the prototype of the greedy, pushing little Jew—you meant not only those of Galicia but also those of Bucovina. When I was not at my grandmother's, I was with my parents in Bucovina, and I knew Jews well. There were crowds of them; you could not take a step without running into swarms. The elder ones and very old ones, particularly the very poor, were humbly what they were—submissive people in black caftans and large-brimmed hats, with curls at their temples, and in their eyes a sort of melting look which the sadness of many thousands of years seemed to have bestowed. Their eyes were like dark ponds. Some of them were even beautiful in their vintage melancholy. They had spun-silver prophets' heads, with which the butcher's face of Mr. Malik would have compared very unfavorably, and when they looked at you, stepping aside to let you pass, it was like a sigh for not only themselves but all the burden of human existence which they knew so well. But the young ones, and especially the ones who were better off, or even rich, showed an embarrassing self-confidence. They wore elegant clothes and drove dandified roadsters, and their girls smelled of scent and sparkled with jewelry. Some of them even had dogs and walked them on leashes. When they spoke to one another, it was in a pushing, impatient way, even when they had just met. They asked direct personal questions and looked around for someone more worth knowing. They were not humble at all.

My father hated them for a very special reason—even the old and humble ones. Normally you would not need a reason for hating Jews; it was too old a hatred, too traditional an aversion, to need explaining. Of course, nobody seriously believed that the Jews wanted to rule the world merely because their prophets had promised it to them. That was a story you told to a chambermaid who had become hysterical and declared that she would much rather go and work for a Jewish family, where she would be better treated and better paid. You also men-



"I feel I should warn you. They've taken down most of Boston and they're putting up something else."

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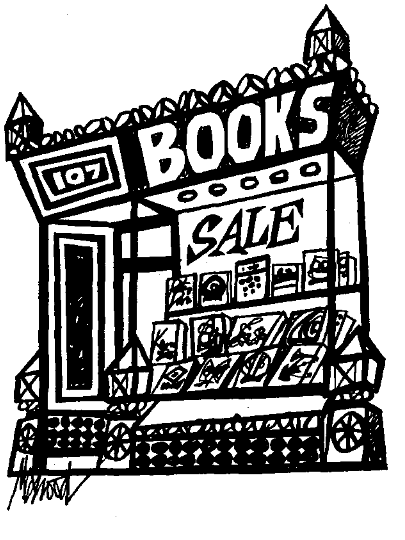
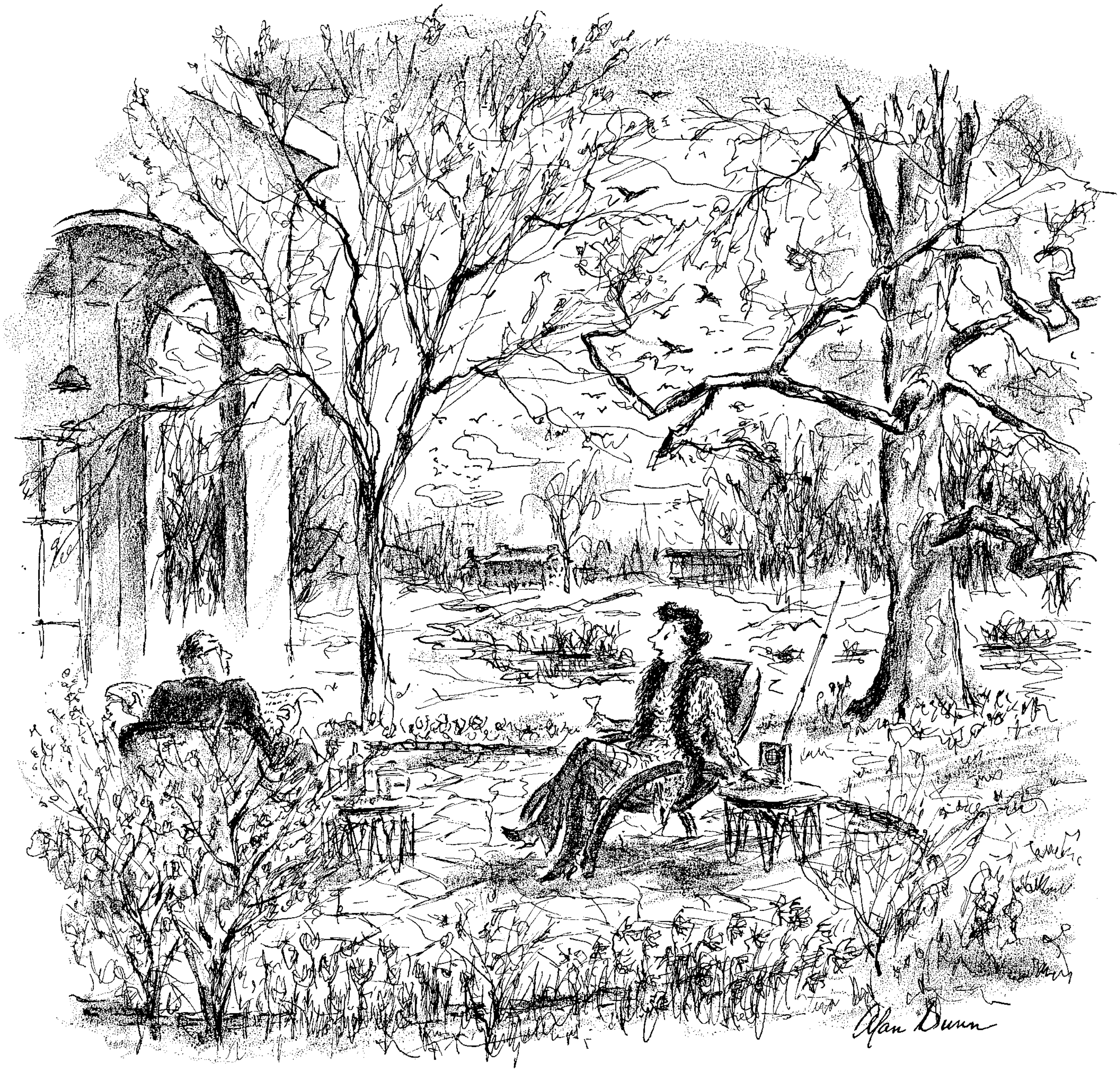
tioned that, after all, the Jews *had* crucified our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But among educated people you need not use such heavy arguments, so if ever you had to say why you disliked Jews, you just gave an amusing reason—for instance, that it means bad luck when you go shooting and run into a Jew. Now, as my father did little else but go shooting and there were so many Jews in Bucovina that it was impossible to go shooting without running into several of them, he had this misfortune nearly every day. I remember violent scenes between him and my mother because she attracted crowds of Jews to our house. She used to give our cast-off clothes to itinerant peddlers—the so-called *Handalés*—who, to my father, represented all the characteristics he hated most in Jews: their lack of dignity, owing to their eagerness for a good deal, their insistence, sometimes their insolence, and their disgusting social climbing. For Jews dealt in second-hand clothes in order to gain enough money to emigrate to the United States of America. There they arrived, called, let us say, Jossel Tuttman and Moishe Wasserstrom, and soon earned enough money to change their name to Wondraschek. From Wondraschek they pretty soon became von Draschek, and after a short while they'd come back to Europe as the Baron von Draschek or even von Dracheneck, and buy themselves a shooting ground in Styria. Herewith began my father's serious reasoning.

He hated Bucovina, to which he had come as a young man from Styria. If there had not been a mountainous part—the Carpathians—it would have been a country of no character at all. While Styria was mountainous all over, a country with character. He dreamed of a shooting ground in Styria. Shooting in Bucovina was certainly better than in Styria, and people who owned shooting grounds in Styria dreamed of a shooting ground in the Carpathians of Bucovina. But Styria was Austria, whereas Bucovina had become Rumania. It was for the good shooting that my father had stayed on in Bucovina and become a subject of Rumania. He resented this very much, too. It was no shame to be a subject of Rumania. In one way, my father liked it even better than being a subject of Austria, for Rumania was still a monarchy, while Austria had become a republic. But it hurt my father's pride, as a former Austrian, that in Rumania he was considered as belonging to the German-speaking minority, which the Jews also belonged to. Though it was better to belong to a minority in a kingdom than to the great crowd of equals in a republic, it was utterly unjust that in the kingdom of Rumania we should belong to a minority together with the Jews while in the republic of Austria the Jews were everybody's equals and owned shooting grounds in Styria.

Usually at this point my mother got up and left the room. Whereupon my father felt obliged to help me, as a small boy, to understand things better. He explained to me that, in spite of the fact that we were of Italian descent and had become subjects of Rumania, we were still Austrians, and that living in Bucovina meant a sort of unfaithfulness forced on us by unlucky circumstances—one of which was that shooting in Bucovina was much better than in Styria. Still, as Austrians, we should have stuck to our flag. Unfortunately that flag didn't exist anymore; the imperial flag of Austria had been replaced by the vulgar flag of the new republic, with which, fortunately, we had nothing to do. The old imperial flag was the flag of the emperors of the House of Hapsburg, who throughout six hundred years had been the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, founded by Charlemagne as the righteous successor of the Roman Caesars and defender of Christendom. Throughout six hundred years, the emperors of the House of Hapsburg had worn his crown and defended the world of Christendom against the Turks. Their flag, my father said, symbolized not only a political program but also an idea. With Charlemagne it had become the flag of Christendom and of the chivalry by which Christendom was defended. That's how we, as Italians, had become Austrians, though we had not come to Austria in the time of Charlemagne but only in the middle of the eighteenth century. But never mind. If you wanted, you could even take Charlemagne as a Frenchman, and in fact the French did. But chivalry was not concerned with nationality. It was the great international hierarchy of knights and liege lords and kings, headed by the emperor, as, in the saga, it was headed by the model of all monarchs, King Arthur. Nobody asked you where you were born. They asked only how you were born, and whether you were brave and just and faithful to your liege lord's flag. If you had been brave and just and faithful to your liege lord's flag, you got a name that obliged you to be even more brave and just and faithful to your flag. As the son of a knight, you first served as a page, preferably of a queen. Later, you became a squire and ran next to the horse of a knight, carrying his shield. Then you became a knight yourself, and when you weren't fighting for your liege lord and for chivalry in general, you went hunting and shooting. Now, as there were very few queens left to whom you could serve as a page, and even fewer knights whose shield you could carry as a squire, you were brought up to become a nobleman just by hunting and shooting, and the only way you could fight for chivalry was to stay where you were and at least see that the Jews did not get shooting grounds everywhere, even in Bucovina. So, in spite of the fact that we were Austrians—though subjects of Rumania—and my father's father had done his share, as an architect, to give Vienna its lovely neoclassic, and neo-Gothic, and neo-Renaissance aspect, my father never again set foot in Austria, where he had no shooting ground to defend.



But it was agreed that I should be brought up in Austria, and this I resented very much, because I loved Bucovina. It seems to be the lot of every good childhood to be lonesome, and I was lonesome in both places. In Vienna I was lonesome as a little boy who came from a now remote country of the Balkans and lived with old people and fools. At home, in Bucovina, I was lonesome as the little snob with a foreign education who tries to avoid any contact with others of his age. As a matter of fact, this was not at all my intention. It was the logical consequence of the isolation into which the monomania of my father and the nostalgia of my mother had maneuvered us. My mother, too, felt Bucovina as a sort of exile, but simply as a woman who, with an unloved husband, lives far from those she loves. As my father's monomaniac passion for

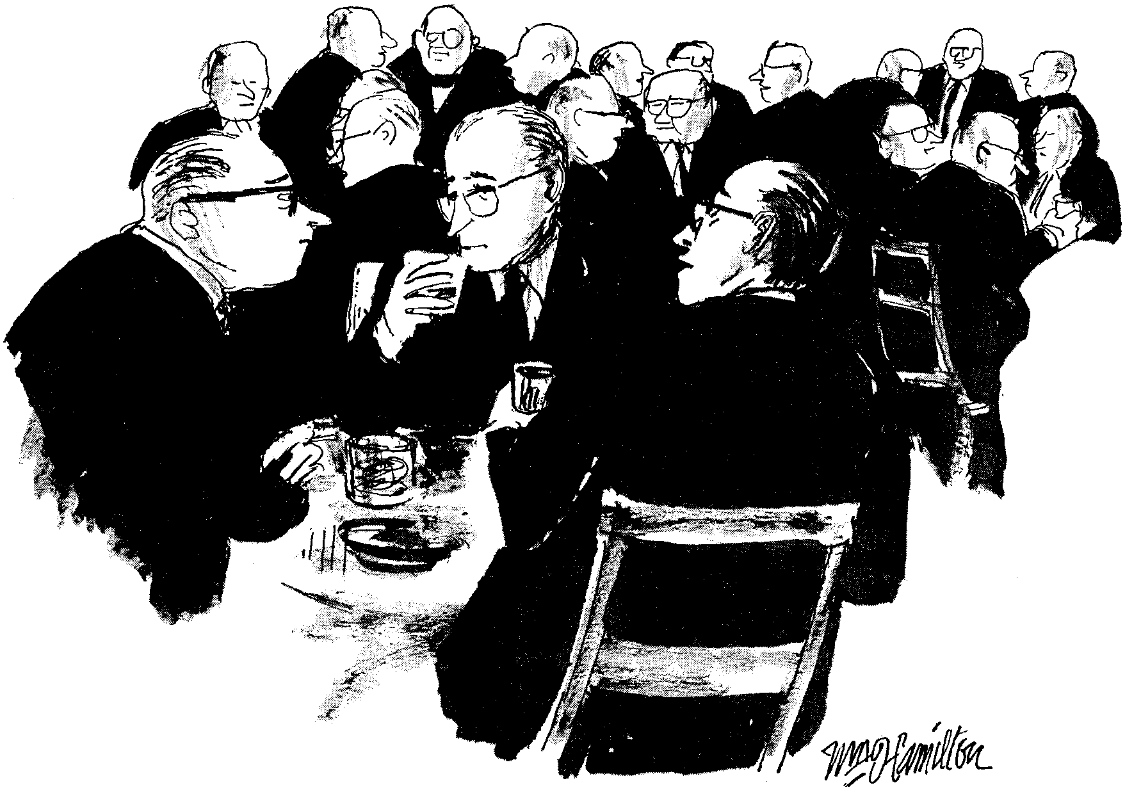


"Just one thing more and I'll shut up about it. If the franc topples, do we topple with it?"

• •

shooting estranged him more and more from all family life, my mother's various unfulfilled desires found an outlet in a no less monomaniac love for me, her child. She watched over every step I took and every breath I drew. Between her terror that I would get pneumonia from running too fast and the suspicion that a contact with the gardener's children could give me lice, or that through the friendliness of a Rumanian officer, who had put me in the saddle of his horse, I would get syphilis, I did not develop into a very social youngster. In wintertime, on the big public skating rink, I found myself lonely in a corner, cutting my circles and loops into the ice, an enormous woollen shawl wrapped six times around my neck, while all around a whirl of hilarious liveliness filled the sparkling winter day.

The majority of the young skaters were Jews. Among them were some extremely pretty girls, with whom, one by one, I clandestinely fell in love, suffering not only from the overprotectiveness of my mother but from guilt. My mother came to fetch me every day, and, in spite of my violent protests, had me wrapped in blankets and furs in order to protect my frail health after the exhausting exercise. My departure had become a public amusement so humiliating that I did not dare to look the Jewish girls in the eye even when my mother had not yet turned up. At the same time I felt guilty because my tender feelings were a betrayal of everything that in the geography of my inner world formed the moral massives, so to speak—the Carpathians, without which that inner landscape would not have had a character. Of course, there were some people who, with a dirty smile, would say, "A Jewess is no Jew." But those were swine. For our kind it was impossible to fall in love with a Jewish girl. It meant being unfaithful to our flag. Love makes you long for intimacy, it leads to the most direct of all human relationships, and it was unthinkable to get into a human relationship with Jews. Jews were human beings, too; that could not be denied. But we did not have intimate relationships with other people, either, just because they were human beings. My father would not have anything to do with Rumani-



"No matter what the bastards say, I think ours was a swell generation."

• •

ans, because they considered him part of a minority more or less equal with the Jews; nor with Poles, because they usually hated Austrians; nor would he have anything to do with other former Austrians who had stayed on in Bucovina for mere personal interests and not for a noble purpose like his and who therefore had been unfaithful to their flag. That did not mean that we wouldn't regard them as human beings and behave like educated people when we came in contact with them. We answered every greeting more or less politely and, when it was inevitable, even shook hands with them, and, should the occasion have demanded it, we would presumably have done the same with Jews, too. But that did not mean that we wished to get into closer relationship either with them or with the Jews. As a matter of fact, it was not really true that we hated Jews. It was more a *façon de parler*. Hatred, too, is a direct human relationship. If there had been real hatred for the Jews, it would have been just as much as loving them. No, Jews were simply people of another star—the star of David and Zion. It might be a shining star, but for us, unfortunately, it shone under the horizon. Therefore, falling in love with a Jewish girl could not be considered a pardonable perversion like, for instance, that of a sodomite. It was *the* incomprehensible, a sudden gap in one's mind, worse than treason and unfaithfulness. I had good reason to be ashamed.

I would soon have some more, and better, reasons. Thanks to a few lessons from a skating teacher on the Wiener Eislaufverein, my circles and loops had very much improved. I was even capable of doing a few jumps. Home again in Bucovina, I performed them in my corner of the skating rink. This aroused the curiosity of a group of sturdy youngsters—Jews, of course—who had formed a sort of wild hockey team. One day I found myself encircled by them. I felt a trifle uncomfortable, for they were tough and I did not know what they wanted. So I pretended not to notice their nearness and continued to perform a tidy eight with a Dutch jump at the conclusion of each circle. This went on for a while, till finally the biggest of them said, "Not bad what you're doing. How about playing on our team?"

"No, thank you very much," I said.

"Why not? Is it because we're Jews?"

I did not answer and they came nearer.

"What are you, then?" another of them asked. "A Rumanian? A Pole?"

"Neither the one nor the other."

"Well, then, what? A German?"

"No," I said.

"But you speak German. So what the hell are you? A Jew, maybe?"

Why I did not answer I did not know at that moment. It was not cowardice, for it was obvious that they had not come to do me harm. I did not like them very much; they were not my kind, and they were Jews. But I did not dislike them, either, and that made it worse. They had asked me to join their team, and here I stood and lacked the courage to say simply, "I would have liked to play with you, but I can't because you are Jews and I am not, and I don't need to say any more. However, I thank you for having asked me." I did not fear to hurt their feelings. What I feared was that open words of that kind could have meant the direct contact of which I was afraid. A direct human relationship could have resulted—esteem or hatred, either one, would have meant the same. I didn't answer.

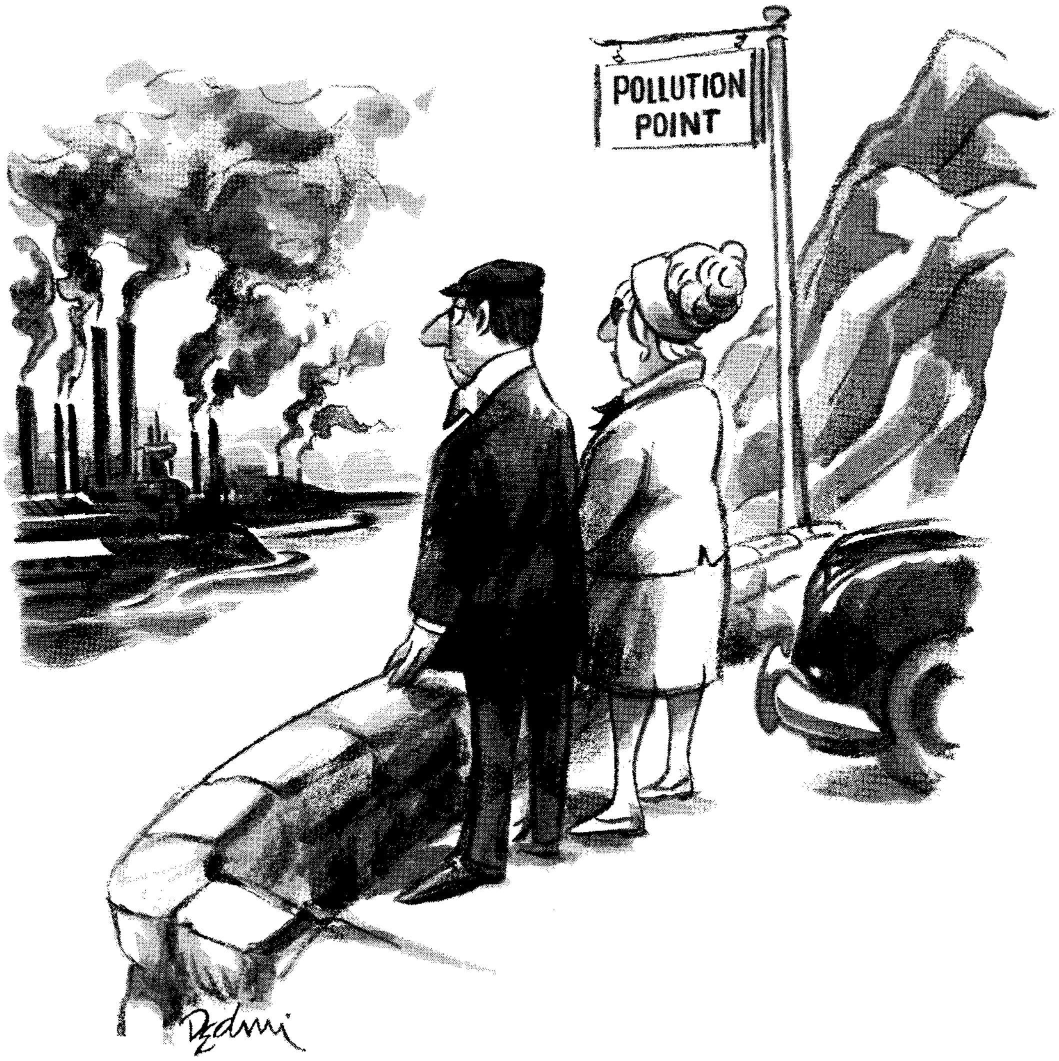
"Well, speak, baby," one of them said and came so near that our noses nearly touched. "Are you a Jew or aren't you?"

I still kept silent, and finally the first one said, "Oh, leave him alone. He's only a haughty pissing *goy*." He threw the puck into the field, and they leapt after it, he with them, and there I stood alone again in my corner, with my beautifully tidy eights, and the huge shawl around my neck.

I BELIEVE that must have happened in the winter of 1927. I was fourteen or fifteen years old. In order to have the vagaries of my adolescence corrected, my benevolent and crazy parents put me in a boarding school in Styria renowned for its severe methods of education. To it I owe—along with the ever since vainly fought habit of smoking cigarettes and a profound knowledge of the pornographic folklore of the German and English languages—the insight that all public education's task is to vulgarize the genius of young people in such a way that only natures of extraordinarily strong neurotic tendencies are enabled to escape banality. The holidays I spent, usually, in Bucovina, grateful for the utter loneliness that received me there, luckily freed for a few short summer weeks from the company of schoolmates in whose minds and muscles manhood fermented, and of teachers deformed by their profession of disciplinizers into baroque monstrosities. I passed my time by going shooting with my father in the Carpathian forests and walking the streets of Czernowitz and Sadagura, just watching and listening to what was going on. I don't know how I ever managed to pass my final examinations, for my midyear reports were catastrophic. My father, when he got the good news, sent me a cable with the single word "*Ahi!*"—an exclamation of the Jews of Bucovina expressing unusual astonishment at the unexpected. Later, he explained that, in point of fact, it was a survival from the days of chivalry. Yiddish, he said, was mainly Middle High German, with Hebrew and Polish elements. For example, take the Yiddish slang expression "*nebbich*," which was nothing but the "squire" (*neb ich* = near I) who runs with the knight, carrying his shield. "*Ahee!*" was what the knights shouted when, at a tournament, they put their lances under their armpits and ran against one another. This explanation was not given to me without a trace of embarrassment, for it was rather uncomfortable to think that the language of our models for a noble attitude of life should be faithfully preserved only by the Jews. Therefore my father did not fail to add that a certain decline of forms as well as of habits and even costumes of the upper classes to the lower ones is the rule. The caftan of the rabbis, for instance, and their fur-lined caps and boots were actually the costume of the Polish noblemen in medieval times, and in a Jewish wedding were preserved many a custom that originated in the court ceremonies of the dukes of Burgundy. It is about the only lesson of all the teaching put into my mind between my fourteenth and my seventeenth year that has remained there today.

The diploma of a *lycée* is a poor substitute for the rites of initiation with which primitive societies make a young male understand that he has become a man, yet in my youth nobody hesitated to take it as such. When I went back to Vienna in order to follow in the footsteps of my late grandpapa and study architecture, I was merely a boy of seventeen, but I enjoyed all the liberties of a grown man, without any of the responsibilities. I could go to bed when and with whom I pleased, drink liquor to my heart's content and the revolt of my intestines, and spend my money and time as economically or wastefully as I felt like. My parents were not rich; my father's passion for shooting was expensive and had soon devoured what the war had left of a former certain competence. Yet my monthly allowance would in Bucovina have sufficed to keep a Jewish family of seven from urgent need. Anyhow, I was not forced to begin my studies under the mental pressure of lack of time. But all this did not alter my solitude, which by now had become not only a habit but a deliberate, proud attitude. I had not a single friend, and I did not long for one. With girls I was extremely clumsy and shy. Besides, my mother, fearing that I would abuse my new status and fall into debauchery, had arranged that I again live with my grandmother. Though she knew very well that the old lady was too much of a recluse to keep an eye on a young man, she counted on my aunts, whose theological preoccupations were evidence of a high morality that would perhaps keep me from immediately getting lost in a swamp of vices.

It was at this time I learned that we had done Mr. Malik an injustice by calling him a Jew. On the contrary, he was a man of high moral standards. A very important free and yet not reborn soul who had followed his invitation and slipped into the emptied vessel of the body of his sister, Fräulein Weingruber, a highly gifted medium, revealed to the esoteric community that great things were in preparation. The universe was a big system of perpetual perfection. Everything in it had but the sole wish to dematerialize more and more and finally become pure spirit and unite with God. *Materia* was the contrary of God. It was a burden given as a curse to the fallen angels, a curse put upon their souls, which were longing to be light and free again. Death did not mean you would be freed. When you died, your soul was suspended for a while outside the dimension perceivable to us, and, in a sort of metaphysical extra course, was taught what was good and what was



evil, and particularly to understand what, *in the existence it* had just left, it had done that was good or bad. If it had done much good, it was allowed to slip into a new existence less burdened with *materia*. If it had done a medium amount of good or evil, it had to come back to the same world and carry the same amount of *materia* and live again, trying to do better. If, on the other hand, it had done a great deal of wrong, it was condemned to a lower form of existence, even more burdened with *materia*, and slipped into a body that was not just flesh and bones, like ours, but—let us say—of iron. Finally your soul, doing better and better each time, dematerialized to pure spirit and united with God. Not only human souls were under the curse of *materia* but also your pet dog's, as a slightly lower form, and everything else—even the cobblestones on which Minka Raubitschek had broken her hip. And to each creature or inanimate object was given the chance of doing good or wrong and of dematerializing or materializing accordingly. And, of course, the stars, too, had this chance, and when all the beings of a lower-grade star had done very well the star itself potentialized and became a star of a higher category, with thinner *materia* and better souls on it. And this was going to happen to our globe.

My aunts were full of joy and expectation telling me about all this. By the good behavior of those who lived for the spirit, they said, our world had slowly potentialized and dematerialized and was now on the verge of potentializing into a nearly butterfly-like world. For there were very high-class souls—people like Buddha, Plato, and Jesus Christ—who deliberately took on the burden of *materia* in order to teach the others what was good or wrong. Each of them was announced by some soul of a high category materialized for this very purpose. And as Jesus Christ had been announced by John the Baptist, Mr. Malik had come to announce the arrival of another dematerializer. His name was Adolf Hitler, and one could already see what enthusiasm he had created in Germany by spiritualizing the Germans and cleansing Germany of the low, materialistic Jews. Mr. Malik was no Jew, in spite of the fact that he had changed his name (as had Mr. Hitler, whose real name was Schicklgruber—and he certainly was no Jew, either); he had done this for a different reason, for Malik was the name given to him in the outer world—the name of his spirit. The name given to his material burden, which he had undertaken voluntarily to carry, was Weingruber. He and his sister were actually one high-category soul divided in two and inhabiting two bodies.

The potentialization of the world could already be felt in my grandmother's house by the fact that it, too, had to a certain extent been cleansed of Jews. No longer were the séances of the esoteric community accompanied by the chamber music of the Raubitscheks, for on the same day both Professor Raubitschek and his wife died of Spanish flu—a typical Jewish extravagance, as my grandmother said, because there wasn't an epidemic, as in 1918, when many people died of it; therefore there was no reason to do it out of season, so to speak. Anyhow they both died and left their daughter alone, and—alas!—what had been gained by their disappearance was largely spoiled by the scandalous behavior of Minka Raubitschek. Not only did she have an official lover, whose roadster often stood parked in front of the house all night, but other gentlemen were seen going into the Raubitschek apartment and coming out the morning after. Instead of the chamber music on Wednesday evening, one could hear nearly every night the noises of carousing.

I rather liked Minka. She was friendly when we met on the staircase. Her voice was full and warm, and her smile beautiful. She looked Spanish, with her shining black hair and large black eyes. Her skin was lovely, and she used a lipstick of a most provokingly vivid red. She dressed well, and even her slight limping had a certain charm; she did not try to hide it and limped courageously and decidedly ahead. On Sunday mornings, I was invited by my grandmother to take my breakfast in her room. From the window I could follow the spectacle of Minka being fetched by her official lover, a tall, fair, athletic chap, for their weekend outing. He was obviously an ice-hockey player. Sometimes he got into his roadster already in his hockey uniform, vividly striped in red and white and yellow. Minka carried his sticks, kneepads,

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COEFFICIENTS OF EXPANSION

(A Guide to the Infant Season)

What happened in the Hot Stove League last winter?
Well, baseball got a new Commissioner, and the Senators, who are still the same old Senators although not the original Senators because the original Senators are now the Twins, got a new manager, the Splendid Splinter.
Pitchers have been ordered to deliver the ball more allegro and less adagio,
And if you are wondering about the Royals, well, the Royals used to be Montreal but now Montreal is the Expo's, and Kansas City, which was the A's, is the Royals, and the A's, which were first Philadelphia and later Kansas City, are Oakland, under the partial aegis of Joe DiMaggio.
In lower California, confusion is rife around the pot spots and hot-rodderies;
No one is able to differentiate between San Diego's twice-born Padres and the Padres' reborn Johnny Podres.
And, apropos newly launched satellites,
The disappearance of Mickey Mantle was hardly compensated for by the appearance of something called the Pilots, except perhaps to a few Seattleites.
The mound has been lowered because the hitters complained that the pitchers were too parsimonious and pawky,
And Satchel Paige pitched two scoreless exhibition innings for the Braves of Atlanta, formerly the Braves of Boston and Milwaukee.
Finally, at least one sportscaster has added a phrase to his cargo of argot, and I quote him verbatim:
When a batter leaves a runner stranded on third, he has "failed to plate him."
So that's how it went.
This wrapup has been brought to you through the authority of the undersigned Lifelong Fan, and is not intended in any way to express for the aforementioned expansion said Lifelong Fan's enthusiasm, approval, or written consent.

—Ogden Nash

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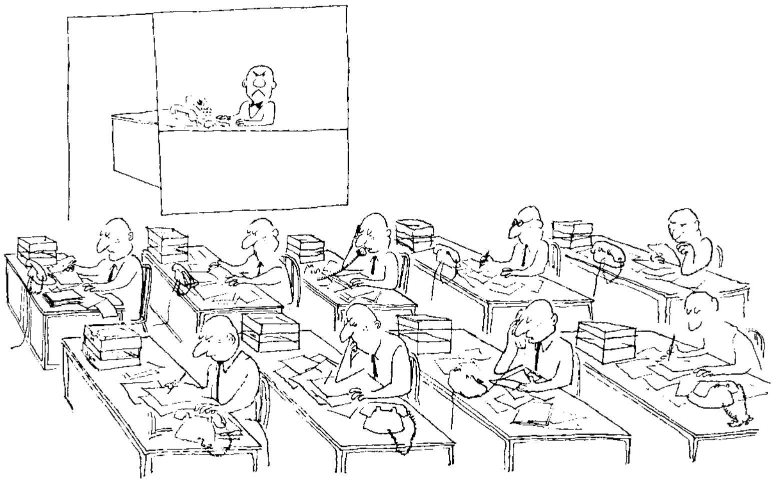
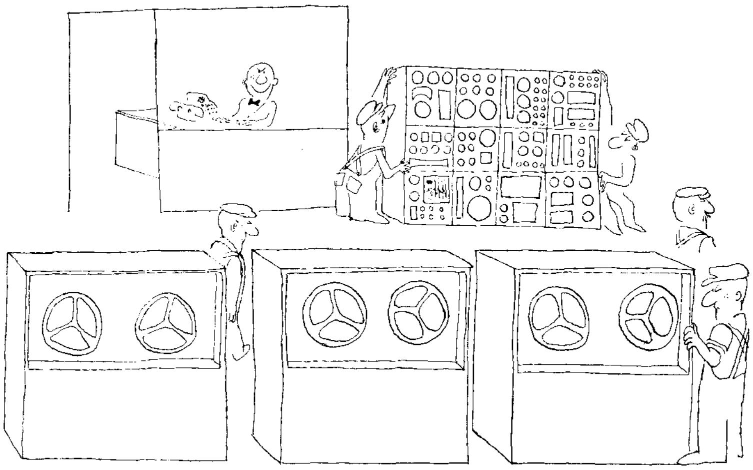
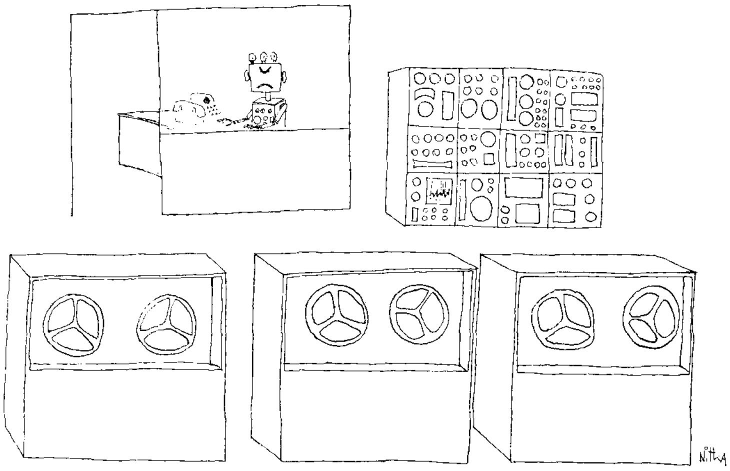
and shoulder pads. It all looked very smart and gay, and made me feel my isolation.







The courses in architecture at the Technische Hochschule bored me to tears. Instead of giving me a taste for harmony, the instructors tortured me with statics of rigid bodies, equations, the use of vectors, and so on, and I have always been a hopeless mathematician. Very soon I began to skip classes, and finally I did not go there for months at a time. I was too ignorant to enjoy either a concert or the theatre. With the exception, perhaps, of a few operettas in which Fritzi Massary starred, I saw nothing of the good theatre of Vienna of that time. My grandmother still kept a seat at the opera and never went there herself, so I drowsed through "Rheingold" and "La Traviata," wondering why people sometimes sighed with delight and sometimes expressed their disapproval. But I walked a lot. I criss-crossed Vienna from one end to the other, sometimes walking as far as from Döbling to Hietzing, taking the train back. I walked, preferably at night, through the Inner City, watching the swarms of whores on the Kärntnerstrasse. During the day, it was the most elegant of all Viennese streets, and at night it turned into something like the Canebière in Marseille. Or I would stand and marvel at the beauty of the empty Josefsplatz and Fischer von Erlach's National Bibliothek, wondering why my grandfather had never achieved this perfection. Nobody cared that I came home at four o'clock in the morning, and old Marie had long since given up trying to wake me, knowing that usually I slept till noon.

But of course I was too proud to admit my solitude to anybody. I spent most of my money on clothes, and when I set out for a stroll in the afternoon I would be most elegantly dressed, like some young dandy who is just about to get into his car and drive out to the golf course in the Lainzer Tiergarten, or to the five-o'clock tea dance at Hübner's Park Hotel in Hietzing. In the evening, I never left the house except in a very smart dinner jacket, and sometimes even, when I felt like it, in tails, with a silk hat on my well-brushed head. After a couple of hours of lonesome walking through empty streets and sombre parks, along the tracks of railways or the banks of the Danube Canal, I would sit down for a coffee and a brandy in the lounge of the Hotel Imperial, slipping my patent-leather pumps off under the table to ease my sore feet. One would have thought I was a young man with an exquisite social life.

Once, well after midnight, I came home to my grandmother's house in tails and silk hat and found Minka at the door, fumbling in her handbag for the key she had either forgotten or lost. She was amused at the misfortune of having no key, and at my arriving just in time to open the door. She was a little drunk. Her eyes sparkled, and her teeth shone moist between those provoking red lips. But, of course, I behaved like a well-brought-up young man. I unlocked the door and held it open for her with the particular politeness of a certain reserve, and she smiled at me and said I looked splendid. Where had I been, so elegantly clad? At a dance, I said. Where and with whom? With people she would certainly not know. What was their name, she asked. Oh, Rumanians, I said stiffly. It was typically Jewish, I thought, to be so insistent and to ask such personal questions, and I did not like it. The Rumanians were passing through Vienna, I said, on their way to Paris.

She knew frightfully amusing Rumanians in Paris, she said. Had I been there lately? Not lately, I said, following her up the stairs. The steps were flat and easy to mount, but she had a little difficulty with her lame hip and the one too many drinks she might have had, so I offered her my arm, and she clasped it with warmth and freely leaned against it. My elbow recorded that she was not as bony as the fashion of the early thirties demanded. It was delightful, and a little embarrassing, so, when we reached my grandmother's floor I stood still, and she let go of my arm and smiled again. "Thank you," she said. "You are charming."

"Would you like me to accompany you to your floor?" I asked, and then bit my lips at my own clumsiness.

She laughed. "Does it show that I am drunk? I never realize it myself unless I have to get up these stairs on all fours. Come on, then, my young dandy, give me your arm again. . . . I once broke that silly left hip of mine," she said, leaning trustfully against the length of my body. "Because I was in love—imagine! If I had gone on that way, I wouldn't have a sound bone in my body. How are you making out with the girls?"

"Well . . ." I said, and smiled shyly, as if I were too modest to tell her the full truth.

She laughed. I said nothing more. I wasn't quite sure she hadn't seen through me and just been teasing me. "Would you like to come inside for a drink?" she asked when we arrived at her door.

"Thank you very much."

"Thank you, yes, or thank you, no?" She looked straight into my eyes.

"Yes," I said, and felt that I was blushing.

She handed me a key and said, "This one, fortunately, I haven't lost."

Again I unlocked the door and held it open, and she went in, dropping her fur coat on the floor. I picked it up and put it on a chair. "What nice manners you have," she said. "It must be lovely to have you around. How old are you?"

It seemed too silly to say, "I shall be eighteen next May," so I lied. "Twenty-three."

"Just my cup of tea. There is a gramophone in the corner. Put on a record if you want some music. What will you drink? Whiskey or a brandy?"

"A whiskey with soda, please." The flat did not look at all as I had imagined it would. She must have redecorated it since the death of the old Raubitscheks. With the exception of a huge library with black carved-wood bookcases that could have belonged to the chamber-music-loving Professor Raubitschek, there was no trace of the particular Jewish middle-class stuffiness I had glimpses of through open windows at home in Bucovina. There were flowers all over the place—her lovers seemed to be quite generous, I thought. Through an open door I could see into her bedroom, gay and feminine, the huge bed covered with a soft, flowery comforter. While she fixed the drinks, I had a look at the records. There were masses of them, piled up carelessly around the gramophone. I put one on with the label "Star Dust," hoping it was Mozart and not as violent as Beethoven's "Allergique." With the first sweet sounds, she came toward me with the drinks. "Here's yours," she said, putting a glass in my hand. "Let's see how you dance." I did not know what to do with my glass, but finally took it in my left hand and put my other arm around her, and we danced a few steps. I could not feel that she limped. "All right," she said, and moved away from me. "A little stiff, but there is hope. I can't dance long because of my hip, but I love it."

I took a gulp of my whiskey. She dropped down on the couch, leaned back, and shut her eyes. Suddenly she yawned, her beautiful mouth wide open. She yawned with a melodious cry that sounded like a happy weeping and that faded away in a sigh of utter relaxation, at the end of which she opened her eyes and said, "You are sweet. Now go downstairs to your grandma and sleep well." She got up with an unexpected swiftness and went to her bedroom, already unbuttoning her dress in the back.

I stood still in bewilderment, not knowing what to think of all this, not even knowing whether I had imagined something else would happen or what—just simply not knowing how to put my glass down and say "Good night" and "See you soon again." She turned and looked at me, still fumbling with buttons on her back. "If you don't want to go," she said, "you can listen to a few more records, if you want. But don't mind if I fall asleep. I am dog-tired."

I felt humiliated to the core. The situation was totally out of my control, and I wished I'd never accepted her invitation to come up for a drink. But, on the other hand, she was so kind, and sweet, and pretty. Her mouth had very much excited me.

She had turned round fully and stood watching me. Then she came toward me, smiling, and before I could say anything she took my head in both hands and kissed me softly and affectionately. Then she smiled again, near, under my eyes, and said, "What's all this? Do you want to stay with me?" I didn't answer. Still looking into my face, she said softly, "Then come!" She very soon found out the full truth of my worldliness, and it seemed to touch her. She was all sweet understanding, treating me with a tenderness and intimacy I had never known before, nor even been able to imagine. If it had been possible for me to think such a monstrous thought, I should have called it gay and tender lovemaking with a sister.

I put "Star Dust" on the gramophone again, and we lay in the dark and listened till it came to an end. She laughed and said, "Won't your grandma be upset when she finds out that you have been with me in the middle of the night?"

"She doesn't necessarily need to know it."

"Well, certainly not. But she will find out sooner or later. I want to have you around me, you are so cozy."

I said, "May I put on that record once more?"

"You do like it, don't you? Well, it's yours. You can take it with you and play it till you can't stand it anymore."

"Thank you."

"I wish I had a little more money, so I could buy you things you like. I have always longed for a little brother to spoil. What is your name?"

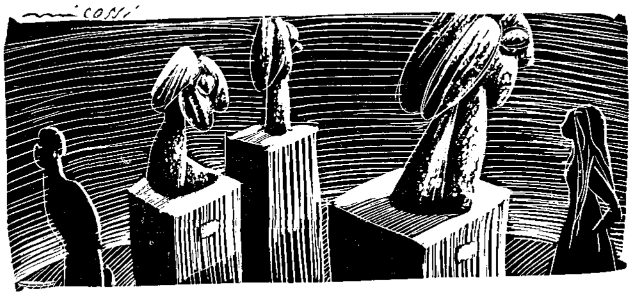
"Arnulf."

"What?" she cried with an outburst of her delightful laughter. "It can't be true. Arnulf! Who ever thought of such a dreadful name?"

"My father," I said, smiling against my will. "It comes from his mother's family, who are Bavarians. I think he thought it would oblige me to behave like a good knight." I sighed. Yet I was very much amused myself.

"But you can't possibly expect me to call you Arnulf," she said.

"Well, I have a few more Christian names. I have



about half a dozen. Other people I know have up to fifteen.”

“Don't tell me. I expect your other names are even worse. No, I shall call you Brommy—that fits you very well.”

“Why, and how?”

“Oh, I don't know. It simply fits you.”

“Did you have a pet dog of that name?”

“No. I don't know where I've got it from—there was an admiral, I think.”

“What have I to do with an admiral?”

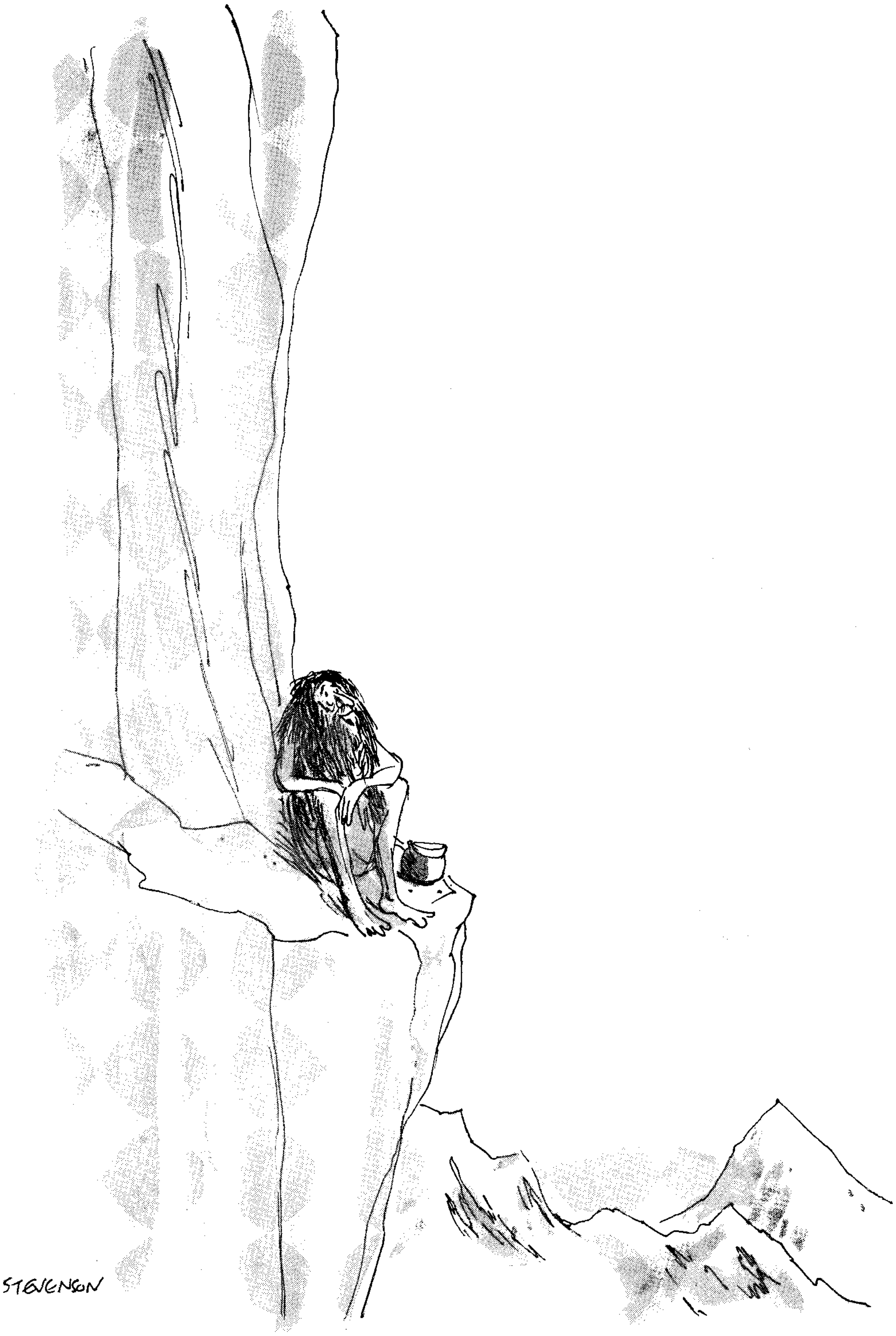
“Lots. You are very much like a young cadet who one day will become an admiral. And you don't want me to call you Wilhelm von Tegetthoff.”

I laughed. The totally illogical jump was typically Jewish. It sounded like one of the surrealistic jokes that were told in Bucovina of the gay rabbis of the Hasidim and their shrewdly twisted logic. I could not help feeling very much at home with Minka.

“Now come,” she said. “Be a good boy and let us have some sleep.”

She did not send me away. She simply put her arms around me and curled close to me, and instantly fell into a deep and innocent sleep, smelling of well-groomed feminine hair and skin, and good perfume, and a little whiskey. I lay for a while with open eyes, listening to the fading sounds of “Star Dust,” which was now mine, and thinking how funny it was that at the very moment you got mixed up with Jews you changed your name. Soon I, too, fell asleep, my arms around her.

I HAVE often wondered since whether I had an affair with Minka. Whatever it was, it did not interfere in the slightest with her amorous life, and though it altered my life completely, there seemed not the faintest tie that would have given me the impression that I couldn't do whatever I pleased and felt like doing. From that first morning—when I woke in her arms and watched her face, so fresh and well rested, and she opened her dark eyes and, with joyful laughter, said, “Now, who are *you*? Surely not the boy from downstairs?”—we were together day and night. “I am getting so accustomed to having him in my bed,” she would explain to her friends—among whom some were even a little more than friends. “Like a child with its Teddy bear. He doesn't kick or snore. He's just sweet and appetizing.” And, turning to the next female around, “If you really want a good night's sleep, I'll lend him to you.”



“‘I'm sitting on top of the world,
Just rolling along,
Just singing a song . . .’”

• •

Of course, there were also moments when she said to me, “Listen, my dear Brommy, there is a certain gentleman who is arriving from Paris, so you would do me a great favor and go skiing with Bobby? He will invite you, so you need not spend your pocket money on that. And please don't show up around here before next Friday.”

Bobby was her official lover—the fair, athletic chap who skied and played ice hockey and swam and rode horseback. We had become great friends. “You know, my boy,” he would explain to me, “if it were any other girl, you'd become jealous. But not Minka. First, it would be pointless. Second, she wouldn't let you. She makes it quite clear to you that it's not you who possess her, it's she who possesses you. Now, since she is not jealous of you, *what right have you to be jealous of her?* It's as simple as that."

There was no use trying to explain to him, or anybody else, that our relationship was, in fact, relatively—and even in a great proportion—innocent. When Minka and I went to bed together, it was mainly to curl in one another's arms and fall asleep. It gave her comfort to have someone near. I have sometimes thought that it may have been an atavism, or, let us say, a tradition that she had inherited with her blood, like the passion for hunting and shooting among our kind. After all, many of her ancestors must have slept six in one bed, like most of the poor Jews in Galicia and in Bucovina. But certainly such an explanation would not have helped either my grandmother or my aunts to understand my affection for Minka; in their eyes it would *have made things appear even worse.* In fact, it was all rather scandalous, and I was afraid my father would hear about it. Particularly as neither my grandmother nor my aunts gave the slightest sign of knowing what was going on. That they knew perfectly well I could detect from old Marie's trembling resentment whenever I went up to Minka's flat or came down from it, and the resentment increased when my stayings downstairs in my room became but short intervals between my long stayings upstairs at Minka's. I could only pray to God that the hatred of my mother's relatives for my father would not allow them to give him the satisfaction of saying that it was not surprising I got involved with Jews while staying in their house. He had always warned my mother against her own family, and he would no doubt say that it was her fault for letting me go to Vienna, instead of—as he had wished—sending me to Graz, the capital of Styria, where there were fewer Jews.

There is an old saying that when you change your life you also change your ideas. This is not necessarily so. You can very well change your life and in the meantime send your ideas on, so to speak, a holiday. My life had changed entirely, and though I kept right on disliking Jews, I lived among them—for most of Minka's friends were Jews—from then on. One of them, a monstrously fat and ugly yet highly amusing journalist from Prague, who regularly came to Vienna as a theatre critic, gave me the password. Once, after a brief encounter with a well-known actor who was not a Jew and had treated him with a particular friendliness, he turned toward me and said, "My mother used to say, 'More than of an anti-Semite, my boy, beware of people who just love Jews.' " Right she was, I thought, laughing heartily. For disliking Jews was not something you could change. It was an inborn natural reaction that did not hinder you from even liking them, in a certain way. I liked Minka tremendously, and if she hadn't been a Jewess I should have fallen madly in love with her and, in spite of my eighteen years (and to her utter amusement, I presume), probably have asked her to marry me. But even when she woke up in my arms, and I in hers, after an innocent night's sleep, there was a taboo that controlled my feelings and made everything even more delightful. I felt so free and without any burden with her. As she said, she liked having me around. She could not seriously take me as a lover. I was her toy, and everything was light and nice and without any complication. She could call me and send me away

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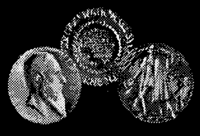

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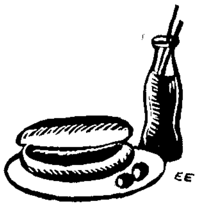
whenever she wanted. I asked no questions, and she could tell me everything. We would both laugh at our particular adventures and misfortunes, share our joys, our money, our problems. Her girl friends were sweet and of a charming libertinage. I can't remember another time of my life since in which I have had such pleasures. She was the queen of a little kingdom that for a while became my universe, and I served her as a page. The day began with her morning bath and toilet, and either I came up to her flat for it or was already there, ready to wait on her. She was severe and not at all patient. Very soon I learned everything a young man can be taught of a lady's boudoir. I accompanied her to her tailor, her hairdresser, her shopping, her brief luncheon at the Café Rebhuhn, where the artists and intellectuals who had chosen it for their headquarters were great friends of hers. She took me to museums, to concerts, to the theatre, to dinner parties, and to the *Heurigen*—the tasting of the new wine in the vineyards of the nearby village of Grinzing. That little kingdom of hers, which became my universe, was composed of all that the Vienna of the early thirties had to offer of the most intellectual and the most amusing, so it became my university as well. Her friends came to her house as birds fly in and out of the foliage of a tree. Among them was Karl Kraus, the Austrian dramatist, critic, and poet, who at that time passed for merely a satirist, but whose life stands as an example of moral uprightness and courage that should be put before anyone who writes, in no matter what language. Thanks to Minka, I had, at the age of eighteen, the privilege of listening to his conversation and watching his face, lit up by the pale fire of his fanatic love for the miracle of the German language and by his holy hatred for those who used it so badly. There was also a young man, not a Jew, who was a gifted musician. "Come on, Herbert," Minka would say, "play something on the piano." Many years later, I remembered that his name was von Karajan.

What gave me the right to stand my ground among those people was a rather strange talent Minka had discovered in me. Not for nothing had I passed my childhood and adolescence, to a great part, in Bucovina, so near to Galicia. While walking through the streets of Czernowitz and Sadagura and Lwów, I had kept my ears open, and I spoke better Yiddish and knew more of the customs and behavior of the so-called Polish Jews than most of the refined Jews of Vienna, or even Prague. I was an expert in all the shades of Jewish slang and the way Jews spoke when they wanted to speak select German. And when somebody told a Jewish story, which at that time, and particularly among Jewish intellectuals, was cultivated as an art, and told it badly, Minka would impatiently interrupt him, saying, "Come on, don't bore us. Tell your story in a low voice to Brommy, and he'll tell it to us much better than you do." If for some reason she chose not to interrupt the imperfect storyteller, she and I would exchange a short, vague, yet significant look, very much in the way that my eyes would meet those of my mother or father, my grandmother or my aunts, when somebody who was not of our kind committed some lapse of manners or language. If, on the other hand, some master told a Jewish story to perfection, then Minka would pull my sleeve and say, "Pay attention, Brommy!"



Brommy . . . It was a name of quite another form of existence, which ran parallel to my existence as son, grandson, and nephew—very much as guru Malik within the esoteric community of my aunts led a life parallel to that of brave engineer Weingruber, who lived his petit-bourgeois life as an employee of the Styria Motor Company. Once when someone called me on the telephone, one of my aunts answered, and afterward she asked me with an expression of amazement, "How do your—friends call you? Brommy? But you have such nice other Christian names. What a regrettable lack of taste."

Furious, without knowing why, I said, "You mind your own business!"

"Now, really!" she exclaimed. "Have we come to the point where boys of your age speak to grownups in such a way? Don't forget, you're only eighteen, after all."

I certainly did not forget it. It weighed on me that I had told Minka a lie about my age. One day I could not bear it any longer. We had been talking about some of her troubles, and she said, "It's astonishing how understanding you are for your age, my boy."

"Minka," I said, "there's something I have to confess. I lied to you."

"What about?" she said and smiled. "Oh, I see. You want to tell me that,

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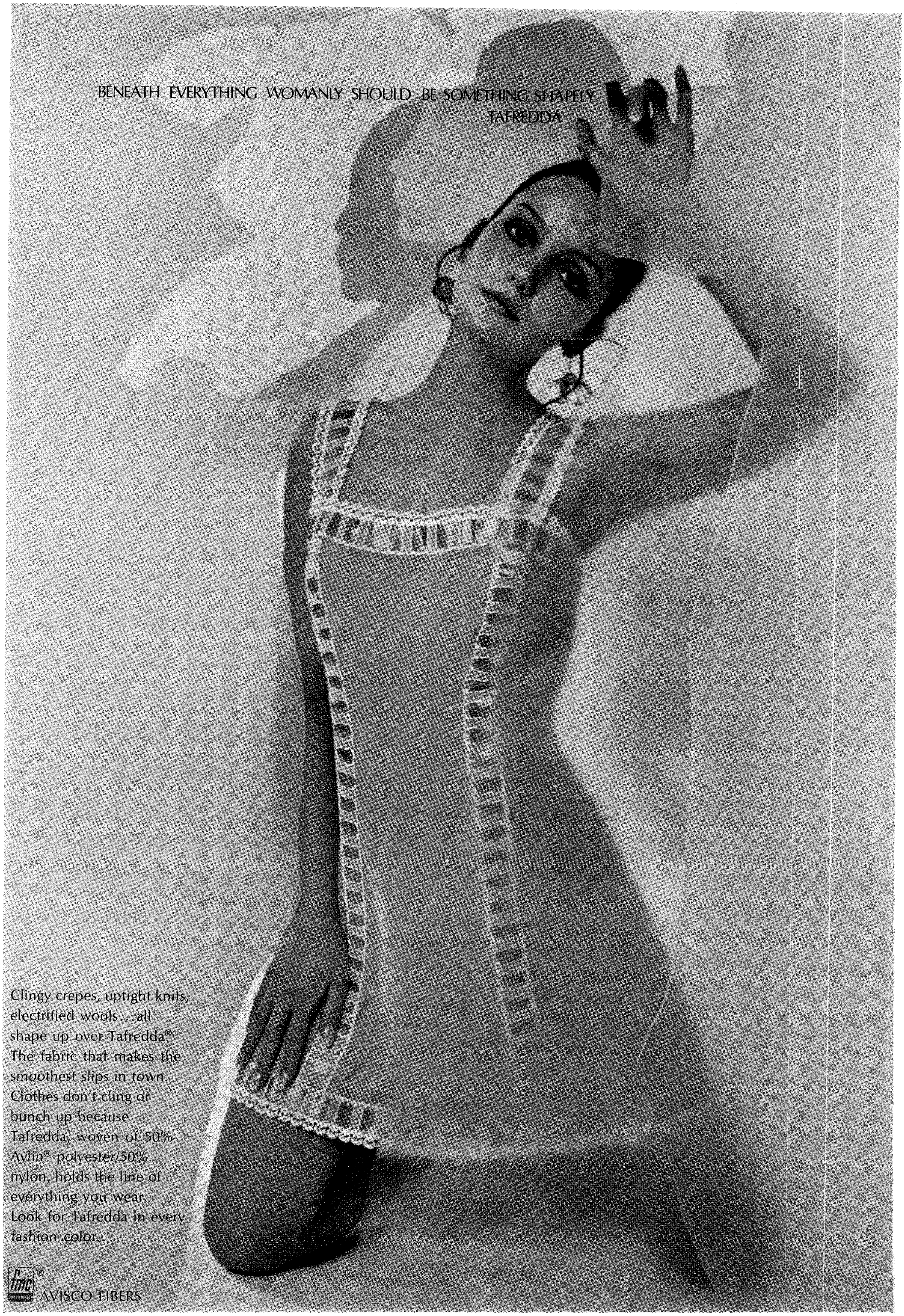

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in fact, there *is* a drop of Jewish blood in you."

"No," I said. "I am sorry there isn't. But I'm not twenty-three. I am only eighteen."

"What? But you are not serious?"

From then on, she treated me as a sort of wonder child: "Would you believe it? He's only eighteen!" They probably all thought I was a Jew, and were proud of my precocity.

WELL, it did not last forever, alas. Very soon I was nineteen, and at twenty I had to do my military service in Rumania, and my gay time in Vienna was over. But it was soon replaced by another fascinating experience. I now became aware that I knew nearly nothing about the country I belonged to, the Rumanian people, or their language. In order to fill that gap, a young Rumanian student was hired to teach me Rumanian and something of Rumanian literature and history, and I not only formed friendships with my tutor and some other young Rumanians which have lasted till today but I also learned the historical past of the three Rumanian principalities—Moldova (to which Bucovina had once belonged), Muntenia, and Oltenia—and their struggle to unite against their Turkish oppressors and Phanariot rulers and become a nation and the kingdom of Rumania. By tracing some rather remote lineage of my pedigree until it found root in Rumania, I was able to justify my newly discovered love for that country and my claim to belong there not merely as part of a former Austrian minority but by inheritance. Then I exchanged my first name, Arnulf, for the third of my Christian names, Gregor, which also happened to be the Christian name of some half-Greek, half-Russian ancestor originating in Bessarabia and beautifully outfitted with a Turkish wife. My father watched my Rumanian friendships and my attempts to tie myself genealogically to Rumania with intense disapproval, but by that time I had—thanks to Minka Raubitschek—acquired a certain independence of mind, and when my father said that he loathed Bucovina and if it hadn't been for the Carpathians would long since have left it, I said boldly that, according to my taste, it was better to have a free outlook over a lovely rolling country with a vast horizon than to be always running your nose against some stone wall, as in Styria. Whereupon my father turned his back, and did not speak to me for a couple of weeks.

I came back to Vienna in the sum-

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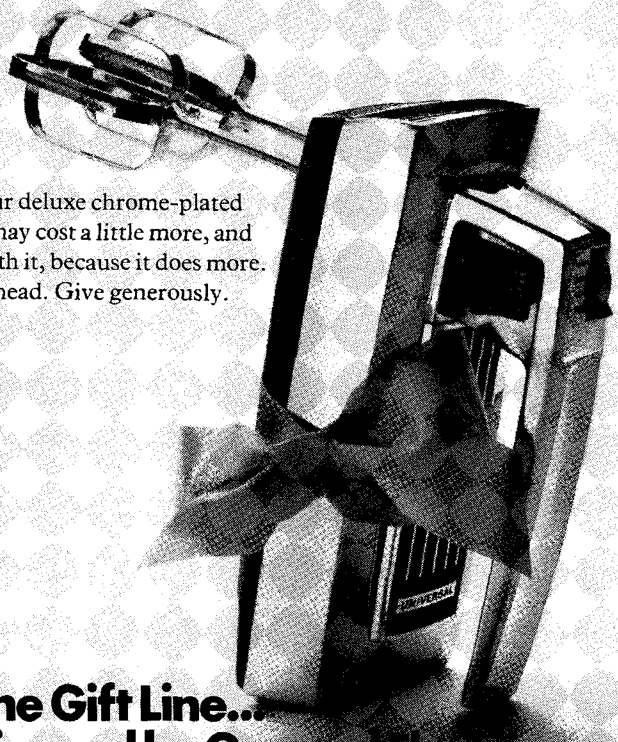

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mer of 1937 as Gregor, sporting an enormous Phanariot mustache. I hurried upstairs to embrace Minka and break the news that I was in love. It was not a very happy love story, though, for the lady in question was married, and, to make matters worse, I liked her husband very much. Minka, as usual, was full of understanding, comfort, and good advice. We passed a few gay days together but no night. I had outgrown my Teddy-bear stage and, besides, would have considered it treason to my love to sleep soundly in another woman's bed instead of lying alone sighing for her. I was going to meet her shortly in Salzburg, where she wanted to attend the festival. Minka took me to the station. Looking up at me while I looked down at her from the open window of my compartment, she saw my excited happiness. Her eyes shone tenderly, with a strange, more profound tenderness than ever. "If you were wise," she said, "you would now get off this train and never see that girl again."

"What do you mean?"

"Everything you have had with her so far is beautiful—all promise and expectation. Now comes the troubles."

"Oh, don't talk rot. We are going to be very happy."

"I do hope so," she said. "I am very, very fond of you, you know."

The train started up, and I sat back in my seat in a state of bewilderment. It could not be that Minka was in love with me, could it? No, that was impossible. Yet the thought had flattered my vanity, and, rather the prouder for it, I looked forward to meeting my adored one.

Minka was right. Things became frightfully complicated, and Salzburg in the summer of 1937 was just awful. It was overrun with Jews. The worst of them had come from Germany as refugees, and, in spite of their luggage-laden Mercedes cars, behaved as if they were the victims of a cruel persecution and therefore had the right to hang around in hundreds at the Café Mozart, criticize everything, and get whatever they wanted faster and cheaper—if not for nothing—than anybody else. They spoke with that particular Berlinese smartness that so got on the nerves of anyone brought up in Austria, and my sharp ears could only too easily detect the background of Jewish slang. My Turkish blood revolted. I could have slaughtered them all. I fled to Styria, and then followed my ladylove back to Rumania.

When I came back to Vienna again, it was February, 1938, and what I

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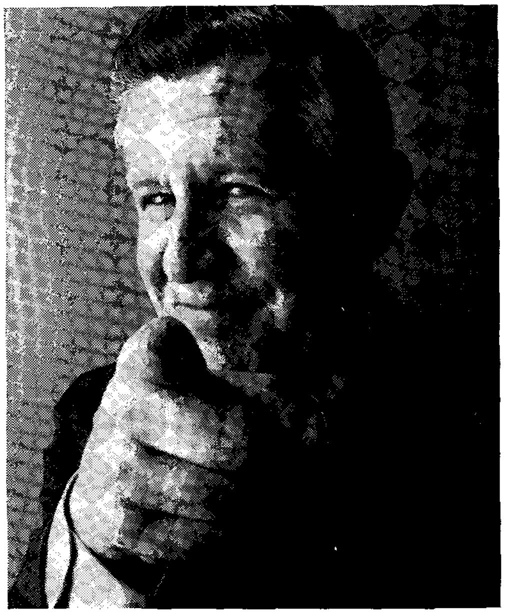

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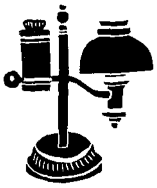
found was chaos. Minka had come to fetch me at the station. She merely said, “Poor boy, I am afraid that guru of your aunts is right and the Weingrubers and Schicklgrubers and Schweingrubers will soon potentialize the world.” Most of her friends—Bobby among them—had already gone to Switzerland, she said, or England, or France, or were preparing to leave Austria even at the price of their material existence.

“Oh, don't exaggerate,” I said. “You Jews are always making a fuss about something. What in the world is going on, anyway?”

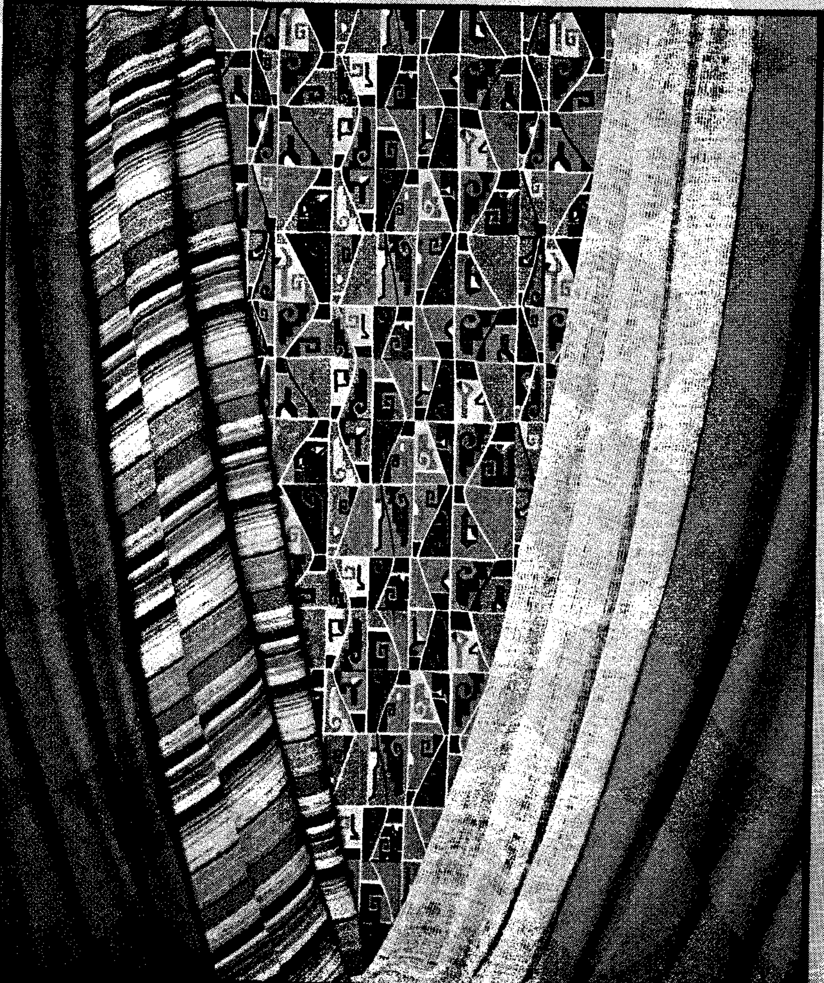
“Poldi will explain it to you. We're having dinner with him. You just listen to what he has to say.”



Poldi was the fat journalist from Prague, who, as a theatre critic, went regularly not only to Vienna but also to Berlin. He had lost a lot of weight and was not half as amusing as he used to be. Most of the things he told us, in a whisper, looking around to make sure he wasn't overheard, did not make much sense to me. In the landscape of my mind, politics did not figure prominently. I was a subject of Rumania—that is, of His Majesty King Carol II. I knew, and was expected to know, that he was the sovereign of a constitutional monarchy, and that in Bucharest there was a parliament where deputies represented the party of the peasants and the party of the liberals and whatnot, and that they were a bunch of crooks who did nothing but steal the money of the state. There were also some Jews, who were Communists, and therefore, rightly, were treated as such—that is, as Russian spies and *agents provocateurs*. But fortunately there were also some young Rumanians who, under their leader, a certain Mr. Cuza—which was a good and noble name, though only adopted by that gentleman—beat up those Jews from time to time, thus keeping them in a hell of fright, and preventing them from spreading more Communist propaganda and provocation. I knew, too, that in Austria there were many Socialists, called Reds, who were beaten up by or beat up the Heimwehr, which was a national guard defending the ethical values—such as the cleanliness of mind guaranteed by the fresh mountain air, and the love for shooting goats and plucking edelweiss—of Styria, Tyrol, and Carinthia, and others of the old Austrian lands. With the help of the Heimwehr, Chancellor Dollfuss had cannonaded the Reds, only to be shot down later by a Nazi. Nazis, in Austria, were rowdies, and dynamited telephone booths, but that was not necessarily true of German Nazis, who, after all, had done very well. They had built up a state of order, and justice, and genuine social welfare, in spite of the fact that Adolf Hitler was a frightful proletarian, as my father said, and looked exactly like a Bohemian footman my grandmother had once employed, against his advice. The footman turned out to be a thief and stole my father's cufflinks and some other items, including a very nice hunting knife. Only people like my mother's family could be wrong about somebody with such a face.

The Reds were bad because they were proletarians and wanted to do away with people of our kind, as one had seen in Russia. Jews had a fatal tendency toward the Reds; therefore they ought to be kept in a hell of fright, so they would keep quiet. Nazis were also proletarians, but they had some very sound ideas, like the theory of breeding, and some exemplary laws about shooting game only in season, which gave it the full possibility to regenerate and even improve in number as well as in size. And on the whole they were against Jews and Reds, so it was quite obvious that we had to stick with them. I really did not think there was much more to the subject, and I got rather bored with Poldi's Cassandra-like whispering, so I proposed that we go to the Kärntnerbar for a whiskey. If, as Poldi said, the Germans wanted to conquer Austria, so much the better. The German-speaking peoples would be united again, as they had been in the Holy Roman Empire of Charlemagne. And if the Jews were frightened, it served them right. It would not only prevent them from becoming Russian spies and propagandists of Communism but also make them behave a little more decently at the Salzburg Festival. As for the reaction of the English and French, and so on, they should mind their own business. I did not see any reason to start a war just because the German-speaking peoples did what the Czechs and Poles and Rumanians had been encouraged to do by the very same French and English. All this, of course, I did not say to Poldi and Minka, because they were friends and it would have hurt their feelings. So we went to the Kärntnerbar.

When Minka went to the Kärntnerbar, it was the crest of the wave. We let her down to the ladies' room by a rope and pulled her up again, and Poldi became his old self and was highly



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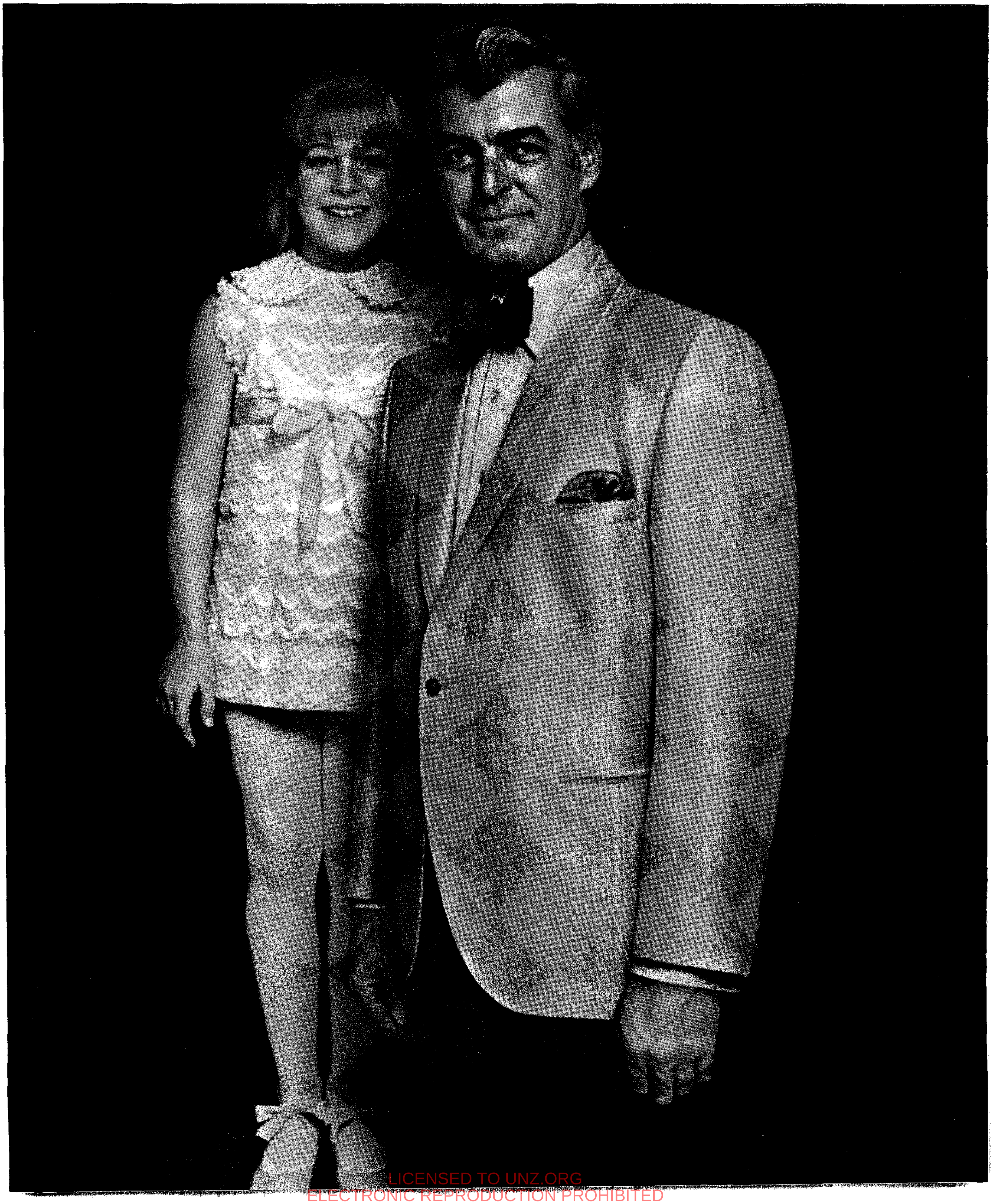


amusing. At three o'clock in the morning, we found ourselves in the beer cellar of the Paulanerbräu, sitting between a stone-drunk chap—who shouted in a loud voice that he was a former cavalry officer with a golden decoration for bravery and the official title of the Hero of Zaleszczyki—and a shy little tart I knew fairly well from midnight strolls on the Kärntnerstrasse. We had hardly had a spoonful of our goulash soup and a sip of beer when a huge, rather shabby-looking young man roared in our faces, "*Juden raus!*"

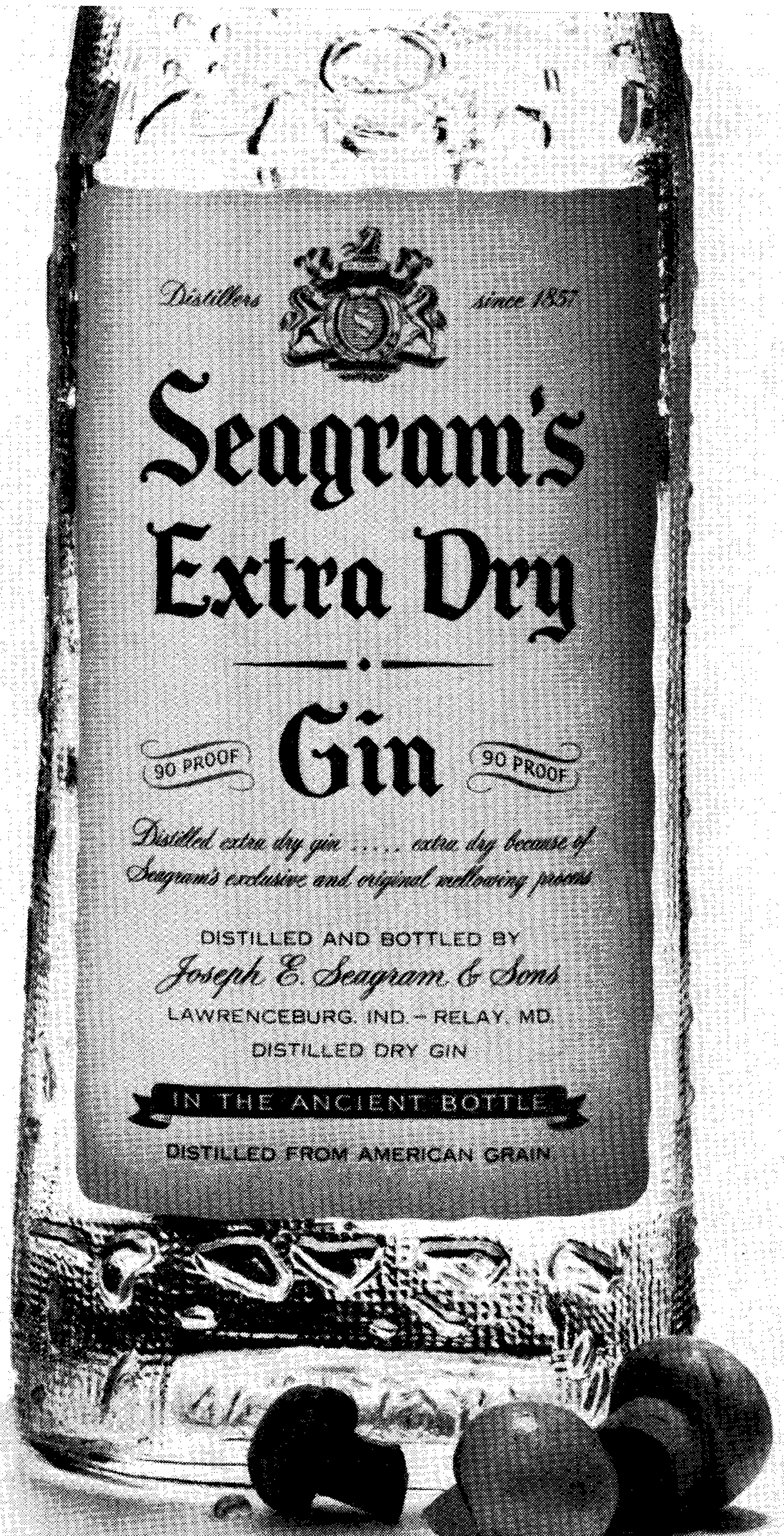
The former cavalry officer got up in stiff dignity and said that he felt offended by having been called a Jew, and would the gentleman instantly follow him to the men's room in the basement in order to fix the place and conditions of the duel. Poldi pushed him back on his stool. The rowdy then, surprisingly, sat down on the other side of the little tart and stared with a dull expression at the wooden table. Suddenly he lifted his head and looked at me. "Don't you remember me, you swine?" he roared. "Arnulf! I'm Oskar. Oskar Koloman."

I could scarcely believe my eyes. He was one of the boys of the boarding school in Styria, a good deal older than I was but in the same form. "Where the hell do you come from?" I asked.

He rose to his full height and volume. "Do you really want to know?" He nearly fell over the table in the attempt to grasp my shoulder. "Come with me to the men's room in the basement. I'll *tell* you where I come from."

"I think you'd better go," Minka said, in a low voice. "And give Poldi and me a chance to disappear."

I followed my schoolmate past a row of gentlemen standing against a tarred wall, showing us their backs, till he found a gap where we could stand next to one another. He had that very day been released from Steinhausen, the concentration camp for Nazis in Austria under the regime of Chancellor Schuschnigg. As one of a group of Nazi students, he had blown up a telephone booth in Graz, and had been caught doing it. He had spent three years in the camp. "For a cigarette butt not bigger than this," he howled into my face, showing as well as he could with his thick fingers how small, "for such a tiny little butt, they made me clean the latrines for a week!" Then, hammering his fists against the tarred wall, "They have forsaken us! They have betrayed us—our brethren of the Reich! They have left us in the mire, while they became great and mighty. Now they will come and take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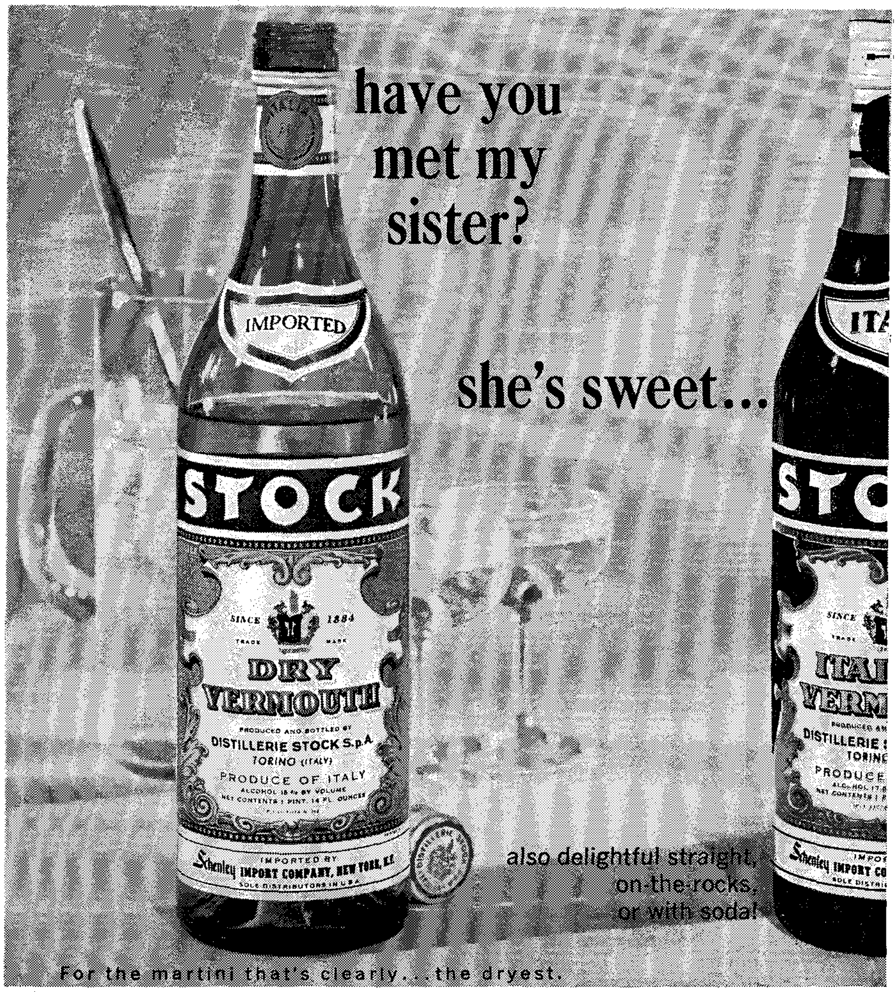
over here, too!" He leaned his forehead against the wall and wept.

SO that was Austria. Again I fled to the clean mountains of Styria to ski for a couple of weeks. I had nothing to do anyway but wait for the lady I still loved. We had made an appointment to meet in Vienna on the eleventh of March. I was there a day earlier, and felt as if I had wandered into a madhouse. A sort of regimented revolution was going on under the watchful eyes of fat Viennese policemen in long bottle-green coats. On one side of the Kärntnerstrasse, people with swastikas in their buttonholes promenaded, shouted "*Heil!*" and sneered at the people on the other side. The people on the other side, young workers—many Jews among them—shook their fists at the Nazis and shouted "*Rotfront!*" I could not get hold of Minka, who was helping relatives in Mödling prepare their departure, somebody in the Café Rebhuhn told me. So I went home to my grandmother's flat, where I found a short cable saying that my beloved had already arrived in Vienna and would be waiting for me next evening at ten o'clock in an apartment house on the Opernring. I did not go out all the next day but spent the day in great uneasiness of mind waiting for the telephone to ring. The cable with that precise information could only mean that something had gone wrong. But no call came. When I left the house at a quarter to ten, the streets were strangely dark and empty. I walked the short distance from the Florianigasse to the Rathaus, and through the Rathaus arcade—one of my grandfather's dubious architectural masterpieces. Coming out, I found myself in the middle of an uncanny procession. In blocks that in their disciplined compactness seemed made of cast iron, people marched by thousands, men only, in total silence. The morbid, rhythmic stamping of their feet hung like a gigantic swinging cord in the silence that had befallen Vienna. This cord seemed to originate somewhere in the outskirts. I could detect it through the length of the Alserstrasse, then winding round toward the Rathaus and leading down the Ringstrasse. Parades of all kinds were not rare in Vienna. They were nearly always led by a detachment of streetcar conductors and were in protest against something or other—unemployment, or the rise in the price of milk, or the pollution of the city water, brought in from the clean mountains of Styria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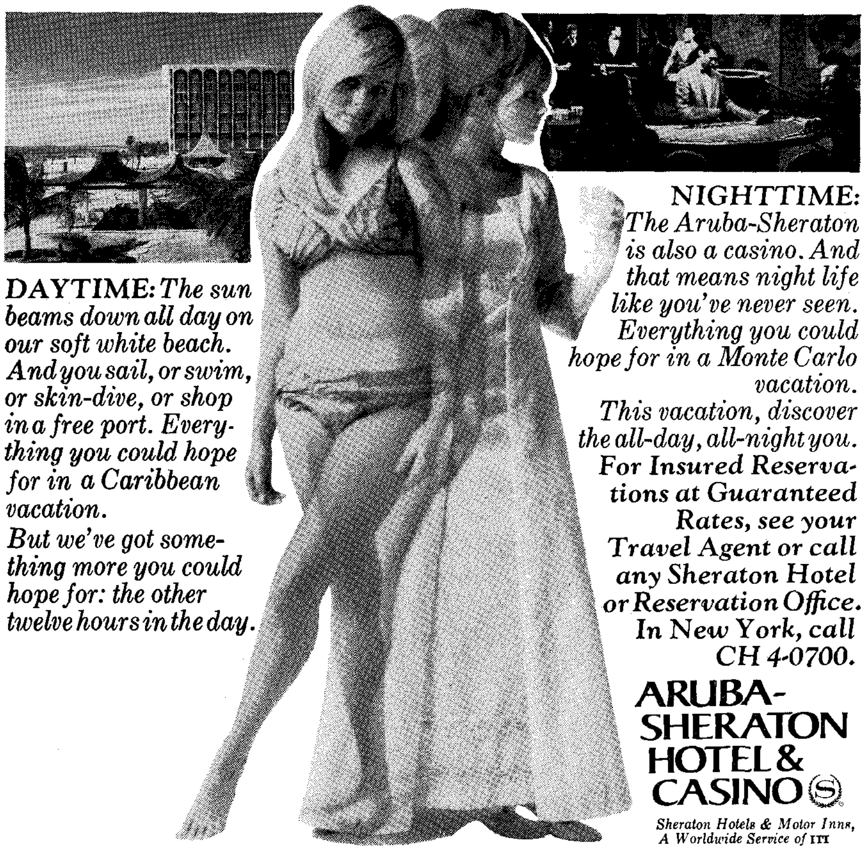

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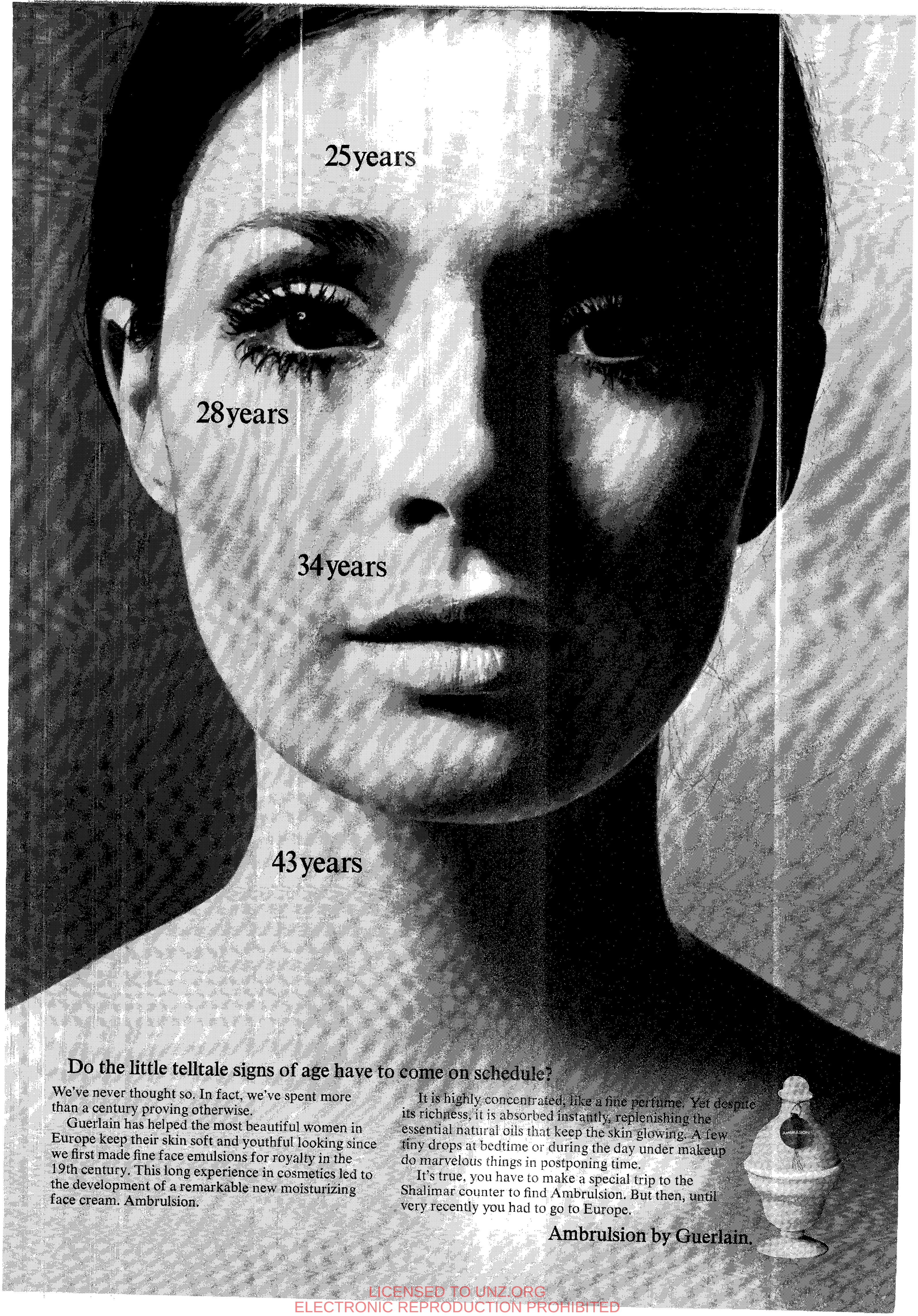

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by aqueducts. But this one was different. It had an uncomfortably decisive character. I tried to break through between the blocks, but I did not succeed. Two or three times I asked a bystander what was going on, and got no answer. Impatient, fearing I would be late for the appointment with my beloved, I squeezed myself into the last row of a marching block and marched with them.

"What the hell are we marching for?" I asked the man beside me.

"*Anschluss*," he barked.

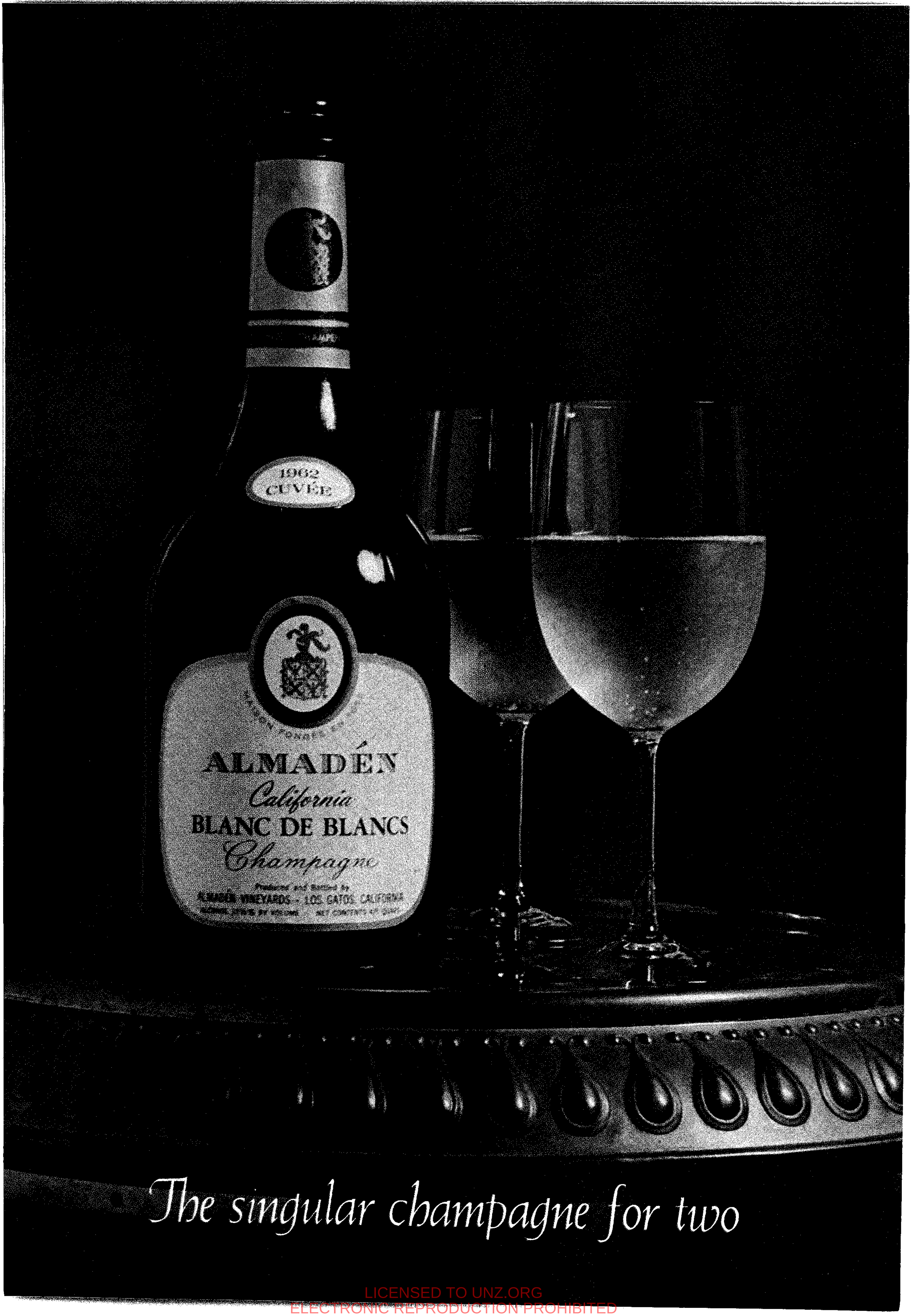
Well, that was exactly what I was looking for. If I could march with them down to the Opernring and get out of the parade there, I'd be in time for my appointment. But they wouldn't let me. I was pushed out. I had come far enough to see the full height of the tower of the Rathaus, toward which the marchers turned their heads, starry-eyed. The tower was surmounted by the statue of a knight in armor, a statue I had loved as a child, so I turned my head, too, and saw a huge flag hanging down from the tower's peak, attached to my knight's armored feet—a red flag with a white circle, in which there was a black swastika. "So that's it. It's come, finally," I said to myself. "Austria has united with the German Reich."

It was not unexpected. For weeks people had spoken of little else. Yet how did all these people know that it would happen this very night? And how, for heaven's sake, did they all know so well their place in the ranks of these marching blocks? They must have been drilled for months—but where? In cellars? Austrian Nazis were underground up to this moment, an underground everybody knew about and spoke about quite openly and—with the exception of Jews and Reds, of course—with a certain sympathy. And now here it was. The whole male population of Vienna seemed to be marching in that silent parade. I felt a sudden resentment at being left out. After all, I was an Austrian myself; I had been born under the flag of the double-headed eagle as well as they, and though I was a subject of Rumania, it seemed unjust to deny me a place in one of their marching blocks as if I were a Red, or even a Jew. Anyway, the event in itself was welcome to me. Such a political reversal would change many things, perhaps even the decision of my beloved to get a divorce from her husband, whom, unfortunately, I liked so much. There was a promise of hope in the atmosphere. In spite of that uncanny silence all over Vienna, something was happening, something important, and not merely a protest against the diminishing size of *Wiener Kipfeln*—the beloved crescent-shaped breakfast rolls—and the pollution of the city water. Again and again I inserted myself into the marching blocks, trying to keep step with them so it wouldn't be too obvious that I did not belong to them, and was pushed out of their ranks every single time. At last, I came to the Opernring and hurried up the staircase of a certain house, and there she was. We both burst into hysterical laughter.

"Can you imagine!" we said. "What an effort to celebrate our union!"

It wasn't a union, though; it was the opposite. With great emotion, and not without tears, she had to tell me that in spite of all her love for me she couldn't divorce the man whom we both liked so much. She had been married to him for too many years. It was the old story of an engagement more or less arranged by their parents; then, suddenly, she had felt that she could not marry him, and was about to tell him so when he went on a journey, and while she was waiting for him to come back so she could tell him how she really felt, he wrote her such charming, loving letters that—well, finally she married him. And he had been sweet to her and decent, and everything I knew so well, too, and—well, that was that. I had to accept it.

Next morning, we stood at the windows and looked down at the Opernring, now empty, where all the night through there had been ecstasy—a sudden ecstasy that had its source in the silent marching blocks, and that drew people out of their houses and made them run toward the marchers, shouting, roaring, embracing one another, swinging flags with swastikas, throwing their arms to heaven, jumping and dancing in delirium. It was an icy-cold yet gloriously sunny day, quite unusual for the middle of March. You would not allow your dog to stay outdoors for longer than five minutes, it was so cold. There was nobody as far as you could see except two or three of the old hags, wrapped, onionlike, in layers of frocks and coats, who sold flowers in the New Market. They were running across the Ring and throwing their roses and carnations in the air, yelling "*Heil!*" What had they to do with it, anyway? Over the radio we had learned that Austria was about to unite with the German Reich, and the Ger-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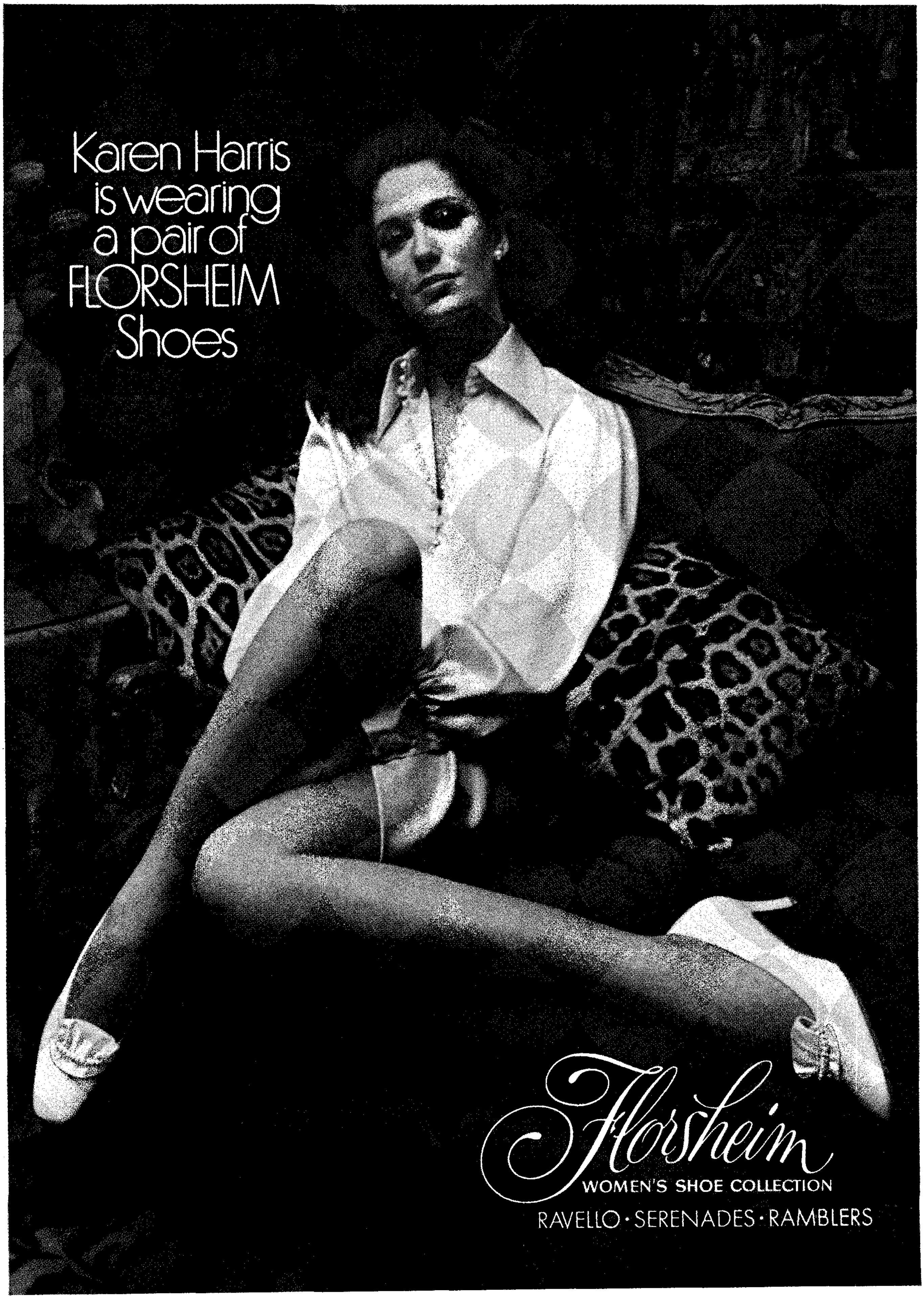
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mans were expected to come here triumphantly, as our brethren, in a huge parade, under a rain of flowers. And that the great unifier and renewer of the German-speaking peoples, Adolf Hitler, was also about to arrive in Austria any moment and would come down the Danube, the old stream of the Nibelungen, to Vienna, the former capital of the Holy Roman Empire.

She stood at one window, I at another. I turned my head toward her and saw her face, pale and suffering. I knew it was not only because we had to part but also for that clear, icy-cold emptiness outside. Out of a sudden intuition, without even thinking about how cruel it was, I said, "I know how you feel about what happened out there last night." She swung her head round and looked coldly at me. "You feel," I said, "precisely the way you did on the day of your marriage." She covered her face with both her hands. "I can't help feeling the same," I said. "We are at a wedding day of sad promise."

I COULD have gone back to Rumania or somewhere else. But I felt that, at last, I should do something properly. I had wasted so much time, never finishing—if you could say I had ever seriously begun—my studies. Also, there was promise in the air, even if the appearance in Vienna of the great Führer of the now Greater Germany had turned out to be sort of a flop. His voice blared through the loudspeakers, over the heads of some million ecstatic listeners who were crammed together in a compact mass that covered the Heldenplatz. But the voice was choked by emotion (or by the rhythmic uproar of some million voices' "*Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!*") and could only stutter, "I—I—I—I—I am but so happy!" In spite of all that, as I say, there seemed to be born a new reality, clearer, more transparent, more energetic, more dynamic. It felt as if the fresh mountain air of Styria were blowing through Vienna. Then several divisions of the German Army came down the Danube, in marching blocks that were even more solid, more decided, more dangerous, in their silence and gray tin hats, than the ones of the night of *Anschluss*. After that, the German civilians swarmed in and took everything into their administering hands. They filled that mountain air with their snouty Berlinese slang and, to our utmost surprise, cynically mocked the great Führer and the N.S.D.A.P., so that the Austrians had to take over the

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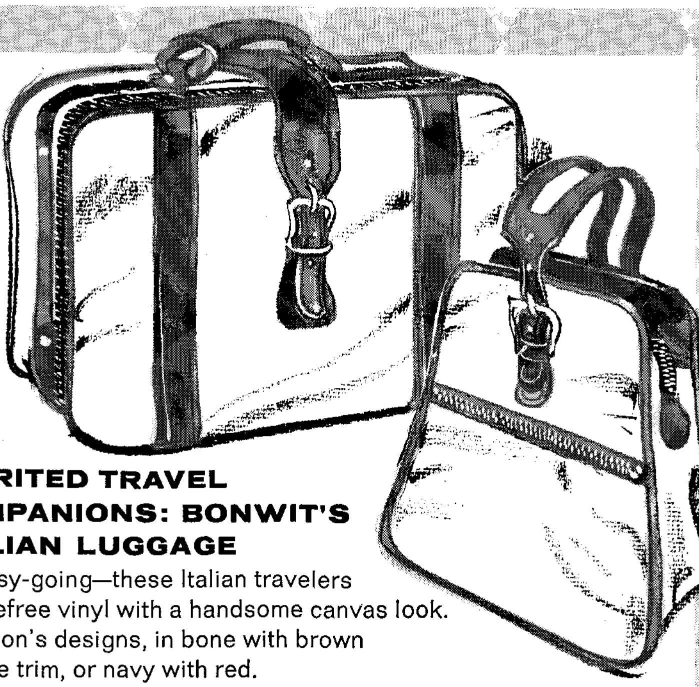

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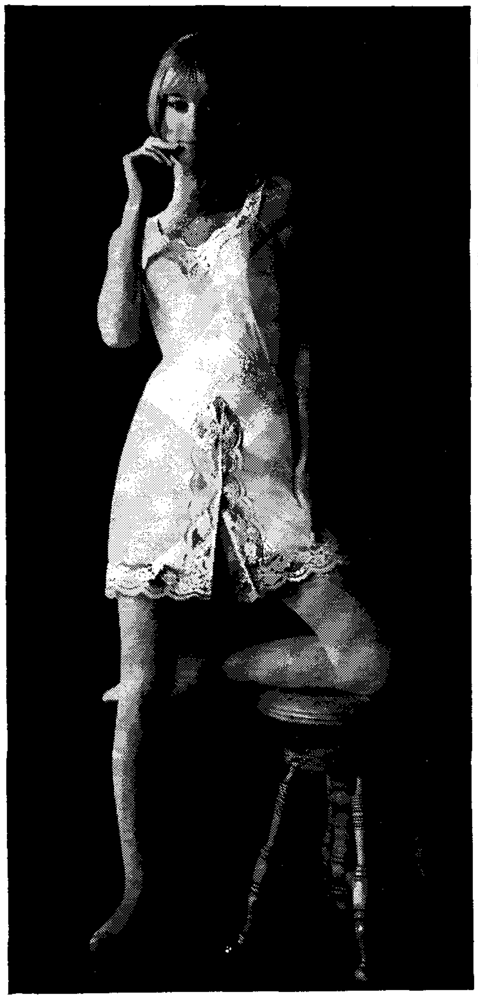

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task of enthusiastic confirmation that everything was wonderful, and really great, and marvellous—particularly my aunts, who had now interrupted their *Anschluss* with the world beyond and entirely devoted themselves to the N.S. Frauenschaft. Mr. Malik, I learned, had not only become the leader of his department at the Styria Motor Company (which very soon united with a German company and disappeared) but was also a *Sturmbannführer* of the S.S.—a very mighty position, so I had better make friends with him and stop saying that his real name was Schweingruber. Old Marie, for whose senile eyes the victorious symbol "S.S." read "44," insisted that he would be made a colonel of the 44th Regiment of the Imperial Infantry, which, as a young girl, she had very much admired. My grandmother shut herself in her rooms and received nobody. Coming back from Mass, she had been laughed at and shouted at in the open street, and nearly manhandled, by a handful of young rowdies who were forcing a group of Jews to wash slogans for the Schuschnigg regime off the wall of a house. Among those Jews my grandmother had recognized a physician who had once cured one of my aunts of a painful otitis media, and she had interfered, attacking the young rowdies with her umbrella and shouting that this was going too far. Only the interference of Sturmbannführer Guru Malik saved her from serious trouble.

As for Minka, she was in despair. Of course, I had seen her immediately after the first big events. We were together a few days later when *Anschluss* was officially declared, in an impressive ceremony that we followed on the radio. And there was a rather embarrassing moment when, for the first time, we heard the "Deutschland, Deutschland Über Alles" and she burst into tears. "After all, old girl," I said to her, "it's not all *that* bad. It's just the first letting out of an old hatred that will soon calm down. Don't be afraid. It appears they really want to build up discipline and order."

She turned to me and shouted, "Don't you realize, you imbecile, that it's the 'Gott Erhalte,' our old imperial hymn of Austria, composed by our Haydn, that they are now using for their dirty anthem of Greater Germany?"

This made me rather thoughtful for a couple of days. But I was a Rumanian, after all, and even if I had been an Austrian, how could I have prevented what all the other Austrians

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obviously welcomed? I felt frightfully sorry for Minka and all our friends, but it was not my fault that they happened to be Jews, and in the event that they got into serious trouble I could use my connections with the S.S. to get them out again.

These connections were by no means limited to Sturmbannführer Malik. I had run into my old schoolmate Oskar Koloman again, and this time he looked prim and tidy, in a splendid black uniform, with the insignia of an even higher rank than that of *Sturmbannführer*. "*Heil*, Arnulf," he greeted me. "How is it that I see you in civilian clothes? Don't you want to join us?"

"I am Rumanian, you know."

"That means nothing. You were born an Austrian. Sooner or later, all German-speaking people will come home to the Reich. I can easily arrange for you to change your nationality."

"I'll think it over," I said. "Thank you anyhow."

"You were a fairly good skater, and not bad at horseback riding, as I remember. We need sporting types, you know. We have some excellent horses at the Reiter S.S. Come and mount them, if you want. What are you doing otherwise?"

"Well, I try to get on with architecture. But it bores me stiff."

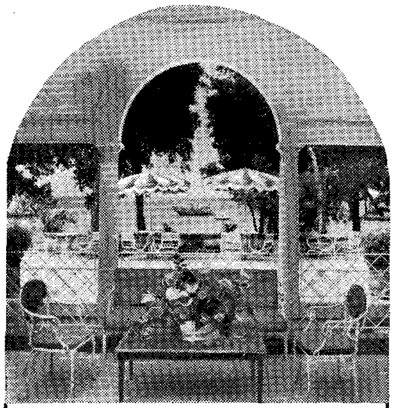
"You see! Studying bored me, too. That's why I amused myself blowing up a telephone booth. It cost me three years, all right, but look what I have become now. Not bad, hey? You can have the same if you want. But tell me"—he looked at me mistrustfully—"don't you have contact with Jews? I remember that dark girl you were with when we met again for the first time."

"Oh, she's a Turk," I said, and laughed.

"A Turk. I understand." He laughed, too. "However, a Jewess is no Jew, and a Turkish girl even less. I do understand, you old swine. Now, don't be a fool, and come riding one of these days?"

I did. They had some excellent horses. I rode one that had belonged to the Rothschilds, and was very good indeed. The cavalrymen were fantastic yokels. They clicked their heels and threw up their arms and shouted "*Heil Hitler!*" every time they saw me. Sometimes I had the impression they did not take it seriously themselves, so hard did they try to *do* it seriously. On the whole, they seemed quite harmless, happy with their uniforms and obsolete importance. Oskar, in order to avoid silly questions about my riding there without being a member of the S.S. (also, perhaps, in order to give himself an air of clandestine importance), had told them that I was a Rumanian engaged in some special intelligence work, and I did nothing to destroy this legend, so I was treated as if I were the bearer of top secrets that would soon enable Adolf Hitler to unite the Carpathians with the alps of Styria. I knew I could certainly count on Oskar, because, in a drunken moment, he had confessed to me that his group of Austrian Nazis had been deceived by the men of the Reich. He and his friends had not at all been wanting *Anschluss* but a separate Nazi Austria under their own leader, Dr. Rintelen. The next day, he came to me and implored me never to mention what he had told me. I grasped his arm and said, "Well, Oskar, after all, we have always been friends. Let's not fuss about how reliable we are," whereupon he grasped my arm and said, "Arnulf, I always knew you were a fine fellow, though you sometimes"—and here he laughed heartily—"have a trifle too much to do with the Turks. However, I would very much like to meet that Turkish girl of yours. She has something that appeals to my particular taste. If you don't mind."

Of course, Minka knew about all this, and laughed when I told her that she had only to smile at Oskar and he'd immediately make her an honorary Aryan. "Aryans," she said. "I can't stand the sight of them any longer. The sooner I get my affidavit the better. I want to get out of here. It breaks my heart, but I simply have to." She was waiting for her affidavit for England, as most of our friends were. It was not easy to get an affidavit. The English would only take people who wanted to be employed as servants, so very soon some clever man opened a butlers' school on the Praterstrasse, where Jewish bankers and intellectuals were taught how to wait on the British. I once went there with Minka, and we laughed our heads off. Old stockbrokers were waddling around with aprons about their hips, balancing trays and opening bottles of champagne. My talent for imitating Jews made me invent a sketch in which a Scottish laird, reading in the newspapers about the sad destiny of the Viennese Jews, decides to dismiss all his wonderful Highland servants and replace them with Dr. Pisko-Bettelheim, Jacques Pallinker, Yehuda Nagoschi-



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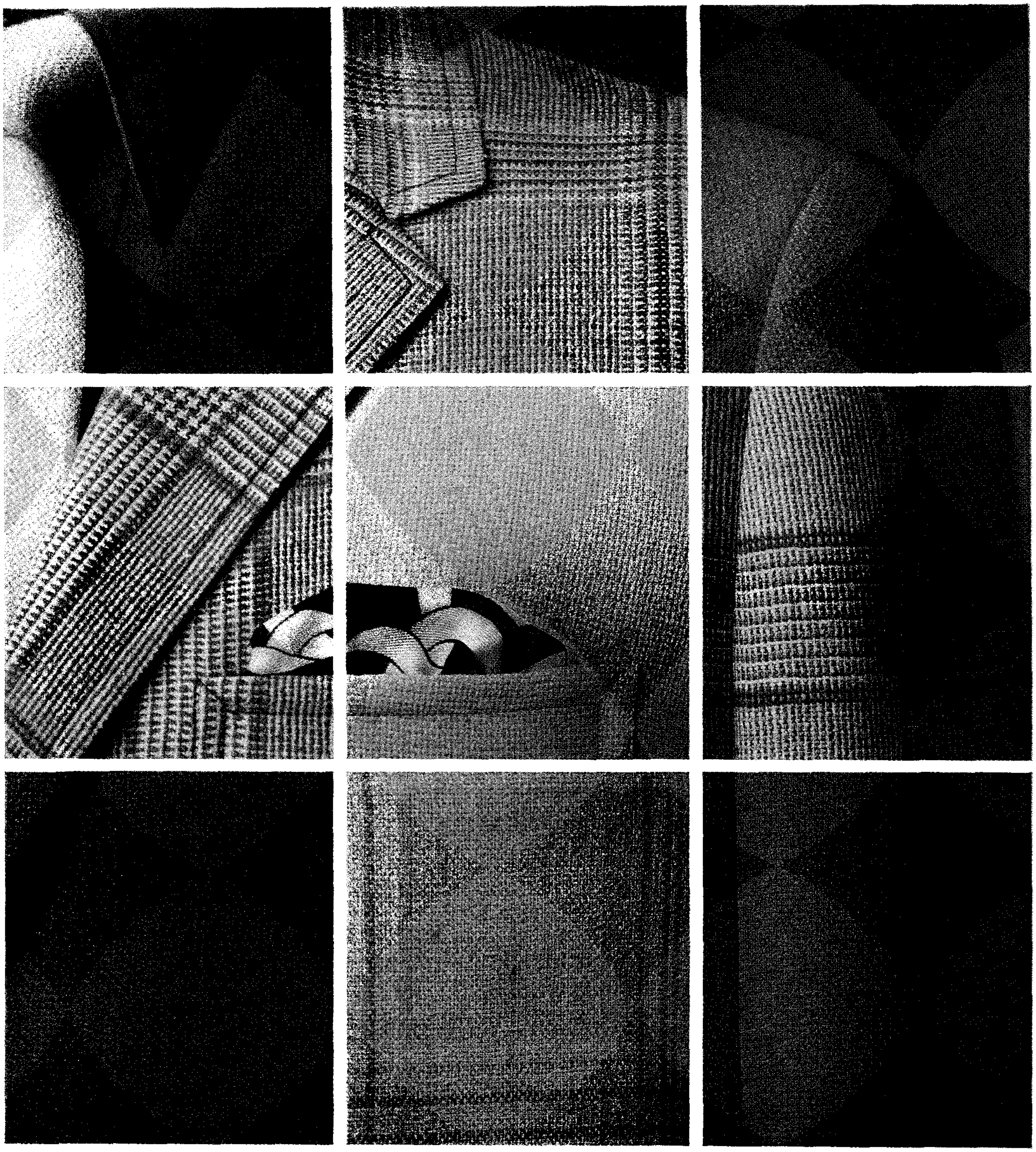

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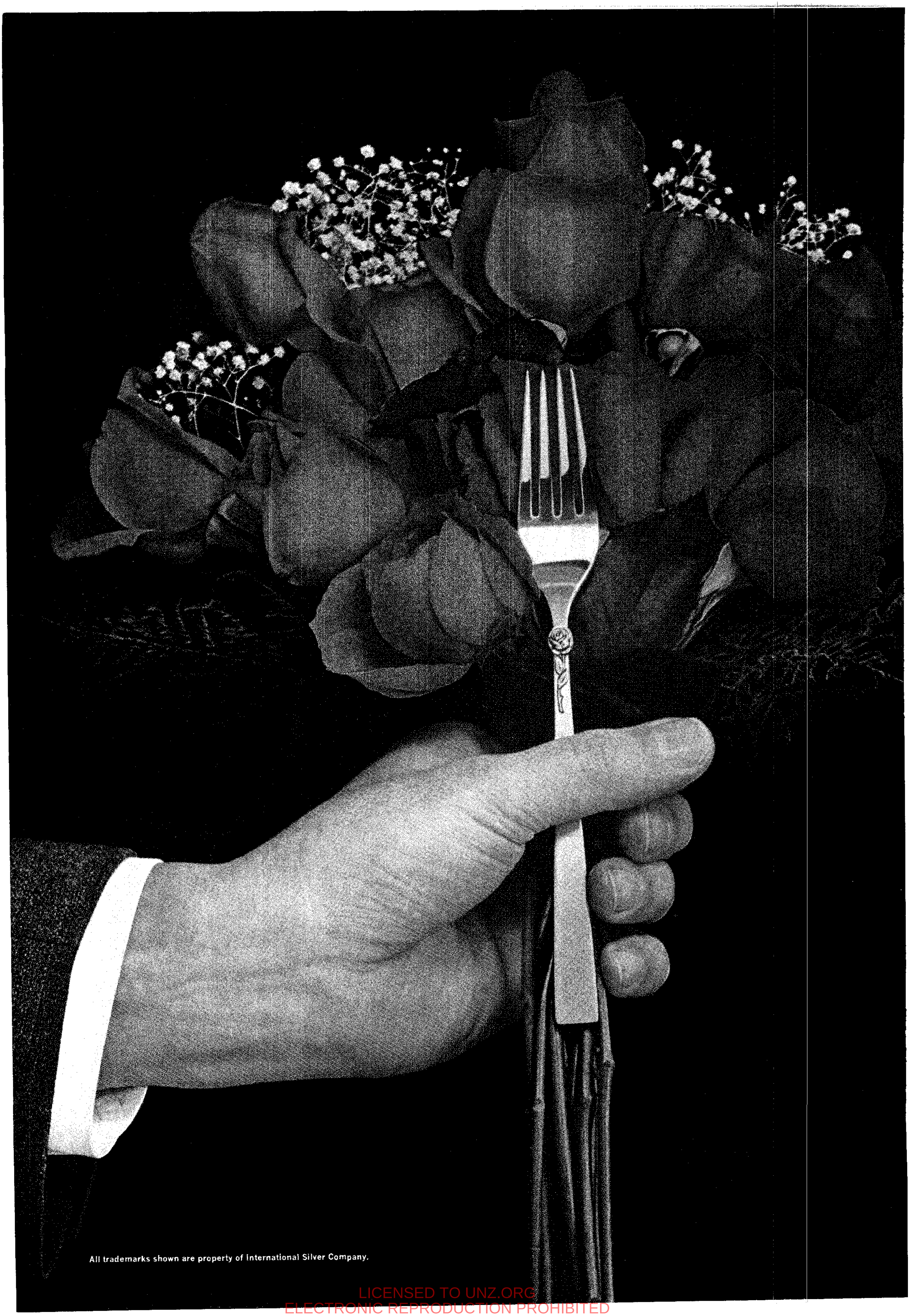

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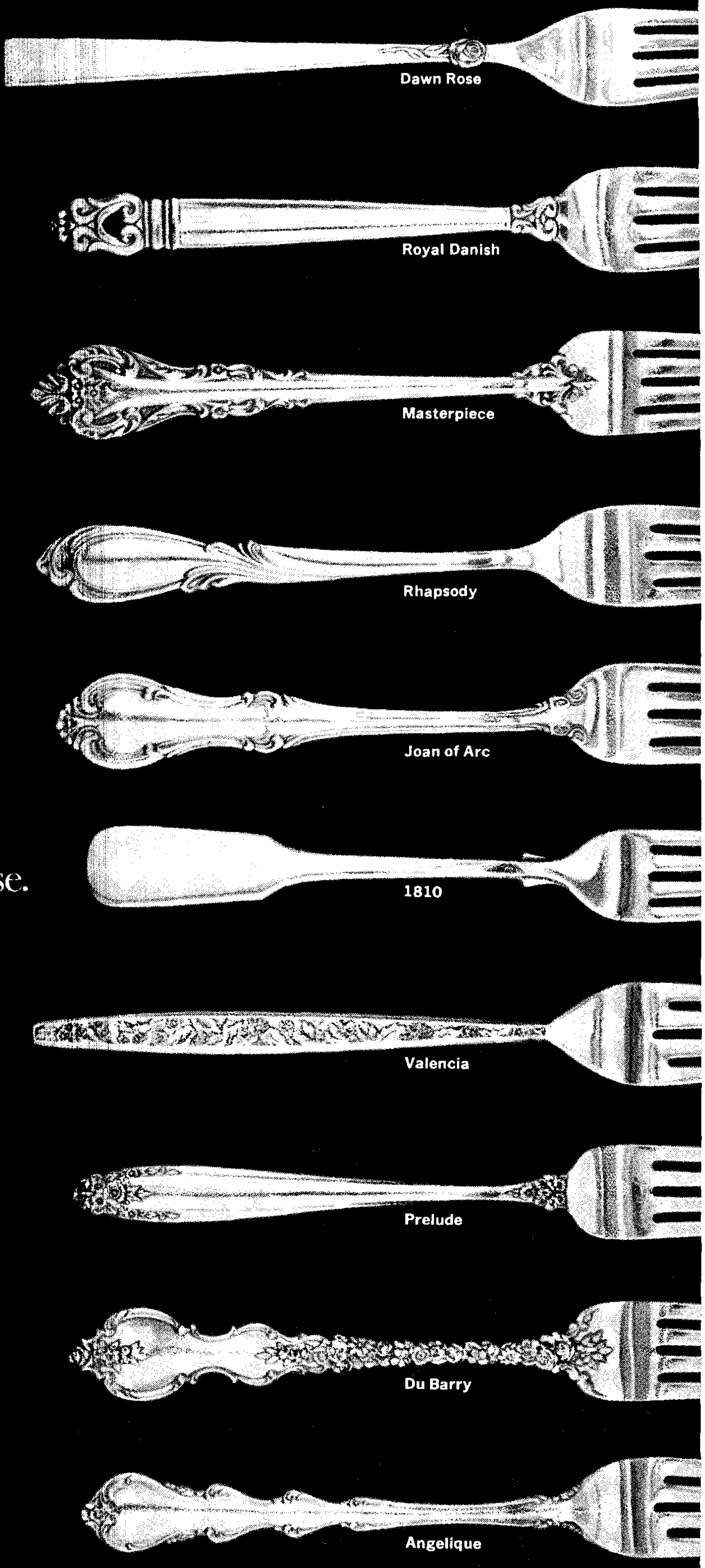

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ner, and such. Minka's house had become a sort of center for the few Jews left in Vienna and some Aryans unfaithful to their new flag, like myself. My sketch had a great success.

During that summer and autumn of 1938, most of the Jews I knew went away. Some of them were arrested and locked up for a while, and came home with some rather gruesome stories about what was going on in the prisons of the Rossauerlände. Some disappeared, and we did not know whether they had been put in jail or had just fled at the last moment. All this was pretty awful, I had to admit, but one knew, after all, how people were, some being bloody, others really very nice—and those who got arrested were not always entirely innocent. A Jewish lawyer, telling about his cruel treatment at the hands of the S.S., said proudly, "But I was not arrested for just being a Jew. I am a criminal." However, I was becoming bored with the Nazi attitude of promise, hope, and expectation when nothing *really* happened, and the whole was nothing but a great mess with some sordid highlights. Vienna had become a dreary place. Even Oskar complained; he didn't enjoy the *Heurigen* anymore, God knows why. Then he said, "Do you remember our school library? Well, there was a book with the title 'The City Without Jews.' Actually, I never read it. Have you? Anyway, I sometimes have the feeling that Vienna is just that. There's nobody left to hate."

There was a young boy of great musical talent around Minka in those days—not Herbert von Karajan anymore but a little Jew by the name of Walter, whom I had come to like very much. He was intelligent, and funny, and extremely well-read. Minka protected him, as, in happier times, she had protected me, and he showed me a touching affection and confidence that I could not resist. Since he had relatives in America, he got an affidavit rather quickly, and we decided to give him a farewell party. We chose an out-of-the-way place—a small winegrower's cottage behind the Kobenzl, with the poetic name, in the Viennese dialect, of Häusl am Roan (Little House at the Edge of the Vineyard). We were a party of sixteen, and there were some pretty girls. Someone still had a car, and it took two trips to get us all out there, and we were gay as in the old days. Walter played the nice old Viennese *Heurigenlieder* on the piano. I performed the butler Yehuda Nagoschiner, serving the wine and the fried

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chicken. Below us, beyond the hills that smelled of mown hay, lay the sparkling lights of Vienna. Suddenly this idyllic happiness was interrupted by a voice that roared, "I've finally caught you in the very act, you scoundrel!" I felt the marrow of my bones freeze. In the door stood Oskar, with a group of sturdy men in civilian clothes behind him. My poor Jewish friends stood or sat motionless as he came toward me, followed by his silent men. Then he threw his arms up and said, "But don't let me interrupt your good time. I'm a schoolmate of Arnulf's, and I wanted to show a few friends from the Reich what a true Viennese *Heurigen* looks like."

It was true. He had not come to arrest me, or anything of the kind. When I asked him how he knew where I was, he said with a smile, "Old boy, there are very few things we don't know."

"Come on, don't give me that. Who told you, really?"

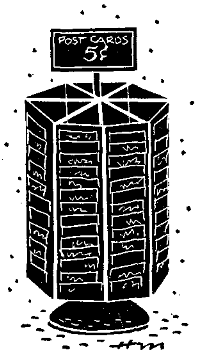
"Your grandmother."

"My *grandmother?*"

"Well, that old witch with the trembling voice who answers the telephone at your house."

Old Marie, then. I was a fool. For months I had told her where I could be reached when I went out, hoping that a call might come through from Bucharest to tell me that things had changed again and that my beloved was getting a divorce. I was more than a fool; I was blind to what was going on around me. I felt this very strongly when Oskar poked his elbow into my side and said, in a very loud voice, with a glance toward his companions, "Now, how about introducing me to your beautiful *Turkish* girl friend?"

"She is my wife," I said. "We are celebrating our wedding."



The Germans were very pleased to hear this, and clicked their heels and congratulated us, shaking our hands so hard they almost pulled our arms out of their sockets. One of them sat down next to Minka in order to tell her about a cousin who lived in Istanbul. Oskar clapped my shoulder and said with a wink, "Don't look so frightened. Tell that little Jew there at the piano to play some *Heurigenlieder*."

The Germans soon got very drunk. The one with the cousin in Istanbul flirted with Minka, in competition with Oskar. The others danced with the pretty girls, and finally one of them performed a most courageous jump over a small stone wall in the garden, misjudged the distance to the ground, fell, and broke his leg. The Germans made a stretcher for him, so they could carry him to the nearest hospital, and then, in a great hurry, they shook our hands, clicked their heels, threw their arms up, shouting "*Heil Hitler!*" and "Long live Kemal Pasha Atatürk!," and disappeared as spookily as they had come, with Oskar waving and calling goodbye.

"You bastard," Minka said to me. She went out into the vineyard and sat down on a stone. I followed her.

"I'm sorry, Minka. I know I am a mindless ass."

"Never mind. After all, it was funny. Did you see darling little Walter playing the piano as if the devils were standing over him?" She laughed her enchanting laughter. "But still . . ." She sank back with a deep sigh.

It was dawn. Out of a mist in the valley Vienna rose, the peaks of its towers first, then the Riesenrad in the Prater, the monuments, the roofs, the streets. I sat beside Minka, looking down at all this. Suddenly I heard a strange sound coming out of Minka's throat, and thought she was going to cry, but she was laughing instead. "Do you know what happened to Friedel Süssmann?" she asked. "I told you that in order to get her affidavit she got married at the British Consulate to an English sailor she had never seen before? Well, when she got to England she was met by some gentlemen in black. They had come to break the news to her that her husband fell from the mast and broke his neck. She now has a widow's pension—one pound a month."

"Listen, Minka," I said. "After all, I am a Rumanian. My hands are not tied. I need not tell you what it would mean to my parents, and you know also that I love somebody else, but if it would help you—I mean, just in order to get you a passport that would enable you to get out of here, and, of course, with an immediate divorce afterward—if you want to, we could bloody well go and get married. You won't get a pension, though, if I break my neck."

She drew herself up slowly till she was looking into my face. Then she took it in both her hands, as she had done when I first came to her flat, and kissed me. "You know, my darling Brommy," she said, "that you are the dearest person on earth to me. I could

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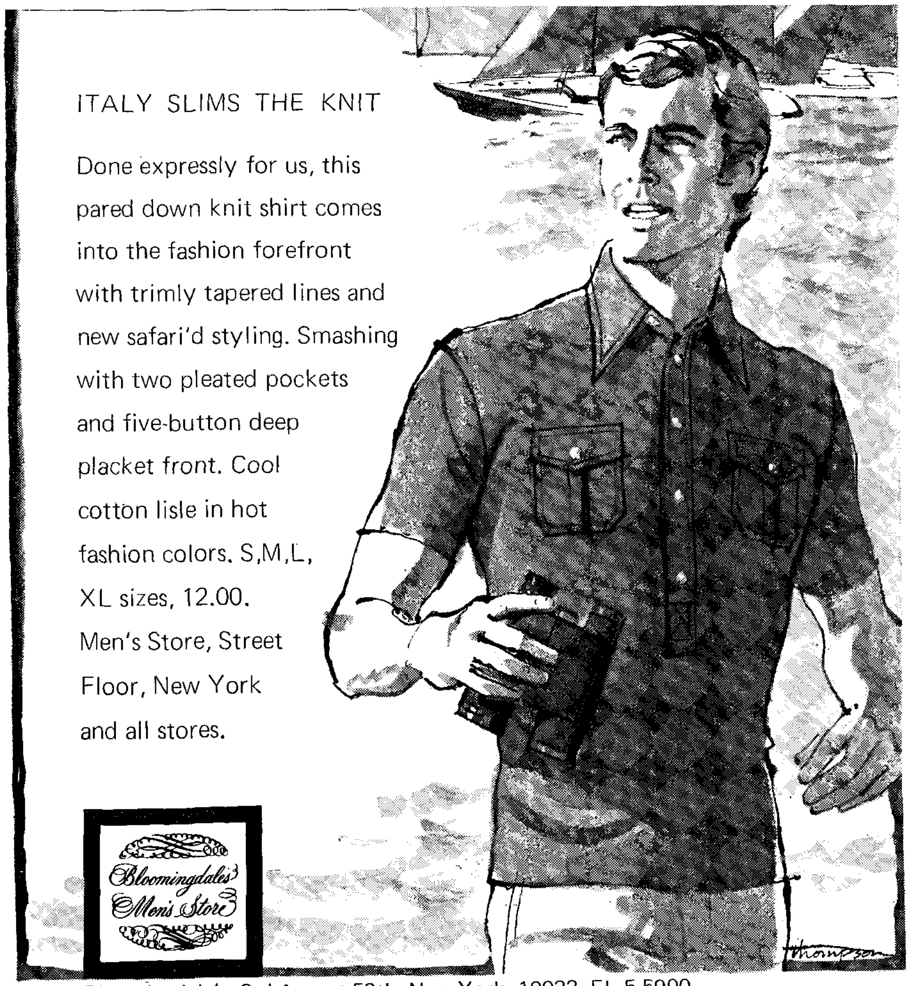

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never have felt closer to a brother, if I'd had one. You are a bastard, it's true, but I am more fond of you than of anybody else. Just kiss me, once—and kiss me tenderly." Her mouth was as beautiful as ever, and I could even feel more than the tenderness I would have felt for a sister. In that moment, it appeared to me that if she had not been a Jew I could have loved her even in the same way, or perhaps more than, I loved the one I had lost. Still, I felt a twinge of bad conscience, as if I were being a traitor to my flag.

"All right," she said. "That's that. And now don't be afraid that I'll say yes to your kind offer. I couldn't possibly marry you. Apart from the fact that it would hurt your parents, and that you love somebody else—we could certainly get an immediate divorce, but that is not the point—I would not want to marry you, if you understand what I mean. Because of certain *goyish* qualities of your soul. But still, you are the dearest to me. Come, let's see how the party is getting on."

A FEW days later, she got her affidavit, and within a fortnight she had sold her things, even Professor Raubitschek's carved-wood bookcases, and gone to London.

There I saw her once more, in the year 1947. God knows how she had found out where I was living—near Hamburg at that time. Anyway, I got a letter from her saying that she was all right, and married to a man—not a Jew, by the way—who had left Austria in 1938 and who was as sweet and decent as could be, a professor of philology and a great admirer of Karl Kraus. They were about to emigrate to America, and she would very much like to see me once more. She enclosed in the letter a ticket to London and all the papers necessary to get me, as a former Rumanian, a visa for Great Britain. I accepted all this more than gratefully. I was as penniless, as starved, as miserable as any displaced person could be in the rubble of Germany in early 1947. As she had known how—and where—to trace me, she must also have known that my father had fired his last shot into his temple when the Russians took Bucovina in 1940, and that, two years later, my grandmother died in Vienna. I had not had a chance to build up an existence and settle in a place for all those years.

There was but one difficulty: I had no valuable passport. But Minka had even thought of that. A friend who was with the British Military Government arranged to get me a travel docu-

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ment. It defined me as an "individual of doubtful nationality," but brought me to England, all right. Her husband fetched me at Victoria Station, had a closer look at me, and said, "Let us go to have lunch first. She doesn't know that you are arriving today. I have not told her, in order not to excite her too much."

"Why?" I asked. "Is there anything wrong with her?"

"That trouble with her hip seems to have affected her spine. She is in great pain, and you will have to be very patient with her."

They lived in a nice house in Cadogan Square. Minka's husband showed me in, fixed me a drink, and then called up the stairwell, "Oh, Minka, would you mind coming down? There is a friend of yours." She came down the stairs, a middle-aged woman with gray hair, bent and torn by the atrocious pains of cancer of the bones. "Who is it?" she asked sharply. Then she saw me. "Brommy!" she said, and covered her face with her hands, her poor tortured body shaken by her sobbing.

On the evening before their departure for America, all of our old friends who had managed to emigrate to Britain came to their house to bid them goodbye. Even though they had been told that I would be there, they marvelled at seeing me, as if I were a being from another star. They could not stop asking about Vienna during the war, and how it had looked when I last saw it. They remembered things I had long since forgotten. Had Oskar survived? Oh, he had been hanged in Poland? Poor chap. And Guru Malik, the spiritualist I had told so many funny stories about? No! Had he really been dematerialized by a bomb? Great success, that one. Every one of the guests had brought me a gift, things I badly needed at that time—mostly second-hand clothes. And when, at the end of the evening, I had kissed Minka goodbye—forever, as we both knew—and had shaken hands with everybody, I went back to my hotel carrying two large suitcases full of old clothes that I hoped to sell in Hamburg like a *Handalé*, and so make enough money to follow Minka to America.

She died there a few months later.

—Gregor von Rezzori

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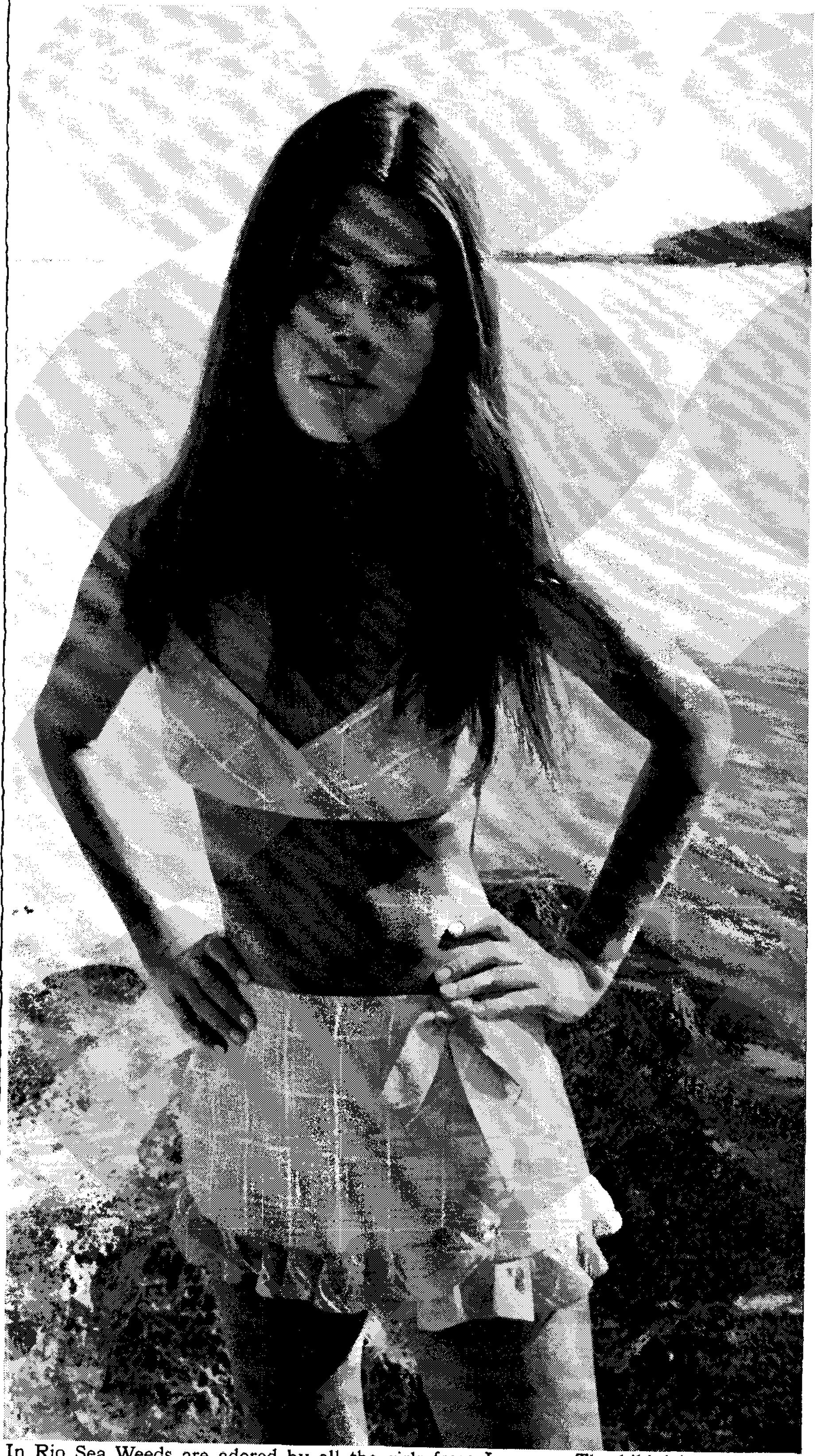

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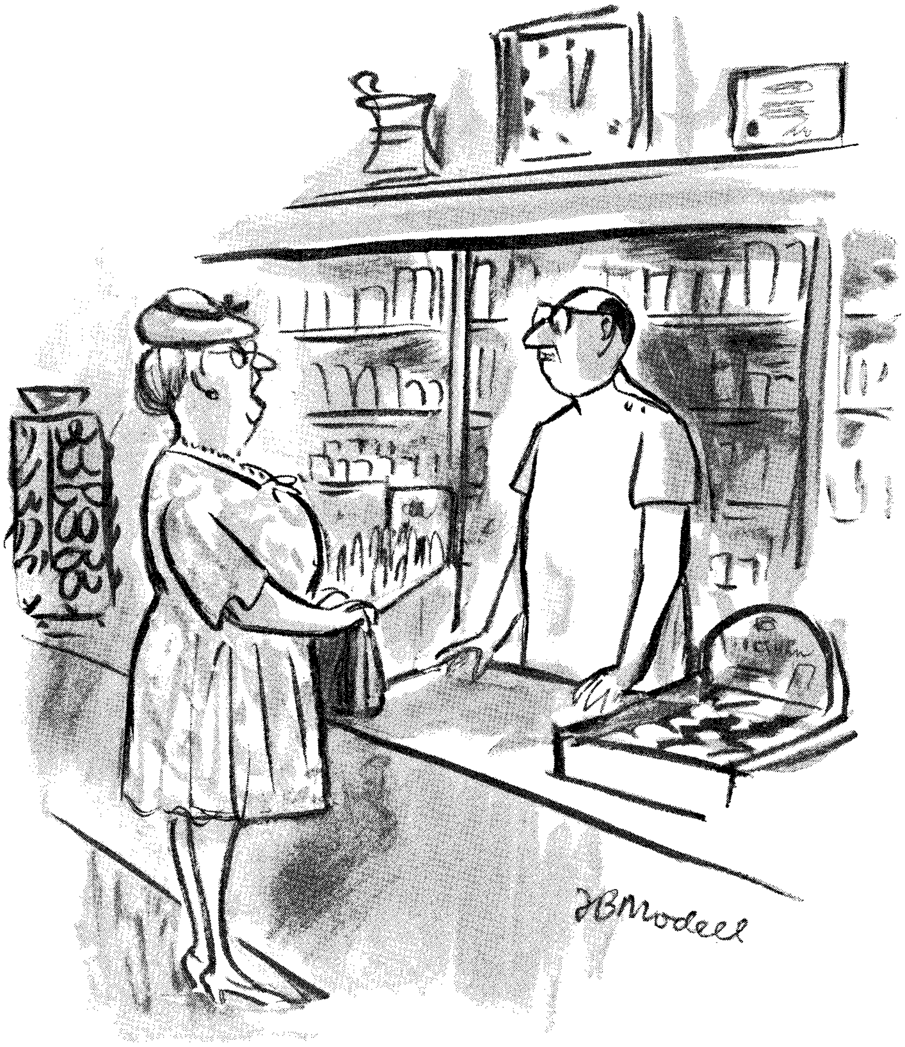
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Feet

THE justly spectacular thing about Karel Reisz's "The Loves of Isadora" is Vanessa Redgrave's immense performance, but maybe the fundamental point about everyone's work in this intelligent film is that no one ever allows regard for Isadora Duncan's revolutionizing talent as a dancer to blunt the realization that it was part of her character. The picture is a wittily distanced account of a believable woman, and the attitude changes everything. If film biographies of the gifted are generally the dulled things they are, I think it is partly because the people making them are so concussed by awe of the gift that they separate it from temperament. The gift is exceptional, goes the unwitting response, and therefore it is secretly threatening, and therefore it had best be kept at a distance, so that the menacing possessor of it can be domesticated. Beethoven will be shown as an empty replica of Mr. Average—hating the rain, say, until the noise of the dripping slyly starts to sound like a bit of the Pastoral Symphony, when Ludwig will immediately seem to go out of his normal mind and into a spasm of art. Most film biographies look on great innovators as people subject to aberrant attacks, as though audiences needed to be calmed by reassurances that the exceptional are primarily just like everyone else and are really rather racked by their seizures of uniqueness, which put them momentarily out of control and make them not themselves until they have finished the canvas or discovered radium. But Reisz's "Isadora"—based on her autobiography and Sewell Stokes's biography, and made from a script by Melvyn Bragg and Clive Exton, with extra dialogue by Margaret Drabble—sees very clearly that when Isadora Duncan was dancing she was most herself, just as the serious intent of her High Romantic's life was to perform and behave, in an affected and constraining age, in ways that would allow other people also to be most themselves. She is admired in the film, criticized, smiled at, observantly loved, and sometimes grieved for, and everything she does seems to come out of her whole personality, so her dancing is no inscrutable gift of the gods. You feel that, given a very slight juggling of her circumstances and attributes, she might have been a potter, or an artist's model who suddenly flung it all up and went to teach birth control in China, or a valued and gradually saddened kindergarten teacher. Her feeling for simplicity is made to seem pure and urgent, but the film's notion of how character works implies that it could have taken other and minor forms if she had been, for instance, less caustic, less dazzling to audiences, less ruthless about wanting to influence whole continents, less headlong and unread about politics. There is also the suggestion that her harrowing mixture of being both a jeered-at famous lover and in fact often alone and wretched, unequipped as she was for solitude, might have worked out less taxingly without her insistence on a panache apt to go with fickleness in the men she was prepared to love.

Gordon Craig, the great visionary of theatre production and design (played by James Fox, who is a good actor but somehow yeomanly in the part of this cackling maverick), seems to have understood her temperament very well. In his "Index to the Story of My Days," an invaluable book that was published here by Viking in 1957 and is now out of print, he writes gnomishly about his expectation that the barefoot, free-love dancer from California would be a bit governessy. They had a fine time together. They agreed that it would be commonplace of them to treat one another as geniuses, although each of them was obviously secure in knowing it to be true of himself. Craig, writing in old age, sweetly calls her a genius behind her dead back, and speaks of her courage in a world that raved about her and then dumped her. And he writes:

> What is it she lacked?
> What was it she had?
> She had calm—
> No vanity—
> No cleverness—by which I mean no clever little tricks of the trade—little or



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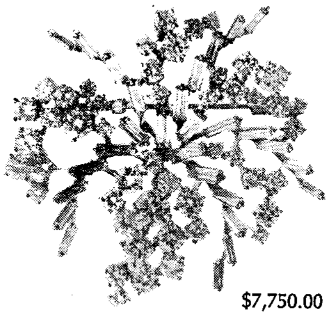
no understanding of the arts—a great comprehension of nature and perhaps overmuch ambition.

It was by Craig that she had one of the two children who died horribly, drowning, with their nurse, in a motor accident. His written descriptions of her include more fondness and insight than the man in the film seems capable of, but Vanessa Redgrave's performance embodies every word of them. The other drowned child was by Paris Singer, a rich, muddled, despotic fop, finely played by Jason Robards, who gives an astringent and rather sad interpretation of the pinch-heart locked inside the showoff who wooed her with diamonds and a bank of white roses. He nearly suffocated her with English grand living, even if he did give her twelve thousand acres to use as a dancing school when he realized that his diamonds had been a mistake. She tells him gaily, over champagne, that she doesn't like jewelry, and he takes the blow on the chin, knowing, perhaps, the reprisals that he can take later—by making her play croquet, by repelling her with his hypochondria and crimped faddishness, and by dangling before her as a potential lover a maliciously chosen pianist to accompany her lonely dance practice. Pitiless, she calls the poor hireling monkey-faced, and keeps him behind a grille while she dances. Just as characteristically, she then rides with him in a carriage and shouts to him that his eyes have the soul of a poet; he touches the skies. They have an ecstatic affair, and she forgets him. On to Russia in the middle of the revolution. There are self-mocking scenes of grand passion with Essenin, her mad poet, half her age. A Russian teacher instructing her in the usual basics of how to say "My crayon is red" is firmly told to explain instead how to tell Essenin that he has beautiful thighs.

When Isadora first went to Europe, she looked as if she longed to unlace the corsets of the art patrons whose malicious graciousness incited her to shock them. Confronted with a whaleboned gorgon dressed in black and gold, she was as outrageous as possible. Russia suited her better, but by then much had been lost and too much of her spirit wasted in hidden loneliness—Craig parted from, Singer ditched, the children drowned, another baby dead soon after birth. She had transformed dancing, and perhaps even changed something sedate in the spirit of Europe; but the film is full of a sense of the cost, and America greeted her viciously when she came back with her



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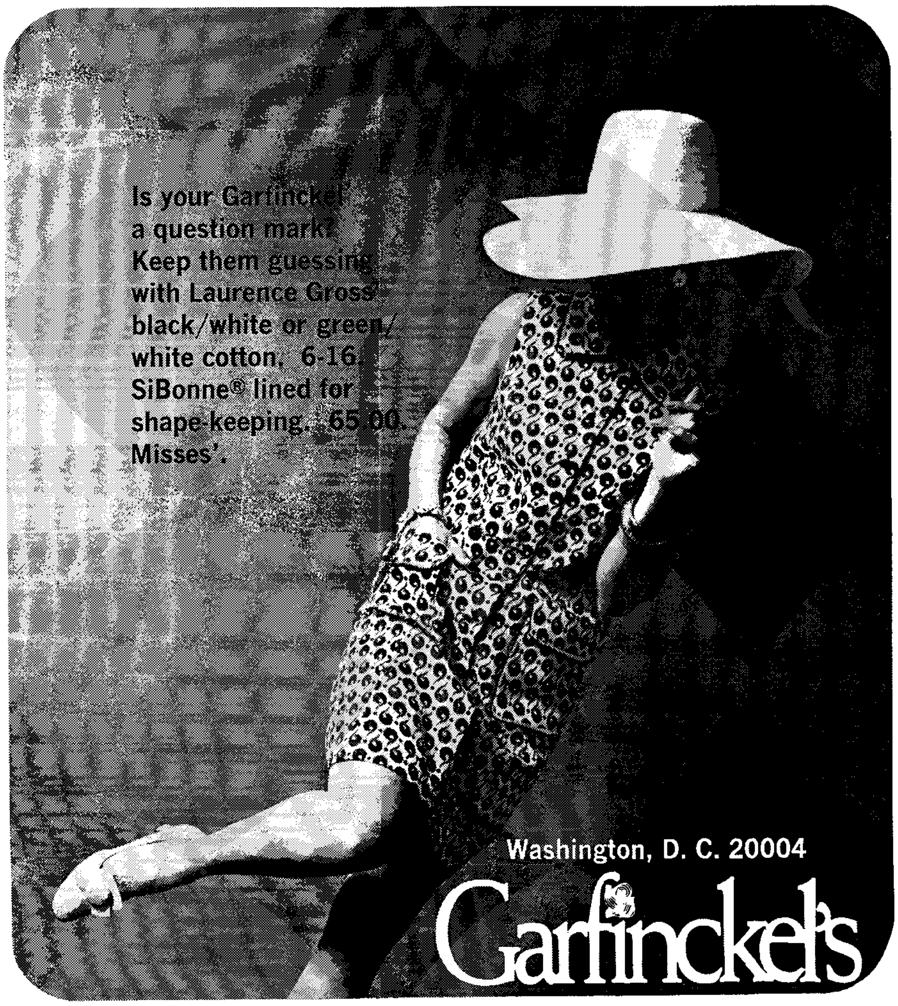

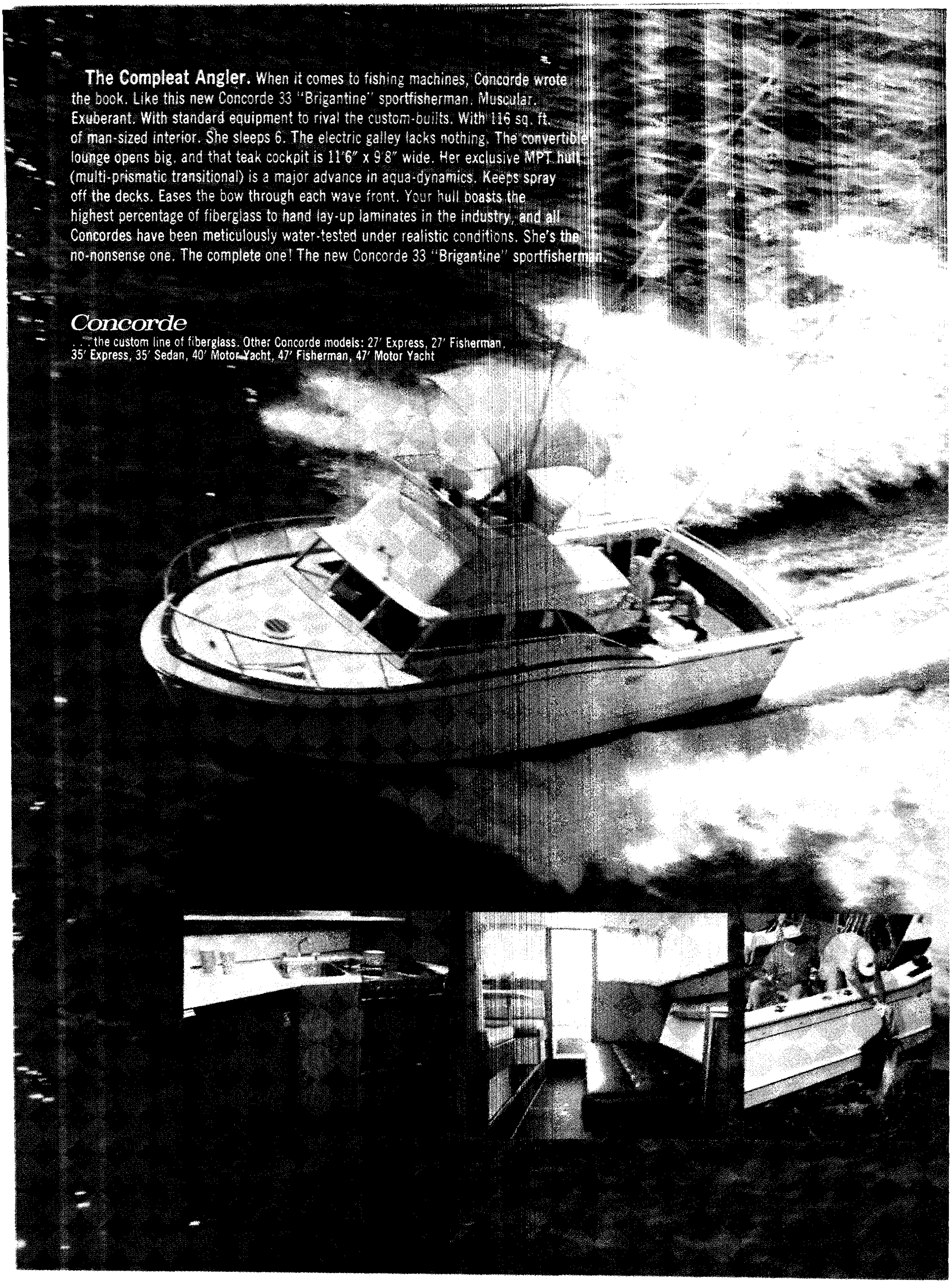

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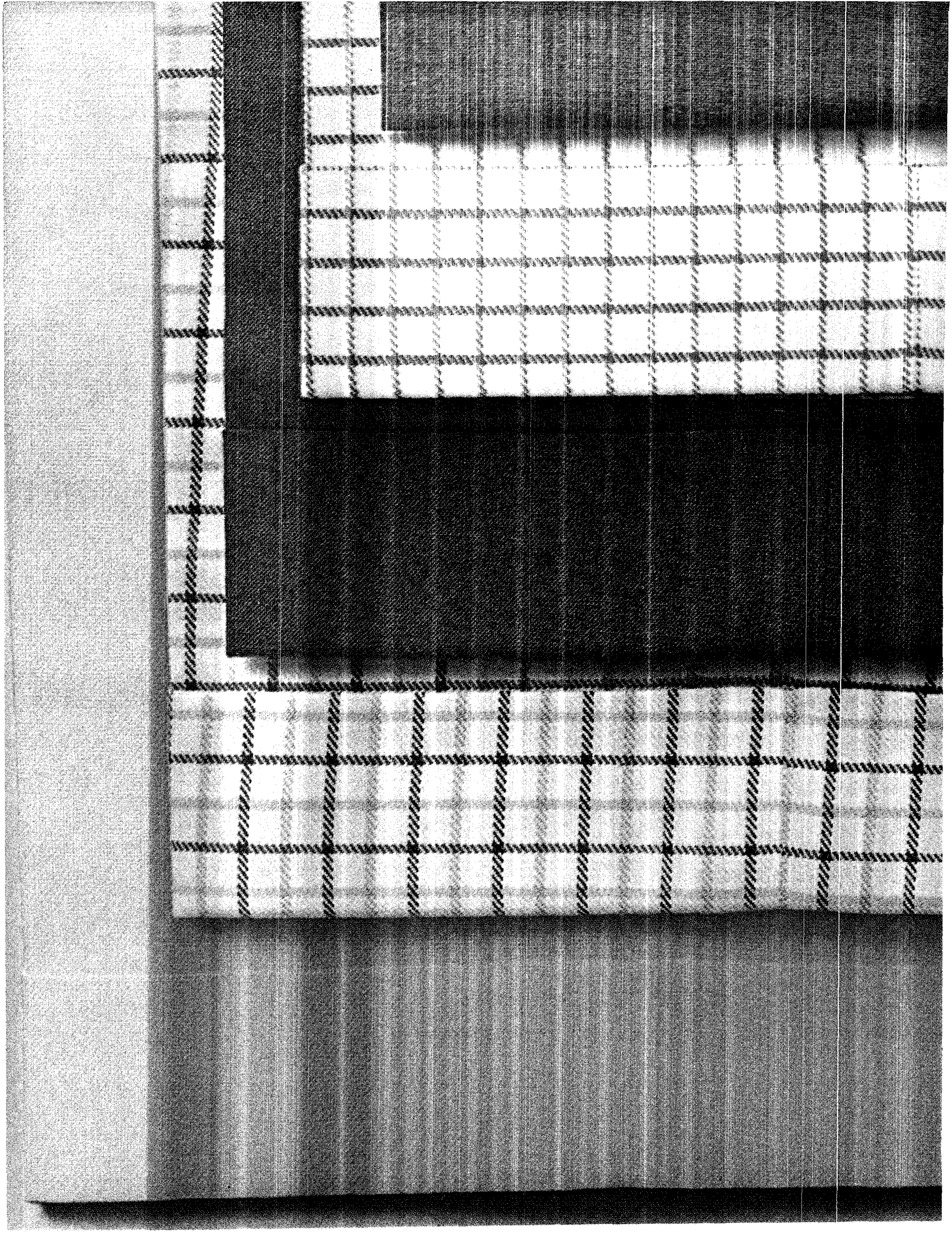

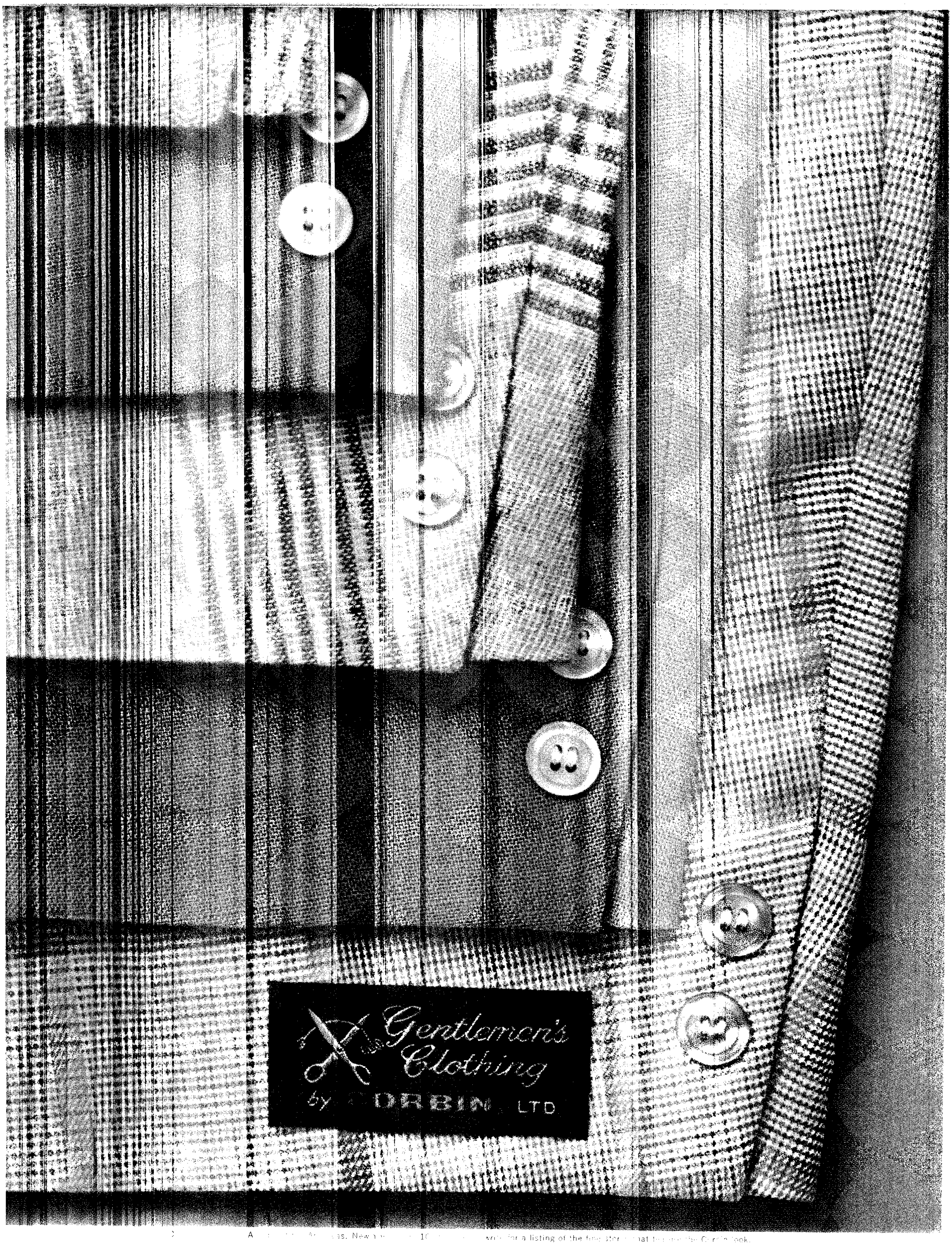

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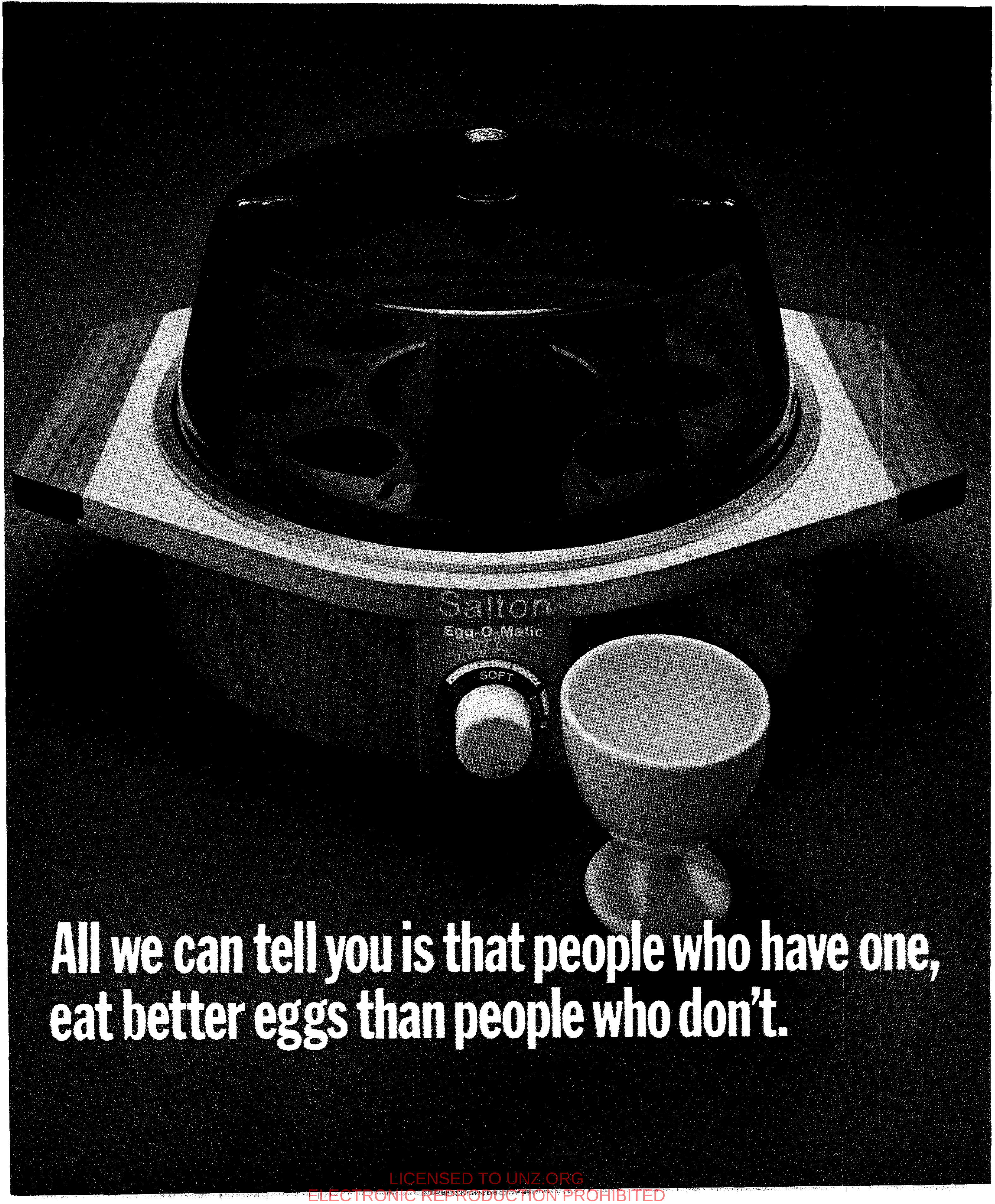

All we can tell you is that people who have one, eat better eggs than people who don't.

wild Russian husband. Her stringent gaiety in the face of the stuffy is as moving as the scenes of her dancing. Her fluency and her love for all liberators make the events of her life seem necessities. Jocelyn Herbert's designs for the film (she gave the same grave beauty to the look of "Tom Jones" and "If . . .") speak for what Isadora wanted to do as completely as Vanessa Redgrave's dancing does. Again and again there is some image designed with unforgettable simplicity: Isadora with Craig in Berlin, wearing a deep-blue blanket and carrying a brown book; Isadora pregnant in a long white dress in Singer's baronial school grounds, teaching a swarm of children in white tunics to dance; Isadora in Russia, with her hair now furiously dyed red, a woman who would have been washed up if she had been anyone else, dancing in a cold ransacked palace with a group of Soviet children dressed in tunics the color of the burnt-orange paint on Venice *palazzi* and Kiev cathedrals. Reisz's structure for the picture has probably been traduced by the demand over here that it be drastically shortened from three hours to a little over two. I gather that many of the cuts were made in the flash-back/flash-forward connections between the young girl and the aging, gaudy harridan, which should surely have been allowed to stay so as to give them the weight and meaning they are visibly meant to have. Even now they manage to exist not as the common bridge device of movie biographies but as a reflection of Isadora's particular mind. They stand for the consciousness of lost looks and gone faculties that weighs on all physical performers, and especially on this imperious, doomed prophet of a far-ahead period that was to make a morality of the freed life she dramatized in gestures struck so boldly.

PIER PAOLO PASOLINI'S "Teorema" ("Theorem") is a piece of geometry that the Deity Himself might have thought it wise to spend six days on. With Pasolini as His deputy, the propositions are grand but unclear. They seem to be about love, God, Marx, the state of grace, the processes of art, and the human condition. As for what is actually being said, who knows? But there is a definite majesty about the muddle and I am pretty sure that there is a final Q.E.D. of truly holy proportions. In earthly terms, the plot has to do with a strange young man who visits a posh house and makes love to the master, the mistress, their son, their daughter, and their maid. Deep and

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frightful things ensue. Pasolini has a punitive view. Each of the five beloveds ends up in a state of mysterious medical and metaphysical crisis. I think you have to take the film on many levels. The one obvious thing about it is that it is terrifically metaphorical. Serious critical analyses in other countries have suggested that it may be a liturgy, or a Freudian parable, or a Communist allegory with numinous overtones. A winningly translated essay from the French asks, "Is it the intrusion of Eros into human life, or a rehash of sorts of the Ondine fable?" These are questions to which I have no answer. One admirer says that it is about "*la difficulté d'être un homosexuel,*" which certainly seems to be a subtheme. A political school, struggling to ignore the religiosity of the picture so as to give Pasolini's known Marxism the credit for all of it, holds that the entire thing is a fable about the ills of a consumer society. But most of the movie's believers—there is somehow a pressure to call them more than admirers—have cottoned on to the fact that the young visitor is a Christ figure. Pasolini himself severely expands this already largish interpretation, saying in an interview that the film isn't about Jesus but about God—"the terrible God of Creation. It is Jehovah." No hanger-back, he writes nobly, "My way of relating to the sacred has not changed since childhood. The sacred is real, it's the only essential reality, the thing that preoccupies me." Well, everything that everyone says sounds as if he or she meant it, and I go along with all of it.

But I also suggest that the film can be taken on still two other levels—the level of humor and the level of feet. There really is a lot about feet. This seems to be because it is such a sacred film. The feet one remembers so vividly are always bare. The grand-bourgeois life depicted in the movie is quickly changed for the worse by the tempter's cataclysmic love jumps. The maid, a glum one, gets miles glummer, starts working oddly depressed miracles, and stands speechless in black in the center of a thematic shot of a blank wall. The daughter goes into a catatonic state and is lifted away. The mother suffers indefatigably. One of the stricken peasant women who watch the effects of the visitor suddenly lets out a Biblical mutter stating that this is what happens to people who eat stinging nettles. The son, who paints, and the father, who is a capitalist, assume themselves to be homosexual and react very symbolically. The father divests

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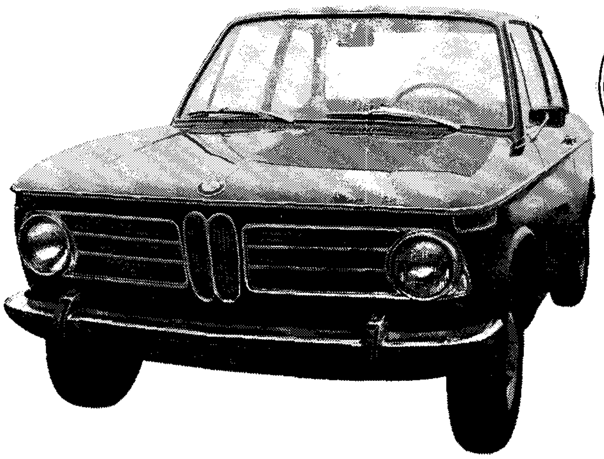

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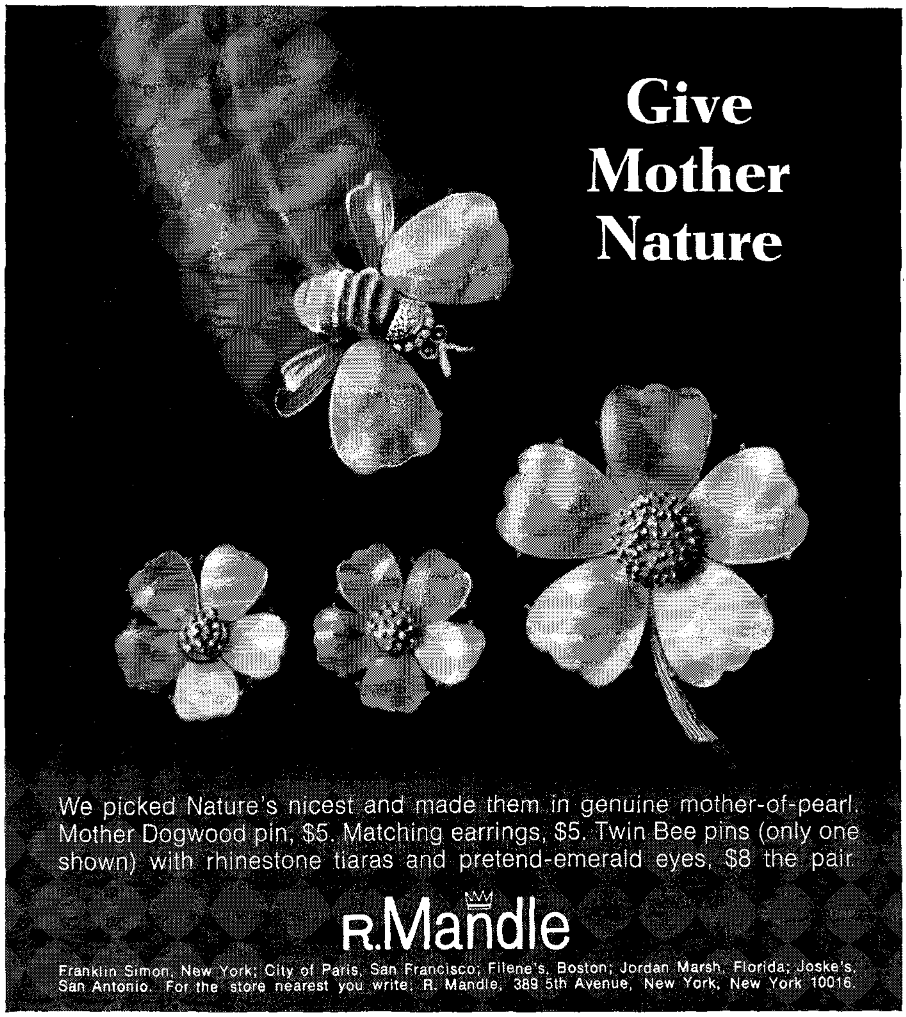

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himself of his factories, and also takes off all his clothes in the middle of a railway station. The climax of this undressing sequence is one of the most spiritual feet-shots in the picture, apart from an unsettling closeup of the bottoms of his bare soles on each side of a back view of the head of the visitor—an image that alludes simultaneously, I think, to homosexual love, the Gospels, and an aesthetic of feet that goes back to Byzantium. "Teorema" has a lot of things going. There is also a soliloquy by the painter son, who talks to himself in a head-clutching prose style about having to find a new technique in which every brushstroke will be taken publicly to be the result of a purpose above reproach. He denounces one of his paintings. "Nobody must recognize that its creator is inferior and worthless!" he cries, sloshing colors onto glass like fury, and making all Tachiste art hard to look at thereafter in quite the same way as before. The frenzied works of the early besmirchment period give way to canvases of solid color, and he stands poised and tragic over a rectangle of beautiful solid blue. "It reminds me of him," he says. (What can he mean? It *couldn't* be blue for a boy. Is it the Madonna?) "What empowers me to mutilate it?" he asks himself. The scene of desecration, when he nerves himself to it, possesses a humorlessness beyond riches. Modern painting may not recover from this film—not to speak of the iconography of the Christian religion. For instance, there is an awestruck shot of the miracle-working maid suspended over a rooftop with her arms out; I take it that she is ascending into Heaven, but she looks like a parachutist caught on a telephone wire. In the last sequence, the naked capitalist is running in a desert, stumbling toward the camera with a strange bias motion of the legs, which gets rid of the fig-leaf question in an entirely new and tasteful way, and with a funniness to bless. The picture is beautifully photographed and full of thought-provoking themes, and I thank both Pasolini and Heaven for it. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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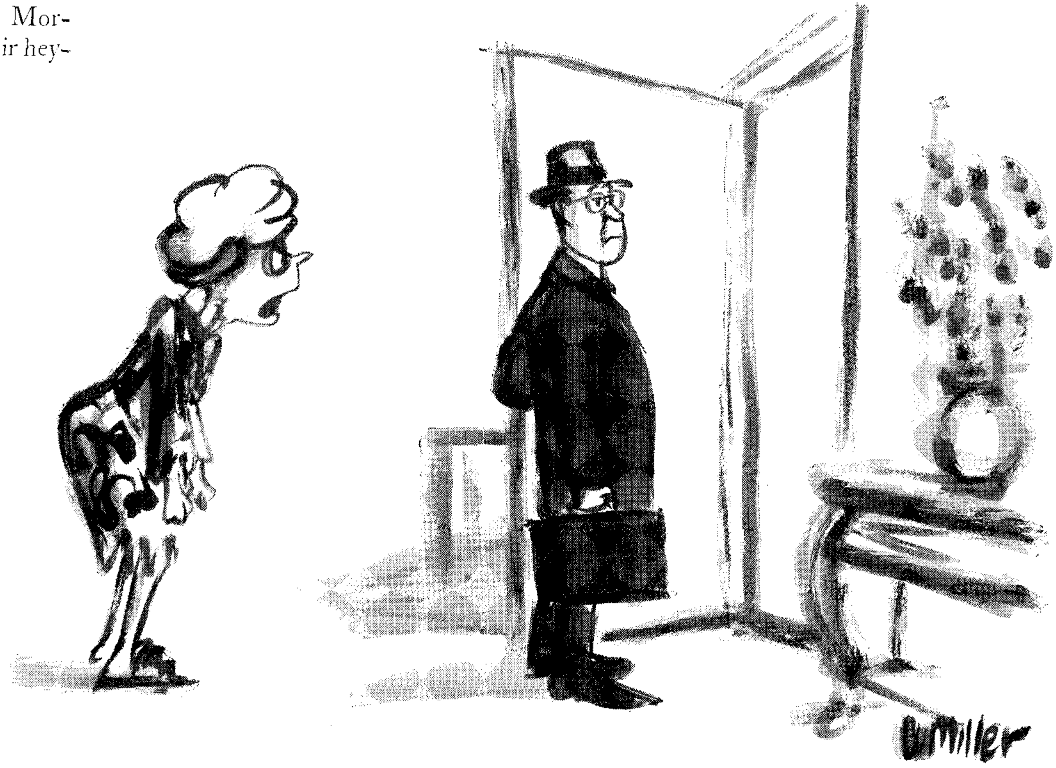
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE GENTLEMANLY JUNKET

WHEN the partners of Brown Brothers Harriman & Co., of 59 Wall Street, the only major private bank in the United States, decided to put on a celebration some months ago in observance of their firm's hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary, they resolved that they would do it up—well, brown. Specifically, they decided to invite about a hundred of the bank's "good and long-standing friends"—chief executives of leading American companies, and chief executives of banks abroad—along with their wives, to come to a four-day party, beginning with a visit to Seattle and its leading industry, the Boeing Company; continuing with a twenty-two-hour ride on a super-special, dome-car Union Pacific train from Seattle to Sun Valley, Idaho; and winding up there with a symposium on worldwide capital problems, an afternoon of sport and recreation, and a formal banquet.

All this was quite uncharacteristic. When you come right down to it, the celebration was to be a combination of two low-down modern business institutions, the junket and the convention, and Brown Brothers is hardly known for being either low-down or modern. On the contrary, it is known for panelled walls, portraits of ancestors, roll-top desks, and conservative methods; it manages to come across as the *crème-de-la-crème* bank in a way that Morgan's and Kuhn Loeb, even in their heyday, never quite could, because of being so big. Its partners—there are twenty-one of them at present—prefer, and are able, to appear on most occasions to treat banking as if it were an amusing amateur sport, like croquet. "If this sort of business isn't fun, it isn't worth doing," Robert A. Lovett, a Brown Brothers partner, remarked recently. The firm's lineal ancestor, John A. Brown & Co., of Philadelphia, was founded in 1818 to import Irish linens and, incidentally, to finance transatlantic trade in them. (The Rothschilds, the Morgans, and the Seligmans got their start in drygoods, too.) A private bank might sound to the layman like one that wouldn't accept his money, and Brown Brothers probably wouldn't; as its partners explained forthrightly in a recent publication of theirs, they prefer to concentrate on "wholesale banking—giving top-level personal attention to the special financial needs of corporations, other banks, institutions, and individuals of substantial means." However, what defines Brown Brothers as a private bank is not its exclusiveness but the fact that it is a partnership wholly owned and managed by its members, rather than a corporation owned by stockholders and run by professional managers. This means that in the event of its failure the partners individually would be accountable to the depositors down to the last dollar of their personal assets, and the Brown Brothers partners feel, understandably, that having their own property on the line makes for a certain intimacy with their clients that the managers of public banks don't enjoy.

Up to the nineteen-thirties, there were many private banks in the country, but most of them became casualties either of New Deal legislation, which nudged them into stock-and-bond underwriting, or of estate taxes. The greatest of them, J. P. Morgan & Co., incorporated, and sold public stock, in 1940. Brown Brothers survived the legislation, and has the estate-tax problem all figured out—quite legally—so it confidently expects to be able to remain a private bank permanently. In its earlier days, the firm played a key role in financing the nation's first large railroad, the Baltimore & Ohio; supplied letters of credit to Americans travelling abroad; became the leading foreign-exchange authority in nineteenth-century Wall Street; and as early as the middle of the century—as John A. Kouwenhoven relates in his history of Brown Brothers, "Partners in Banking"—was considered so reliable that the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher once felt called upon to urge the members of his congregation to grant God the same confidence they freely accorded to Brown Brothers. The firm in its present state was created by the merger, in 1931, of Brown Brothers and another private bank, Harriman Brothers & Co. Why the merger took place is a question the present partners answer in different ways, according to what mood they are in. One day they will say that the Brown firm was in dire financial straits and Harriman Brothers bailed it out; another day they will say that the whole thing happened simply because the partners of the two firms were such good friends. Some of them were undeniably good friends; for example, Lovett, first made a Brown Brothers partner in 1926, and E. Roland Harri-



"Darn it all! When I say, 'Goodbye, darling, have yourself a wonderful day,' don't just say 'Ditto.'"

man, one of the two Harriman brothers, had been friends since their boyhood, when Lovett's father worked for Harriman's father, the railroad entrepreneur E. H. Harriman, and the two sons went to Yale together. (Until a few years ago, almost all Brown Brothers partners were Yale graduates; now merely a working majority are.) Whether Yale men or not, the current partners bear names familiar in American history, long past and present. In addition to a vintage Brown—Moreau Delano Brown, a great-grandson of the founder's brother—and Lovett, a former Assistant Secretary of War for Air, Under-Secretary of State, and Secretary of Defense, they include Prescott Bush, a former United States senator from Connecticut; Elbridge T. Gerry, a descendant and namesake of the onetime governor of Massachusetts who became vice-president of the United States and was the source of the word "gerrymander;" R. L. Ireland III, a grandnephew of Mark Hanna; Robert V. Roosa, Under-Secretary of the Treasury for Monetary Affairs in the Kennedy Administration; and, of course, the elder Harriman brother, W. Averell, the lifelong diplomat and former governor of New York, who until recently was the chief United States representative at the Paris talks.

The partners chose the particular sesquicentennial program they did because, in the words of one of them, Thomas McCance, "E. H. Harriman reorganized the Union Pacific at the end of the last century, Averell started Sun Valley in 1936, and Boeing is an old friend and client of ours." Moreover, they thought that Boeing had much of special interest to show the foreign bankers, and the train that the party would ride to Sun Valley they resolved, as veteran railroad bankers, to make a paragon—perhaps the last great luxury train. As to the combination of United States industrialists and foreign bankers, this involved excluding domestic bankers, a slightly sticky business. But the risk was worth taking, the partners reasoned, inasmuch as the encounter they planned might help break down the artificial barriers, social as well as professional, that normally separate the two groups they planned to invite; as Roosa put it, most American businessmen think of an international banker as something between a devil and a gnome, while the international bankers cheerfully dismiss American businessmen as rich Babbitts.

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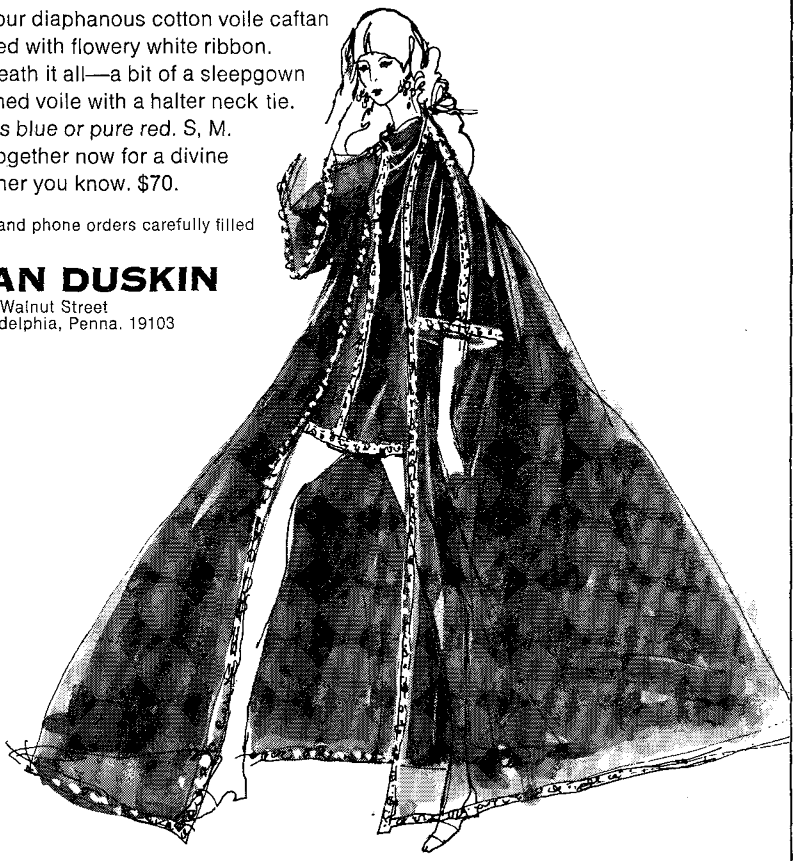

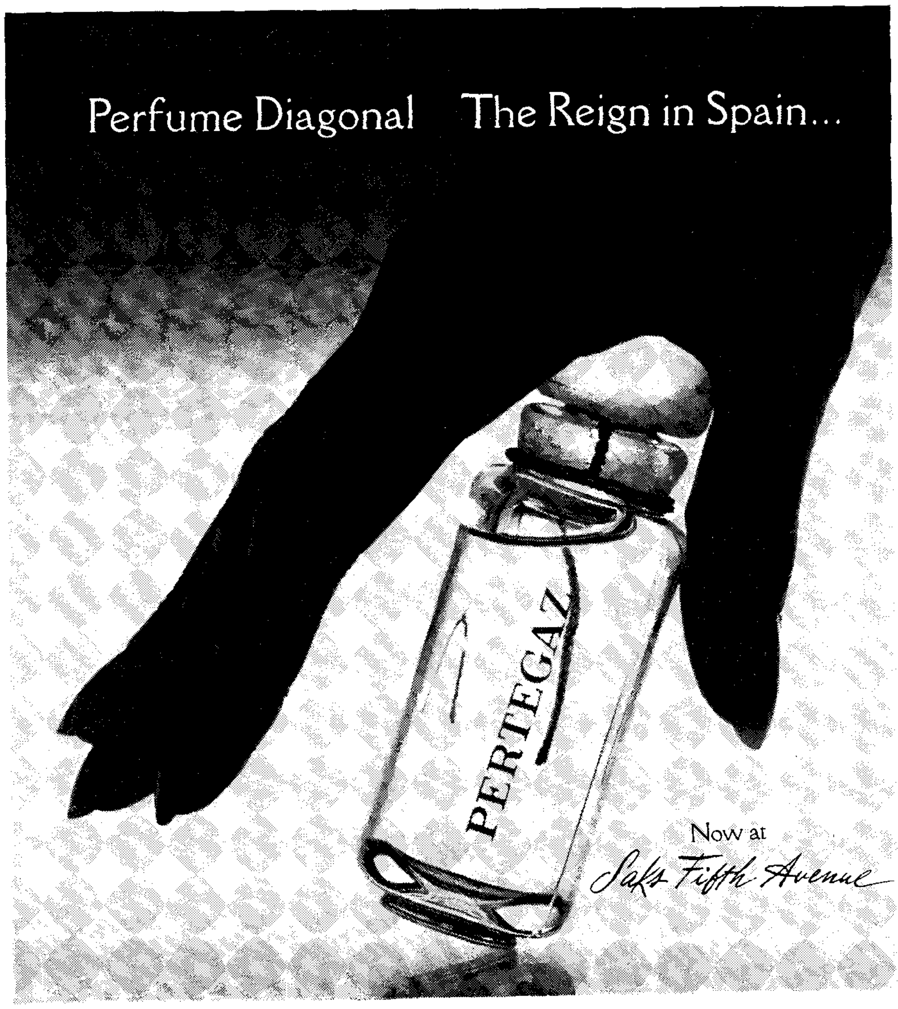

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eighty-five of whom were accompanied by their wives, and fifty-five of whom were from abroad—came to Seattle and Sun Valley to help the partners amuse themselves. Among the good and long-standing friends present were the governors or deputy governors of the central, or government, banks of Germany, Denmark, Norway, Iceland, and the United States, and their wives; Dr. Marcus Wallenberg, a member of the leading banking and industrial family of Sweden—a sort of combination of the Morgan bank and the Rockefeller fortune—and Mrs. Wallenberg; Kiichiro Satoh, the acknowledged dean of Japanese bankers, and Mrs. Satoh; Conrad Hentsch, the acknowledged dean of Genevan private bankers; John Thomson, of Barclays Bank, who is often called the outstanding British banker, and Mrs. Thomson; three knighted British bankers, Sir Cuthbert Clegg, of Martins Bank, Sir John Stevens, of Morgan Grenfell, and Sir Cyril Hawker, of the Standard Bank, with Ladies Clegg, Stevens, and Hawker; and, among the Americans, to name just a handful, Roger M. Blough, of United States Steel, William S. Paley, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, John T. Connor, of Allied Chemical, George Russell, of General Motors, Charles B. (Tex) Thornton, of Litton Industries, and Juan T. Trippe, of Pan American World Airways, with their wives. One of the guests, Luc Wauters, of the Belgian Kredietbank, later said that it had been the most representative group of bankers ever assembled anywhere, and estimated that those who were present handle about sixty per cent of world trade—the balance of the world, in the phrase Byron used about Rothschild and Baring. As for American business, fourteen of the hundred largest companies on *Fortune's* most recent list were represented by their chief executives. When the partners invited me to come along, I eagerly accepted the chance to get an outside-the-boardroom look at all the balance holders, and, incidentally, to see how Brown Brothers' traditional, reticent style would work out when applied to the lavish sort of affair they planned.

ONE of the prospective guests, asked by a porter at Kennedy Airport, as he was preparing to board a plane for Seattle, if he was part of "the Brown Brothers convention," was so outraged by the expression that he firmly said no, at the cost of having his luggage lost for a day or so. Guests arriving at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport on the celebration's opening day—a Sunday—found two junior Brown Brothers men, one of them wearing on his lapel tag the reverberating name John J. McCloy II, posted there to greet them, round up their luggage, and steer them into limousines assigned to take them to the Olympic Hotel. Having myself arrived and been duly greeted and steered, I stood awhile looking at the bankers and industrialists and their wives, not yet identifiable, as they soon would be, by name tags. Old acquaintances were being renewed and new ones made. Was that, perhaps, the power behind the City of London meeting the power behind General Motors? Could that mysterious-looking lady be the wife of a gnome of Zurich? Everything seemed to be going smoothly. I learned later that there had been one snag at the airport, which had been swiftly and efficiently overcome. Brown Brothers had almost lost a guest to an interloper host. Dr. Wallenberg, who has dozens of business responsibilities, is chairman of the board of Scandinavian Airlines System, and the moment he and Mrs. Wallenberg alighted from their plane a group of local S.A.S. officials had tried to whisk them off to an S.A.S. affair—to borrow them from Brown Brothers for a time, so to speak. But Mr. McCloy had firmly refused the loan, and the Wallenbergs had gone with the Brown Brothers group to the Olympic.

The limousines were long, black, and carefully polished. "This car is so shiny it reminds me that *our* car is dirty, darling," an English lady sitting next to me said to her husband. Later, I learned that she was Mrs. C. K. R. Nunneley, wife of the general manager of Robert Fleming & Co., Ltd., of London, a merchant bank with vast worldwide interests. "We must remember to get it washed as soon as we get back." Her husband nodded in agreement. Mrs. Nunneley made the dirty car seem only a few blocks away and the momentary preoccupation of these particular balance holders engagingly down-to-earth. There were no snags visible at the hotel, where a platoon of Brown Brothers secretaries—assigned to do everything for everyone, decked out in white hats for easy identification, and immediately

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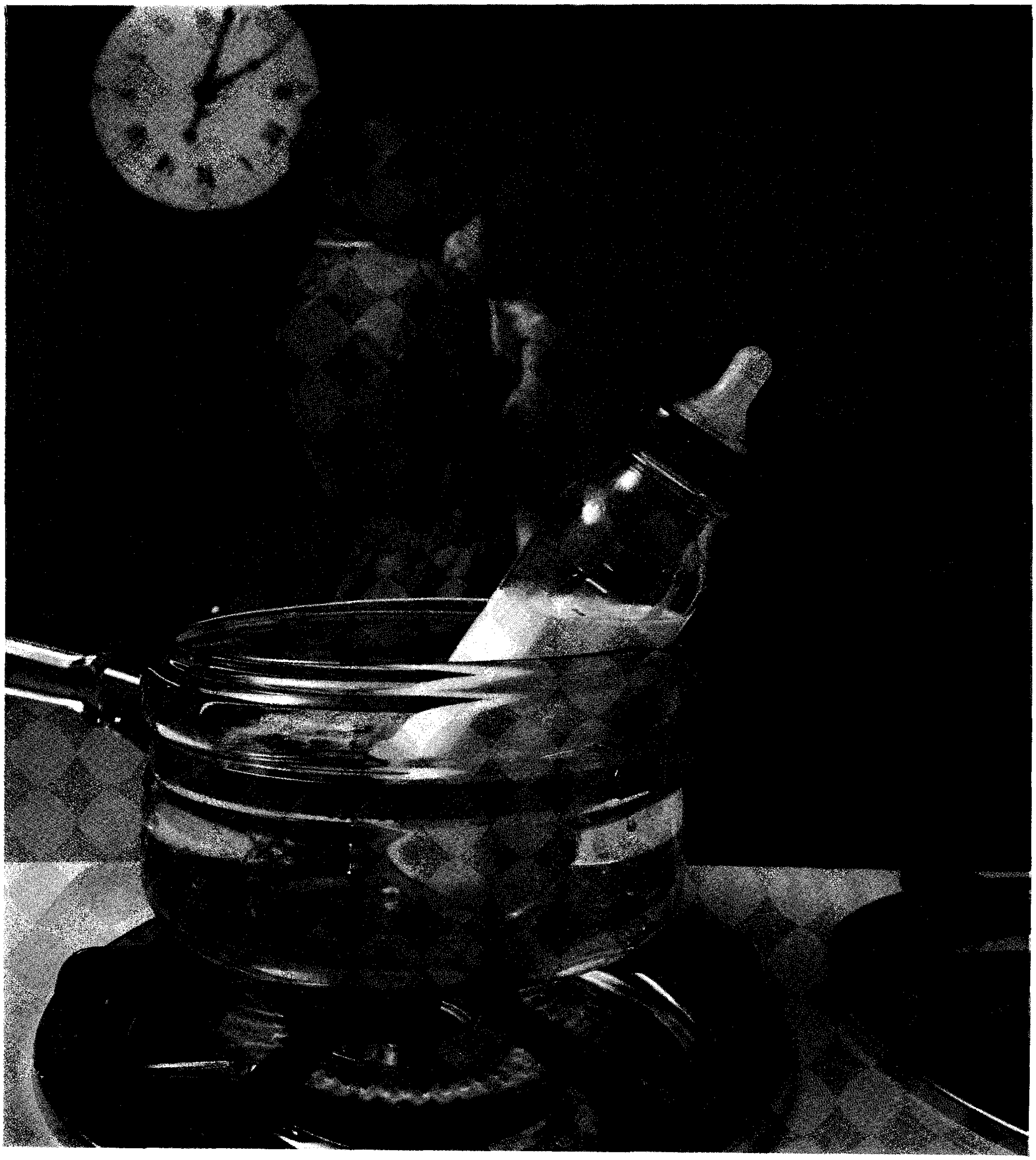

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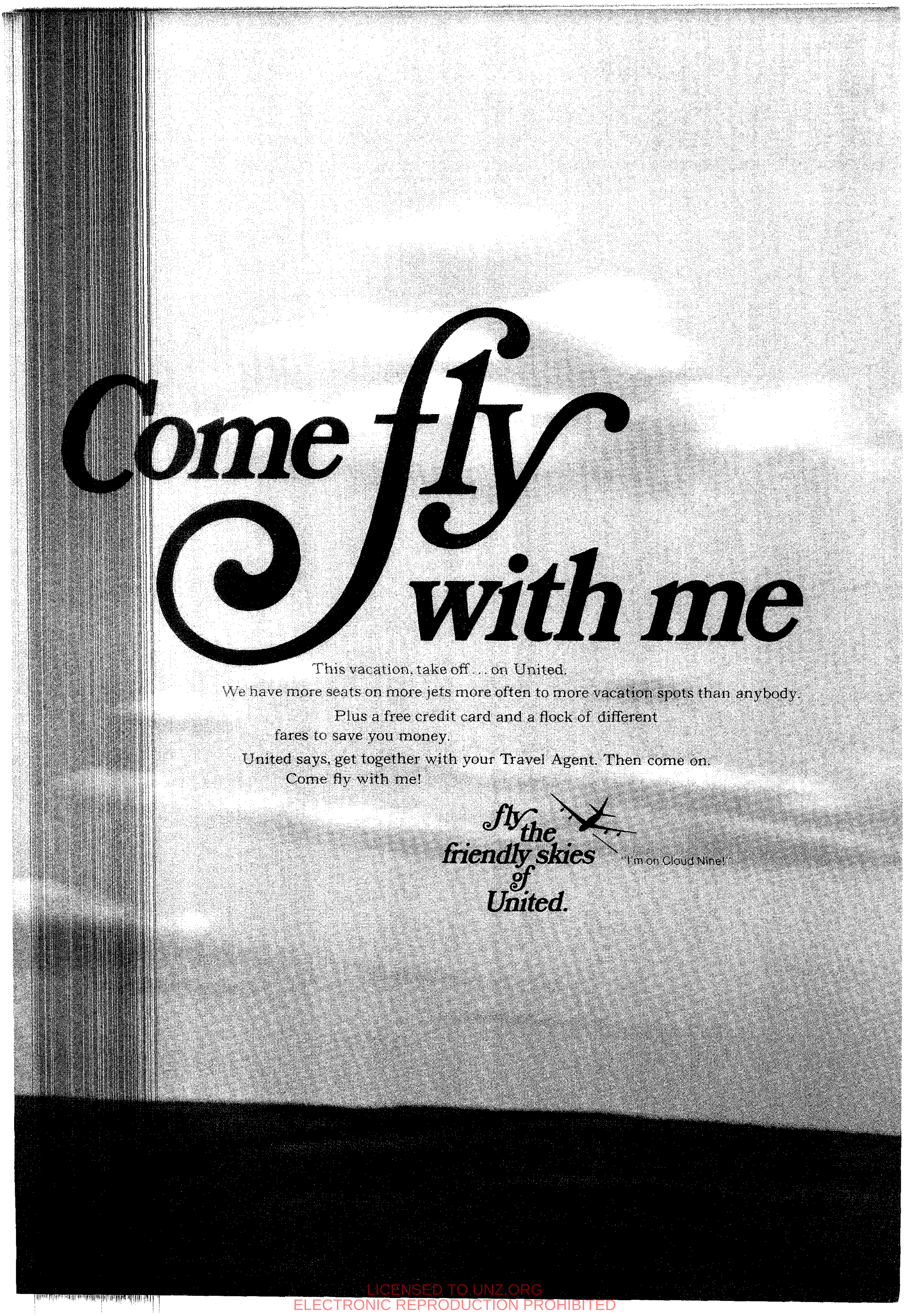
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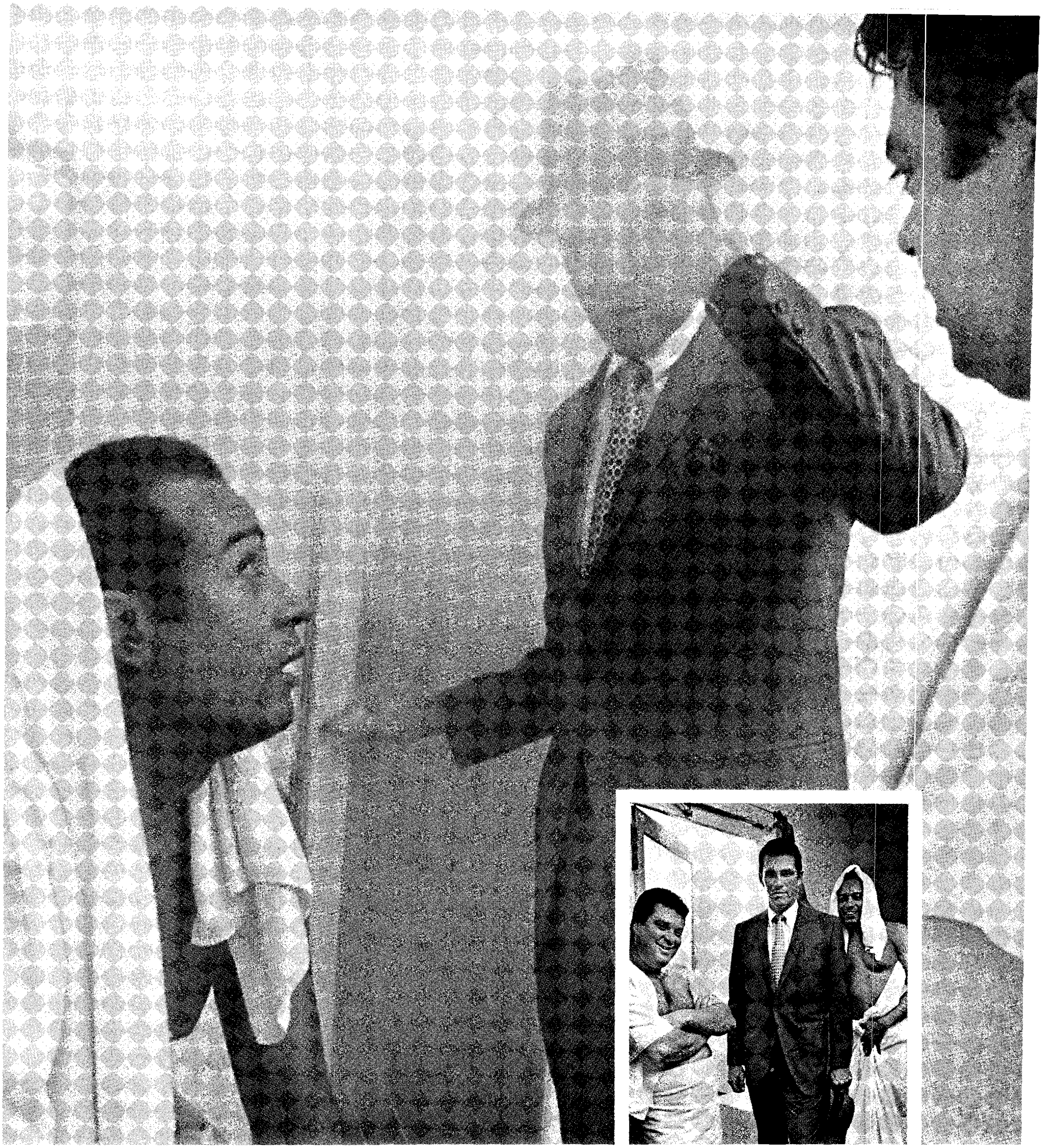

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nicknamed the Brown Sisters—were efficiently checking people in and putting the proper tags on their luggage and their persons. I heard one of the Brown Sisters telling Mrs. Wauters, wife of the Kredietbank man, that there would be an armored-car luggage pickup. The following evening, she explained, when it was time for the guests' luggage to be transferred from the hotel to the train that would take the party to Sun Valley, ordinary luggage would be picked up in the ordinary way and delivered to the guests' train compartments, but any items that were to be given special treatment would be picked up in the hotel rooms by armed guards, who would deliver them to the train in an armored car.

"How wonderful!" Mrs. Wauters exclaimed. "If only I had brought something worthy of being moved in the armored car!"

Cocktails and dinner that night, the first event of the celebration, were at the Eye of the Needle Restaurant, at the top of the Space Needle Tower, which is a survival of the 1962 Seattle Exposition and has become Seattle's chief landmark. Some six hundred feet in the air, balanced on narrow struts, and reached by an elevator that looks like a cable car, the restaurant is circular, with walls almost entirely of glass, and it revolves at a barely perceptible rate—one complete revolution per hour—thus affording the diner an almost decadently accessible three-hundred-and-sixty-degree view of Seattle, the dramatic mountains around it, and Puget Sound. I was told that the Union Pacific Railroad, which was host for the dinner, had scored a social coup by being the first organization ever to succeed in preëmpting the entire Eye of the Needle for a private occasion. The centerpiece of the canapé table was a huge locomotive of ice. A window-washer's cab that hangs, apparently permanently, just outside the window had been decorated with a bank of flowers and a sign reading "WELCOME—UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD." It was a nice stroke of creative hostmanship, I thought, though less spectacular than the first notion the Brown Brothers and Union Pacific planners had had, which one of them told me about; that had been to seat E. Roland Harriman, who is chairman of the railroad's board of directors, out in the cab and have him sit there all through dinner, waving. (As it happened, E. Roland Harriman had to miss the whole celebration, because of a death in his family, and Averell Harriman, whose presence had been doubt-

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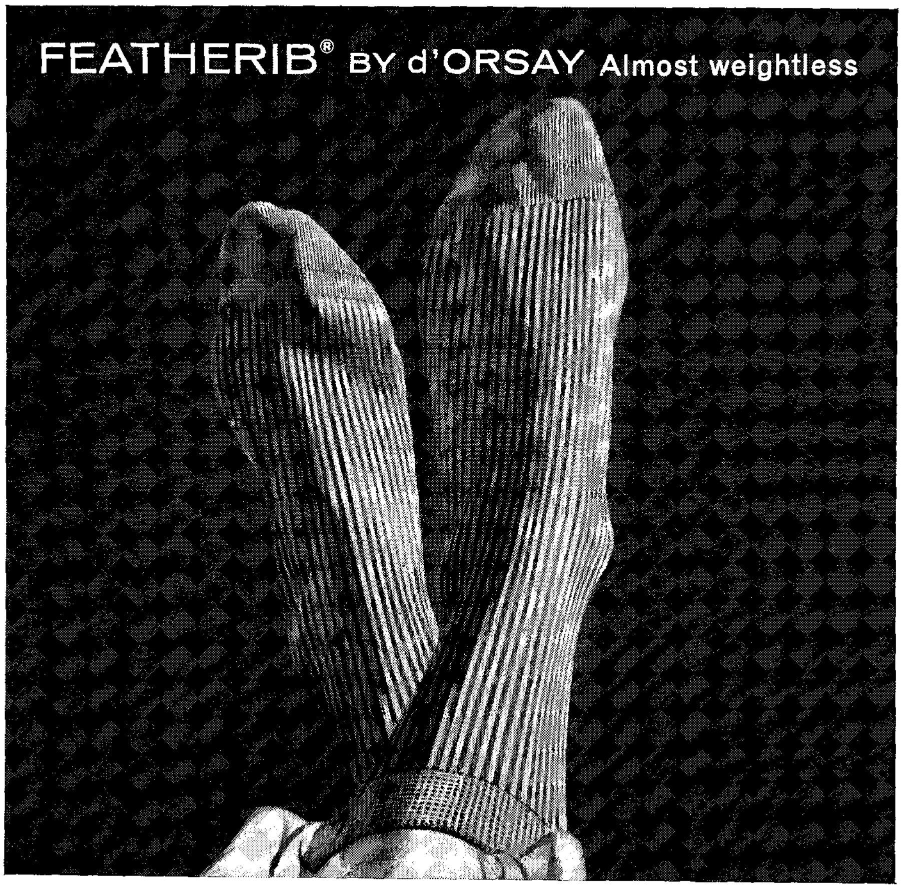

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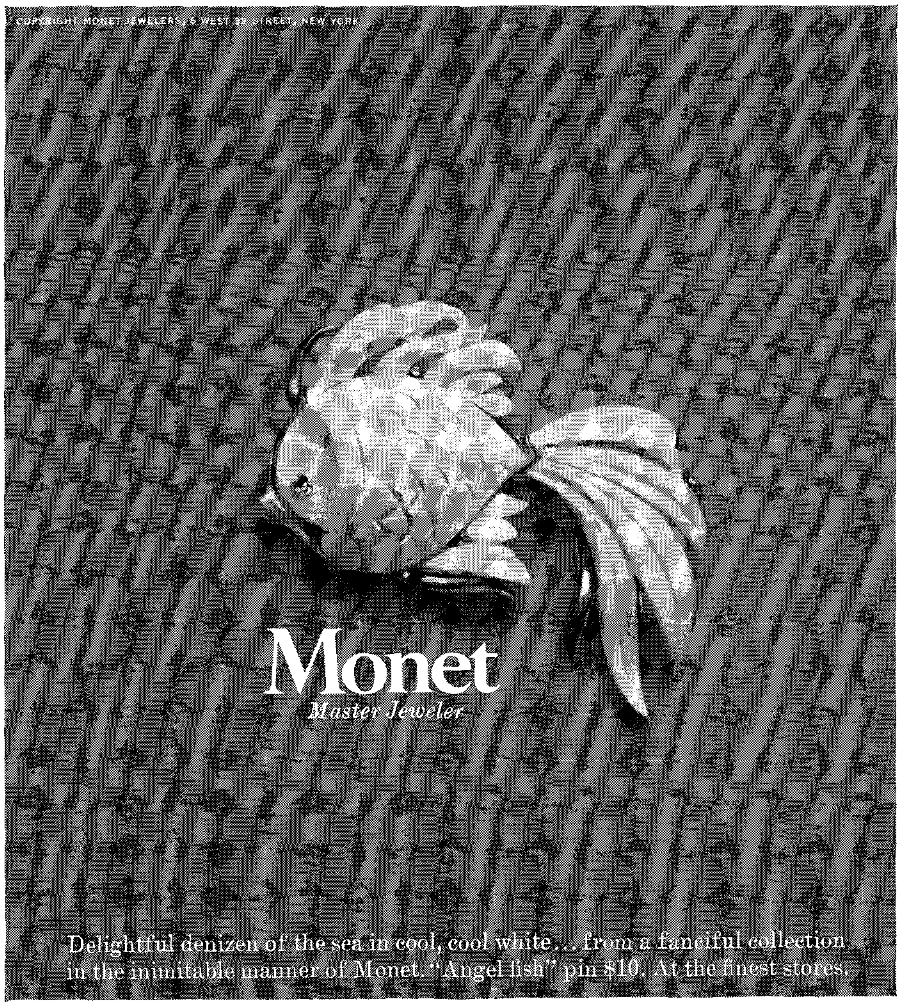
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ful all along, because of his responsibilities at the Paris peace talks, had to miss it, too. All nineteen of the other Brown Brothers partners were on hand, nearly all with their wives.)

The cocktail hour was deafening, the noise presumably representing the shattering of stereotypes about gnomes, devils, and Babbitts. The few sentences audible to me, however, were not particularly encouraging on that score.

Mrs. Johannes Nordal, wife of the governor of the Central Bank of Iceland, said politely to one of the American wives that the terrain around Seattle reminded her of Scandinavia.

W. G. Pullen, chairman of the Chartered Bank, which is the only British bank to have a branch inside Communist China, told a Brown Brothers man that his bank was having a bit of trouble there—that one of its men had been accused by the Chinese government of spying.

Lady Clegg, a lively lady with a mischievous expression, said upon being asked why she had come, "When my husband told me about the invitation, I asked, 'Who is Brown Brothers?' He replied, 'The most gentlemanly bankers in New York.' That made me want to come. Besides, I love America. Before I was married, my name was Jefferson—I am descended from Thomas Jefferson, and, more directly, from Joe Jefferson, the actor who made the American stage respectable. When I came to this country for the first time, on a business trip with my husband in 1951, a most unpleasant thing happened almost immediately. As we were riding up in an elevator at the St. Moritz Hotel, in New York, a man looked at us and said, 'What do these limeys think they're doing, coming over here and crawling on their bellies to get some money?' I was most upset. But I still love America."

Mrs. Alfred Hayes—whose husband, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and the key man in the recent three-year battle to save the pound from devaluation, had made the Brown Brothers invitation list because his is a central rather than a commercial bank—said that she loved being there, for when her husband and the other leading central bankers went to their regular monthly meetings, in Basel, Switzerland, they left their wives behind, except once in a great while.

W. Graham Claytor, Jr., president of the Southern Railway System, explained himself to me, after we had been introduced, by saying, in a marked drawl, "I've just got this little railroad; we try to hold our own with the

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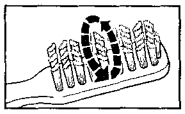

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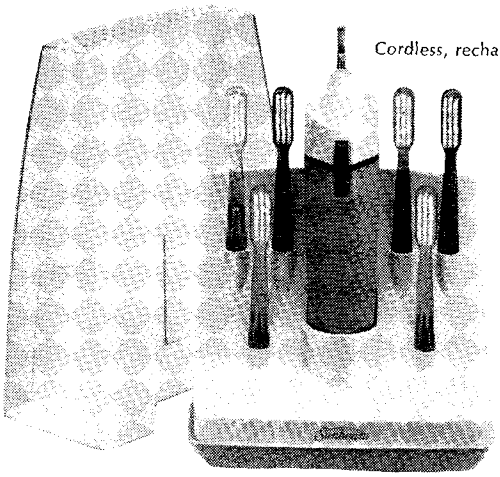

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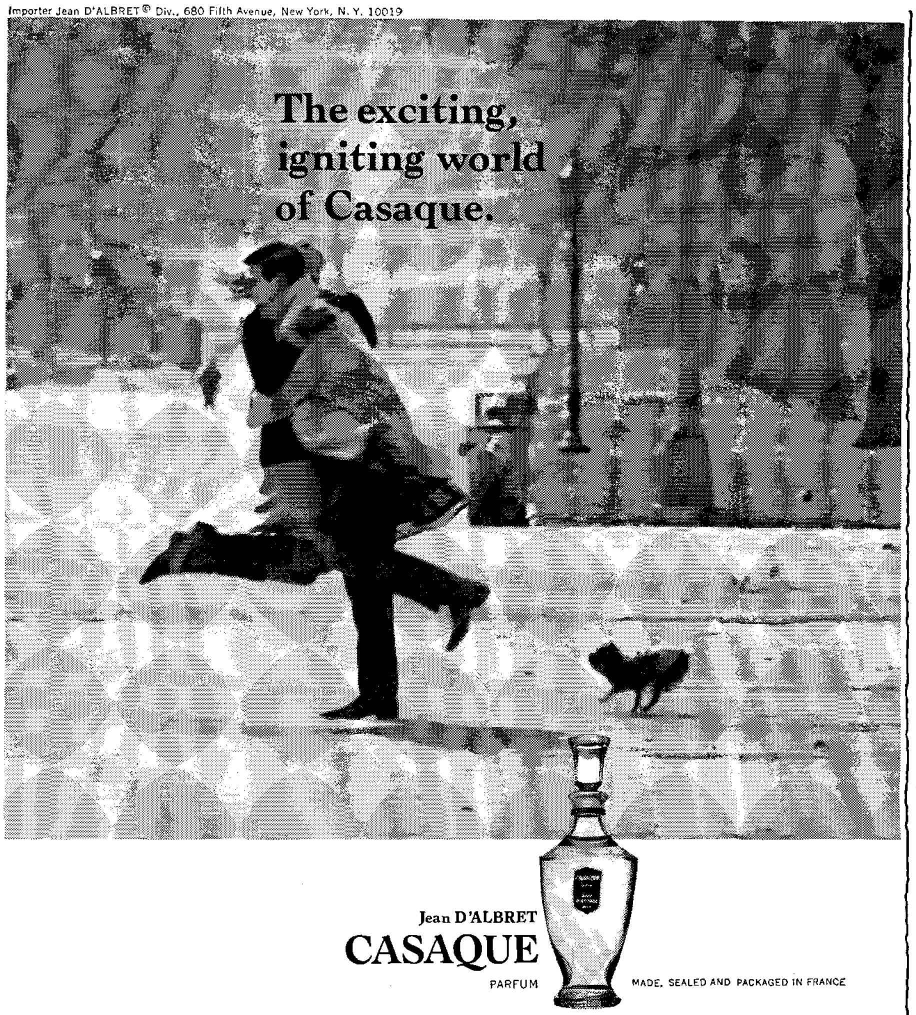

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city slickers." I asked Mr. Claytor if he was meeting a lot of foreign bankers. "No, but I'm meeting a lot of domestic shippers," he replied, with a gleam in his eye.

Mr. Hentsch, the dean of Genevan private bankers, who proved to be a smallish man of seventy or so with a look of inscrutability that seemed appropriate to his station, expressed the gloomy view that the interchange between American industrialists and foreign bankers would be minimal. The Americans, he said, do things so big, and operate in such a big country relative to European countries, that they think they can borrow whatever they want whenever and wherever they want it, and therefore have little interest in meeting foreign bankers.

Dinner was king crab, filet mignon, and Beaulieu Vineyard Georges de Latour Private Reserve Cabernet Sauvignon '60, the first of seven California vintages that Brown Brothers had thought the foreign visitors might like to sample in the course of the celebration. Of this one, a booklet distributed to the guests said, "A wine of good color, very clear with brilliant finish. The nose is considerable, comparable to that found anywhere. This is a big wine with true Cabernet flavor and good body." I watched one of the Frenchmen—Jacques Merlin, president of the Credit Commercial de France—inhale the regional product and taste it, but his expression yielded no comment on its nose or flavor. One of the Brown Sisters, Miss Mary Bayone, told me that a computer had been engaged to help with the seating arrangements at the various meals during the affair but that the computer's suggestions had been unsatisfactory and that the job had finally had to be done by people. Looking around the restaurant, I saw apparently amiable table combinations such as Sir Cuthbert and Lady Clegg with William S. Beinecke, chairman of the board of Sperry & Hutchinson, and Mrs. Beinecke; Jacques Ferronière, president of the Société Générale, of Paris, and Mrs. Ferronière with Langbourne M. Williams, chairman of Freeport Sulphur, and Mrs. Williams; and Mr. and Mrs. Trippe with Sven Viig, managing director of the Christiania Bank Og Kreditkasse, of Oslo, and Mrs. Viig. It was nice to know that the computer hadn't matched them up.

Toward the end of dinner, I noticed that a small ledge between the windows and the windowside tables had suddenly become littered with place cards. It is the Space Needle's core, containing the tables, that revolves,

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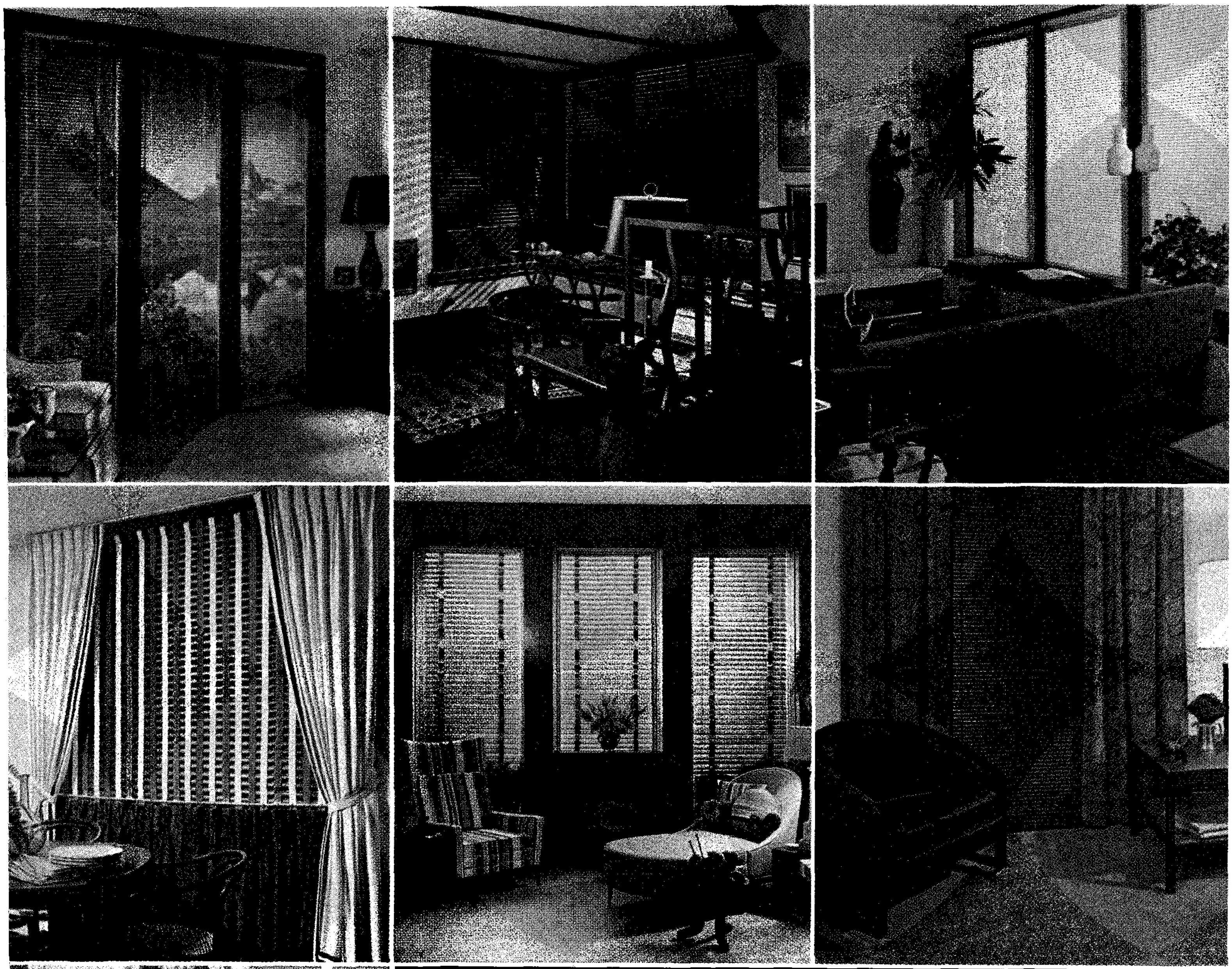

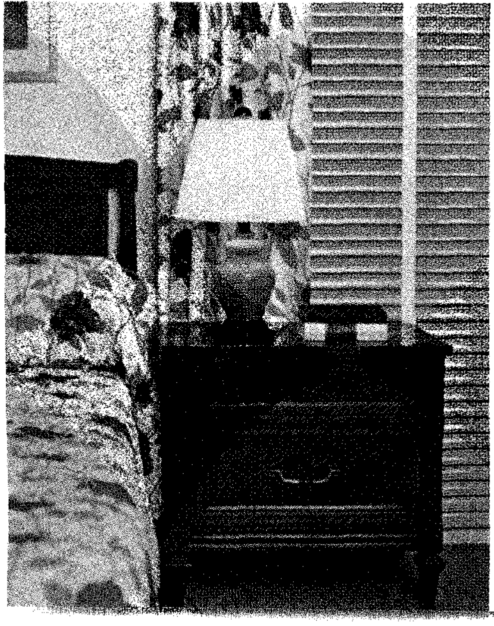

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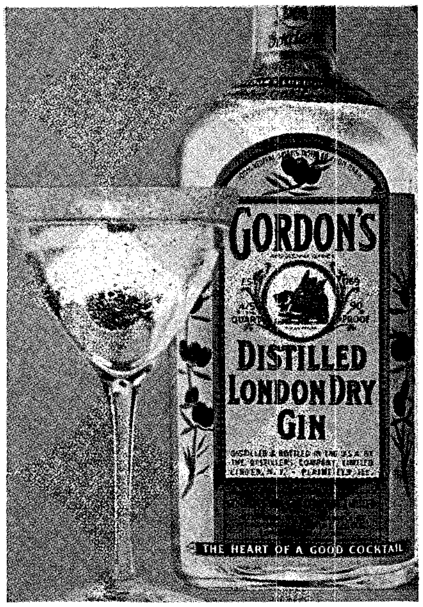
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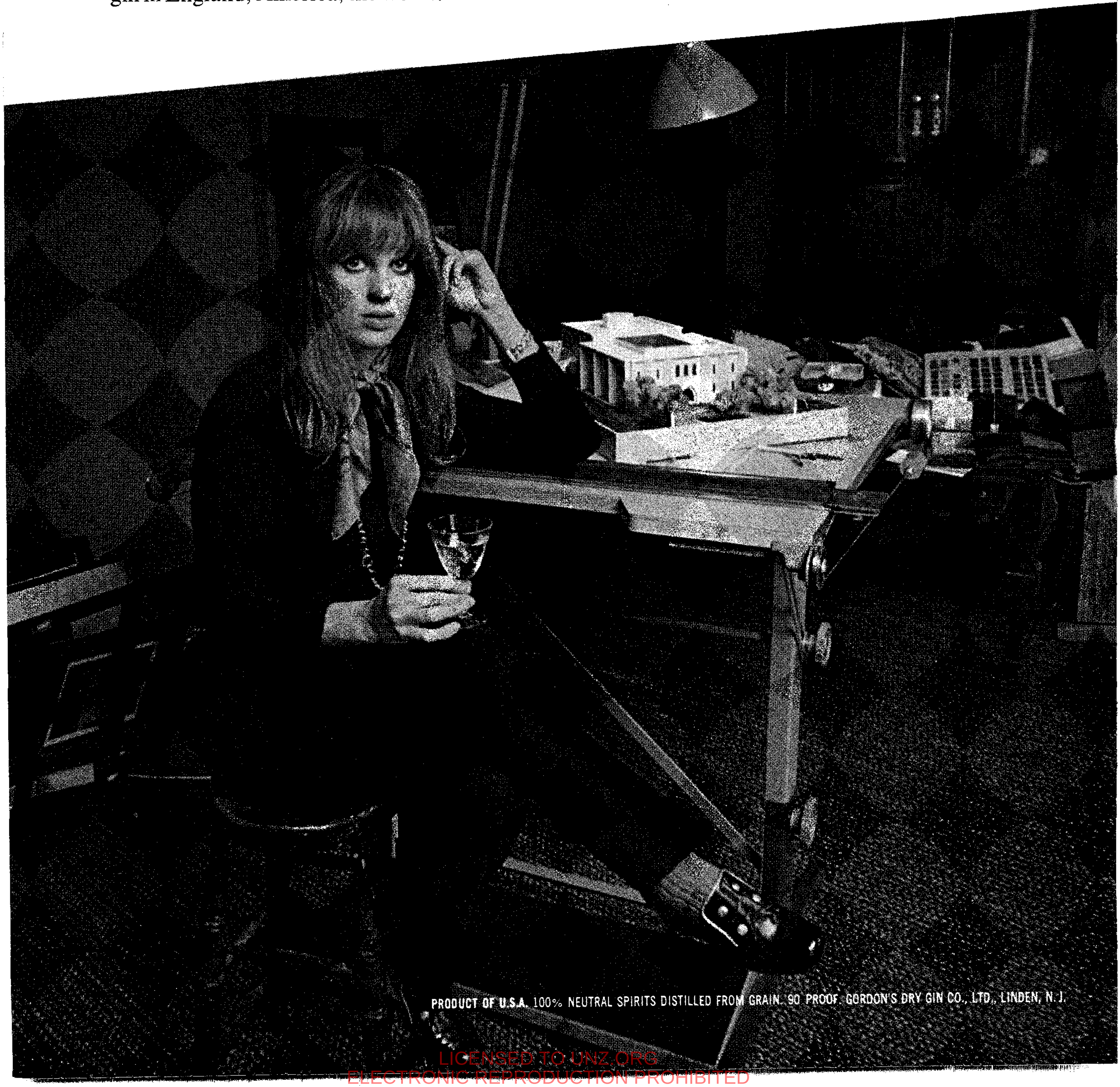

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while the ledge and the windows are stationary, so the cards were slowly going the rounds of the tables, and as they went they were attracting hilarious attention from the occupants of the tables. The foreign bankers, it turned out, were engaging in an intricate form of horseplay that consisted of sending each other messages via the ledge. The game had taken ingenuity to invent, and it took patience to play, since logistically an answer to a note could not be received for a full hour. But then, I thought, inventing and playing ingenious and patience-demanding games is what international bankers do. Evidently, they were feeling at home.

"High spirits for the first night, wouldn't you say?" a Belgian banker commented as everyone was preparing to plummet to earth through the dark in the cable-car elevator.

BACK in my room at the Olympic, I found that the following mimeographed message had been pushed under the door in my absence:

> Brown Brothers Harriman Guests
>
> May we take this opportunity to urge you to be in the Georgian Room for breakfast tomorrow morning by 7:30. The . . . program booklet, which we hope you have read carefully, indicates that buffet breakfast will be served from 6:45 to 8:00 A.M. in the Georgian Room. The important thing, however, is to be there by 7:30 because Mr. Malcolm T. Stamper, who is the Vice President in charge of the Boeing 747 program, is going to tell us about the genesis of the 747, for which he has a major responsibility. He will speak to us for about twenty minutes and with the benefit of this background, you will get even more enjoyment out of the tour of Boeing.

I had read the program booklet carefully, and knew that the next day was going to be Boeing Day from start almost to finish: a morning visit to the plant at Everett, twenty-eight miles north of Seattle, where the 747 superjet, the fastest and by far the largest airliner ever designed, was under construction; an afternoon visit to Renton, twelve miles *south* of Seattle, where the guests were to be introduced to the Boeing Space Division and its works; and dinner at the home of William M. Allen, Boeing's chief executive of many years' standing, and Mrs. Allen. Back in July, when I first heard about the plans for the celebration, I had wondered why a firm as much interested in a railroad as Brown Brothers is in the Union Pacific would devote a whole day of its sesquicentennial blowout to celebrating a competing form of transportation, and, having raised the question, I had been

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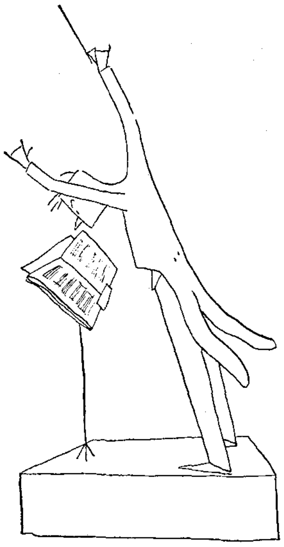
invited to lunch at 59 Wall with E. Roland Harriman and Lovett, two of the three Brown Brothers partners who are Union Pacific directors. I had found the two men to be the sort of old friends who enjoy being together so much that they put on what amounts to an involuntary running act—both of them just past seventy, Lovett a tall man with a long, greyhound face, and Harriman shorter, and crisp and twinkly.

"In the first place, Bill Allen and Boeing are *very* good and long-standing friends of Brown Brothers, and I think they deserve a lot of the credit for winning the Second World War," Mr. Lovett had said. "Why, I remember how, as Assistant Secretary of War for Air, I bought the B-29 from just a blueprint, in a lousy little greasy-spoon restaurant in Dayton, Ohio. In and out of government, I've been close to Bill and Boeing ever since those days."

"Bob Lovett always says Boeing won the war," Mr. Harriman had said, "but I say Boeing didn't win the war. Bob Lovett's ulcer did. Now, about competition between airlines and railroads. Soon after the war, a friend said to me, 'The airlines are going to take away ninety-five per cent of your passenger business.' I said, 'I wish they'd take away a hundred per cent of it.' As you know, it isn't profitable."

"We all love trains," Mr. Lovett had explained, "but we don't fight the future. Long-distance passenger travel by rail isn't the future, as we see it."

So the conclusion left with me was that in planning its outing Brown Brothers had not meant to emphasize—and certainly had not meant to do anything so crass as promote—either rail travel or air travel. The firm had aimed at a lofty impartiality.



Somewhat bleary-eyed, I made it to breakfast at seven-thirty. To my astonishment, the Georgian Room, a large one, was almost full. After all, both the program and the mimeographed message had made the point that breakfast would be available until eight o'clock; hadn't that been a broad hint that it would be at least acceptable conduct to slip in at the last minute, at the cost of missing the briefing? That had been the well-understood implication of similar communications to the guests at nearly all business parties I had ever attended before. But such was the devotion to Brown Brothers of its good and long-standing friends, if not their preoccupation with the Boeing 747, that apparently almost every one of them, ladies included, had dutifully fallen out for the reveille briefing. Mr. Stamper, the Boeing man, ran through a bewildering string of fiscal and physical statistics about the 747. The first production model, which we were to see later, was almost finished; in a few days it would be rolled out of the hangar where it was being assembled, and then it would be ground-tested for a couple of months, and, after that, test-flown. The plane's development had cost Boeing so many millions of dollars; its sale price would be so many millions each; sales to foreign airlines were expected to be so large as to have an instant, significantly favorable effect on the United States balance of international payments. ("I'm not remembering a thing," whispered Lady Clegg, at whose table I found myself.) As to payload, the plane would have a maximum capacity of four hundred and ninety passengers, most of them sitting ten abreast, but airlines were considered more likely to use an arrangement providing for a capacity of a mere three hundred and sixty, nine abreast, with two aisles. As to size, the 747 was twice as large as any airliner ever built before; just standing on the ground, it was both longer and higher than the first *flight* of the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk. ("That's my favorite statistic," said Lady Clegg.) It would fly at or near the speed of sound, and its jet engines would not leave trails of black smoke behind them, as other jet engines do. "Why not?" Lady Clegg demanded, sharply if rhetorically.

After Mr. Stamper had finished, someone at our table asked dreamily, "What did he say that aircraft costs?" Nothing but silence came from the several bankers present, and at last Sir Cuthbert said, "I didn't catch that figger," and I guessed it was, after all, pretty early in the morning to think about sums in the multibillions, even for them.

Buses took us to Everett, where we

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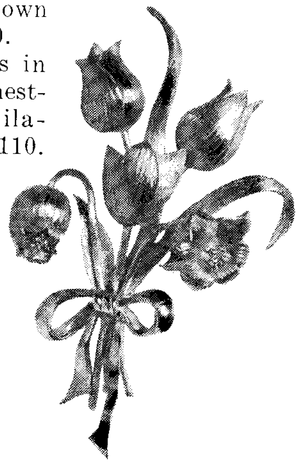

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trooped into the hangar, a vast, cavernous room, its ceiling covered with steel beams and scaffolding illuminated by row upon row of lights, giving a sort of tracery effect. Everyone gasped. Rune Höglund, president of the Svenska Handelsbanken, of Stockholm, remarked that it reminded him of St. Peter's in Rome. In the middle stood the first 747—not yet a bird but, rather, a great aluminum-colored winged whale, swarmed over by men on ladders and scaffolds. The plane, the hangar, the assembly equipment, the very workers themselves conveyed an impression of almost antiseptic cleanliness, and this, along with the enormousness of everything, gave the scene a feeling of unreality.

As we walked, gaping, past the 747, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turned to see a tall man with a lined face. He was Mr. Blough, chairman of United States Steel, whom I happened to have met once or twice before. "Let's have some fun," said Mr. Blough. He introduced a man walking with him as "my friend Jacques Merlin, of Paris," and went on, "Jacques, I want to ask you a question. What do you think the author of 'Le Défi Americain' would say if he could see this?"

(I knew that "Le Défi Américain" was the French title of "The American Challenge," the best-selling book by the French journalist Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, which extolls American production methods, among other things, and chides the French, under de Gaulle's leadership, for being so backward in their approach to industrial progress.)

"He would say it proves him right," said Mr. Merlin.

Mr. Blough asked him how he felt himself.

"I have only one thing to say," said Mr. Merlin. "How can anyone see this and still want one's country to remain small?"

Mr. Blough looked at Mr. Merlin and nodded with evident satisfaction.

Most of the other foreigners in the Brown Brothers party had even less to say than Mr. Merlin. They seemed to be struck dumb with wonder, or incomprehension, or indifference. Those I asked for their impressions mostly replied with polite, routine expressions of admiration. Later, at Renton, we were taken through a mock-up of the finished interior of a 747. (The interior work on the real one hadn't been done yet.) The first-class compartment had seats six abreast, two aisles, lots of legroom and other free

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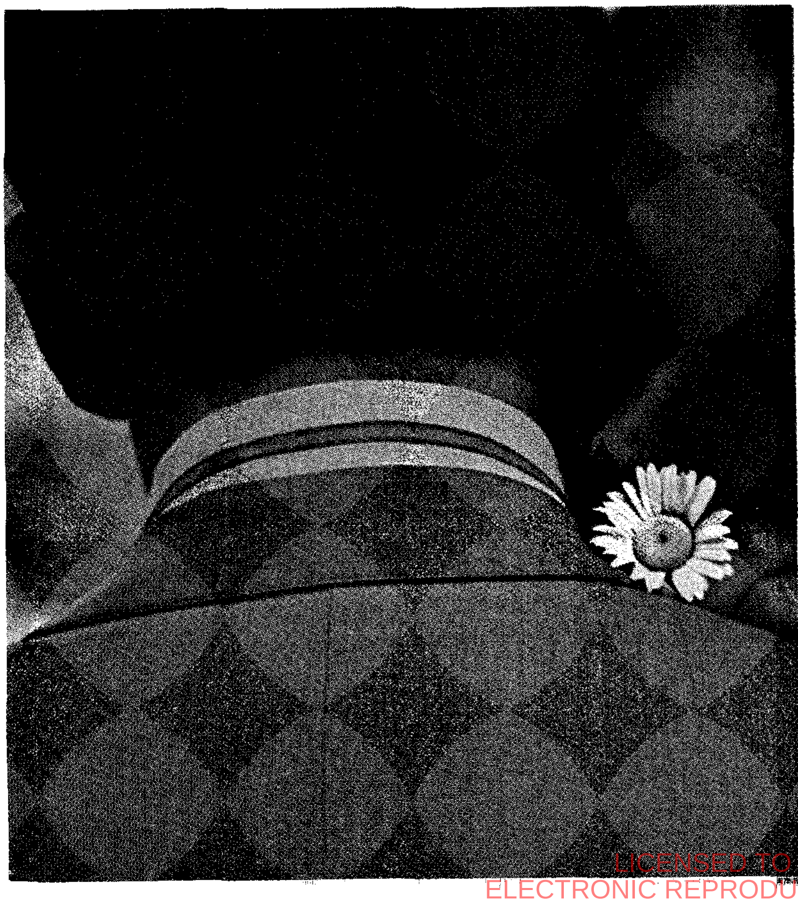

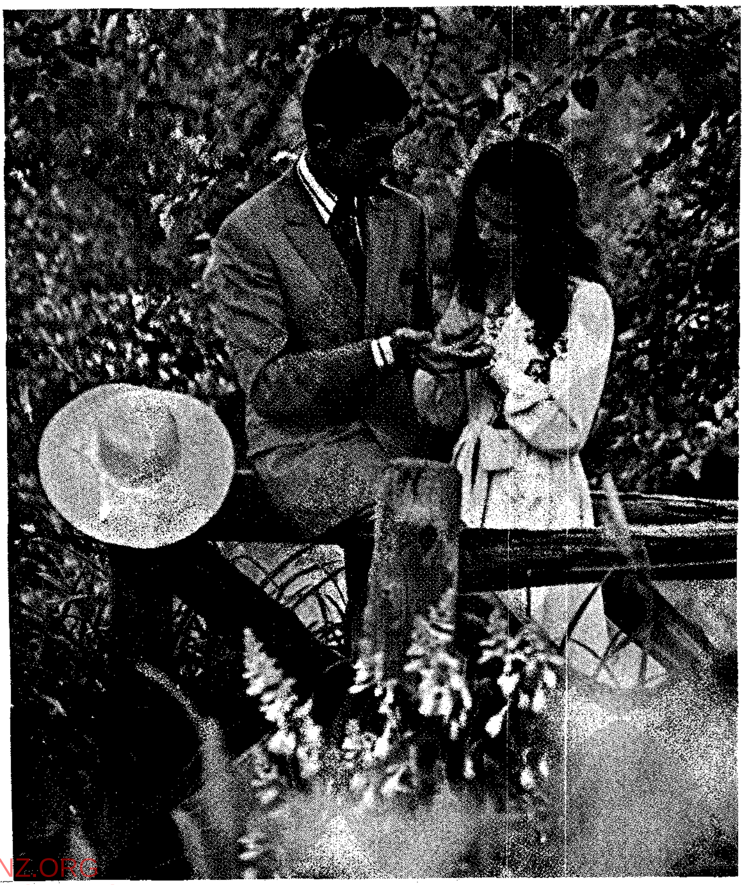

space, and a spiral staircase leading up to a small lounge that would convert into sleeping quarters (but unlikely to be converted very often, since it apparently accommodated only two single beds). The tourist compartment had nine seats abreast, divided by two aisles; a wide movie screen at the front; and considerably more legroom and headroom than current airliners. Indeed, the effect of the whole interior was of a small, well-appointed art-film theatre.

Also at Renton, after a lunch of local salmon, George Stoner, who was introduced as "Mr. Space at Boeing," gave the party a slide-and-film presentation of the company's space activities. On color film, rockets went up with an ear-splitting roar. On slides, the practical, earthly applications of space exploration in such fields as meteorology, medicine, and natural-resources development were demonstrated. At one point, Mr. Stoner put on the screen a slide showing in radiant color a large pile of United States bills and coins. At first, the point seemed to be that this was as remarkable an American product as the interplanetary rocket, but as Mr. Stoner went on talking, with the money still resplendent on the screen, it gradually became clear that what he meant was that space exploration could pay off. When he had finished, most of the foreigners seemed to be as dumbfounded as they had been by the 747, but Mr. Merlin, continuing to be the perfect Boeing audience, expressed himself again—this time silently, by bringing the heel of his hand to his forehead in the familiar but still eloquent Gallic gesture of *bouleversement*.

Late that afternoon, as we were boarding buses at the Olympic to ride to the Allens', from which we were to go directly to the train, I spotted the promised armored car, into which, sure enough, armed guards were loading several innocent-looking pieces of hand luggage while several of the guests—the owners of the luggage, I supposed—looked on contentedly. In the bus, I landed next to Conrad Hentsch, who was looking unapproachable as well as inscrutable. He turned out to be neither, and amiably chatted about his life and ideas all the way to the Allens'. "I'm the seventh-generation Hentsch to head my firm, Hentsch & Compagnie," he said. "We Swiss are always thought of as the world's experts on foreign exchange. Perhaps we are, but we weren't the first. In the early nineteen-twenties, at the time of the German inflation, we learned it all from the Chileans. They had

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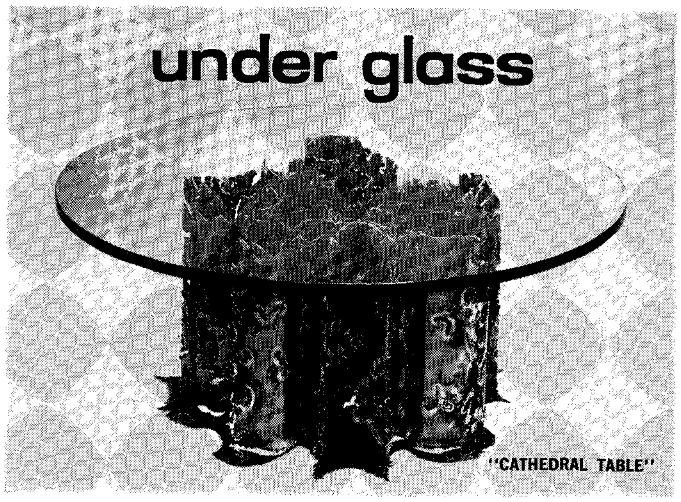

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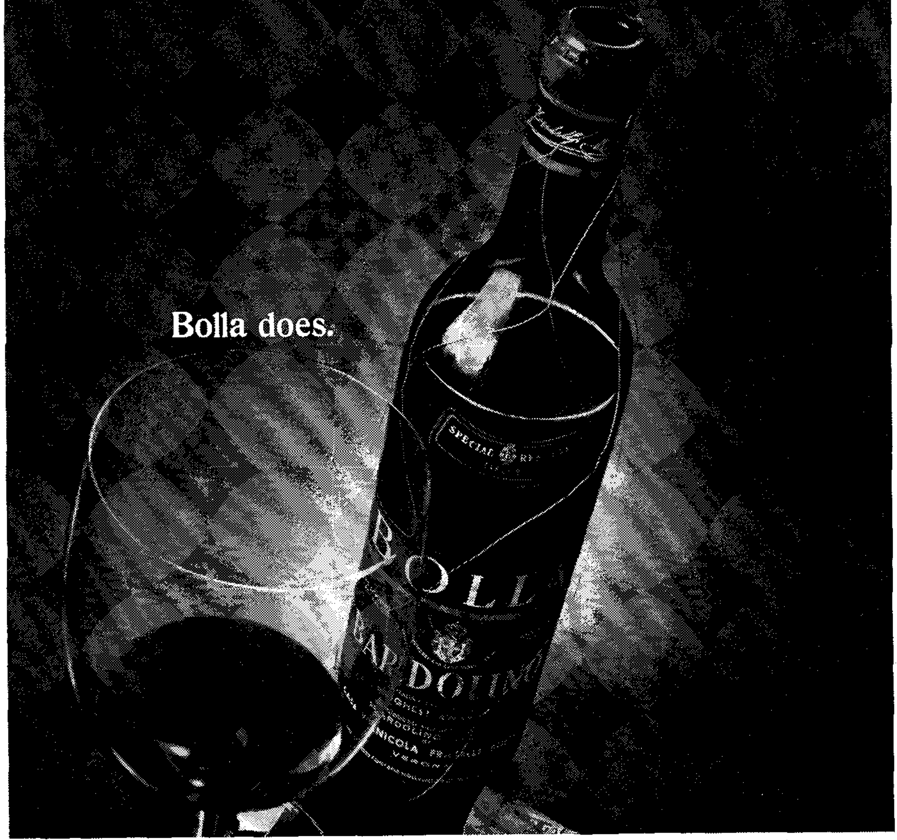

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been through the whole thing. Having watched the world economic crises over the past fifty years, I can say this: Today everyone thinks everything will always go up, up, up. Everyone has forgotten 1929 and 1931, not to mention 1922. A day of reckoning will come. However, I am a pessimist by nature. Allow for that, please. My firm is conservative—perhaps too much. We hesitate to take chances with our clients' money. If you can tell them that your own son's money is invested in the same thing, you feel better, hmm? Not so much so in Zurich. Banking in Geneva is more conservative and less intense than in Zurich. There the general manager gets up and is driven to his bank in his car at seven-thirty in the morning. I don't mean that the general manager in Geneva has no car. He has a car, but he is driven to his bank at nine-thirty or ten-thirty. I, personally, am driven there at seven-thirty, but in Geneva that is exceptional."

By this time, we were at the Allens', an estate among great Northwestern evergreens in the highlands, on the northern outskirts of Seattle. There was a reception on the lawn, on which, here and there, log fires were blazing for warmth against the evening, for it was nippy. Earlier, there had been ominous black clouds and a splatter of rain, but now a dazzling late sun had broken through, set off by dramatic, racing clouds. On one corner of the lawn stood a replica of a Wright brothers' biplane; our host averred that it was equipped with a more or less modern engine and would fly. Conversation around the lawn was spirited. J. A. H. Saunders, an ebullient Briton who is head of the Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation, said that anyone interested in people ought logically to come to the Orient; there might not be more important people out there than anywhere else, he said, but there were more people. Mrs. Allard Jiskoot, wife of a partner in Pierson, Helding & Pierson, a leading Dutch private bank, said that in Amsterdam the hippies had got together and elected one of their number to the city council. "How organized of them," said Mr. Roosa, of Brown Brothers. The Belgian Mr. Wauters explained to me how anomalous all this amiable socializing among the European bankers was. At home and under normal circumstances, he said, the central bankers snub the commercial bankers as moneygrubbers and therefore avoid having anything to do with them, while the commercial bankers are usually at each other's throats as a

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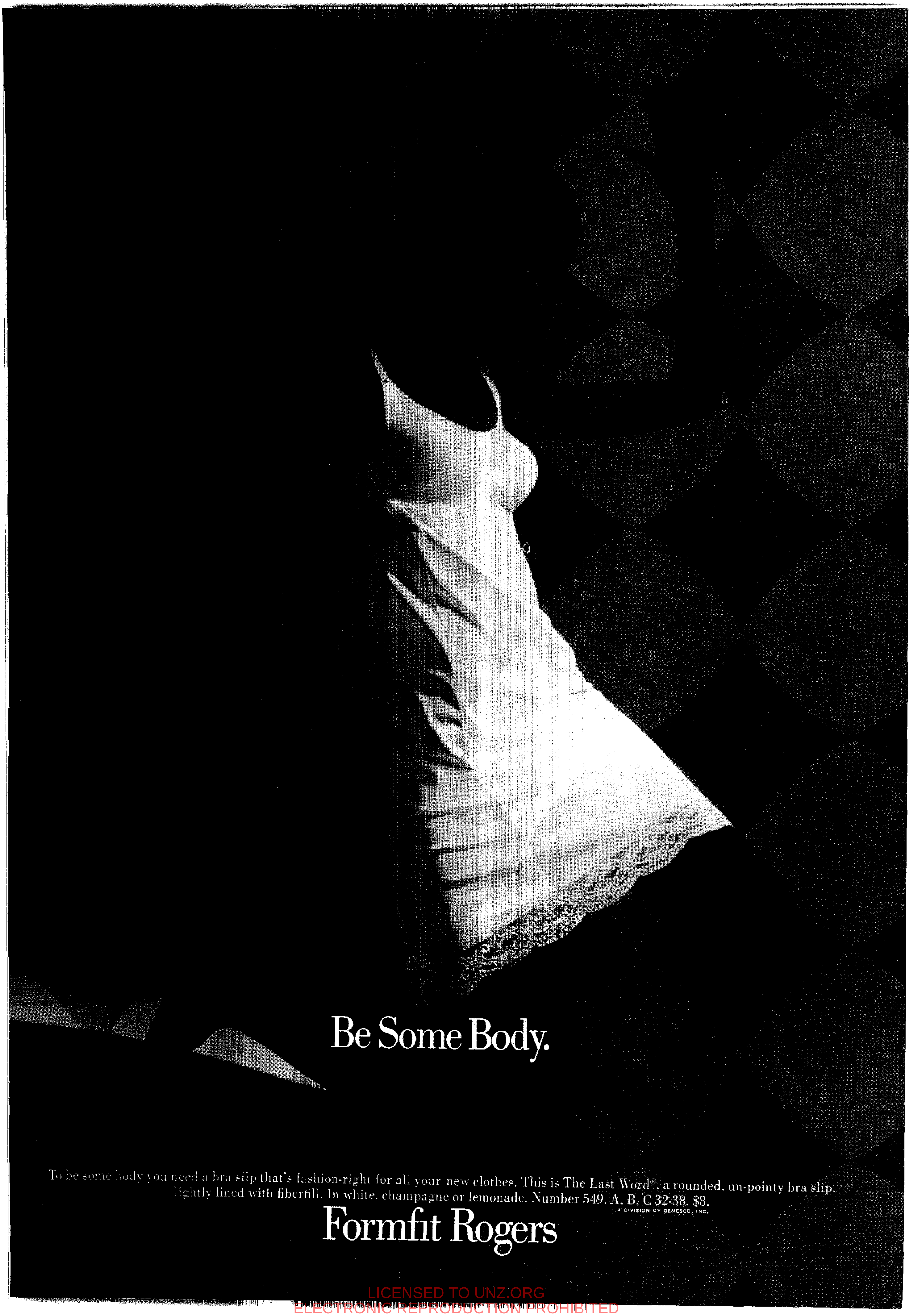
result of business competition and therefore seldom have anything very pleasant to do with each other.

The climax of the reception was a "flyover" by an antique flying machine that looked a good deal like the Wright brothers'—a replica of the B & W, the first airplane ever made by Boeing, in 1916. Playing in the stiff wind like a gull, the bizarre craft would hover, almost stationary, over the woods beyond the lawn, then peel off downward and sidewise, then climb and attack the wind again. Mr. Allen said that the pilot was Clayton Scott, a veteran Boeing test pilot, now in his sixties, who had taken Allen himself on his first flight, in 1929; he was at the controls of the B & W replica tonight because he was just about the only living pilot who both was competent to fly it and cared to. Everyone was squinting up into the sunset and saying what a charming contrast the B & W presented to the 747.

"Only the Americans do things like this!" exclaimed Mr. Saunders, surveying the whole scene. "What energy! What initiative!"

Dinner was in a huge orange-and-white striped tent, with a red-carpeted floor, that had been set up on the lawn; the meal was accompanied by music from a dance band and followed by entertainment provided by a group of local high-school students—"real kids," as the Boeing man who introduced them said. "We didn't import them from Chicago or anything." The boys and girls were all fresh-faced, white, wholesome-looking, well groomed, and constantly smiling; their act consisted of dances in the style of nineteen-twenties musical comedy and renditions of such songs as "The Simple Life" and "Buttons and Bows," and was climaxed by a song-and-dance interpretation of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The students seemed to exude sincerity, but at the same time it occurred to me that the only high-school students in my experience who resembled them were ones who had contrived to adopt unfamiliar attitudes in order to please older people. A British banker, asked for his reaction, hesitantly admitted that he had been faintly put in mind of the Russians, but the act seemed to make a great hit with most of the guests, foreign and American; someone said afterward that the real product of Seattle and Boeing wasn't the 747, it was kids like those.

THE group moved by bus to the Seattle Union Station shortly before midnight. The station was pre-



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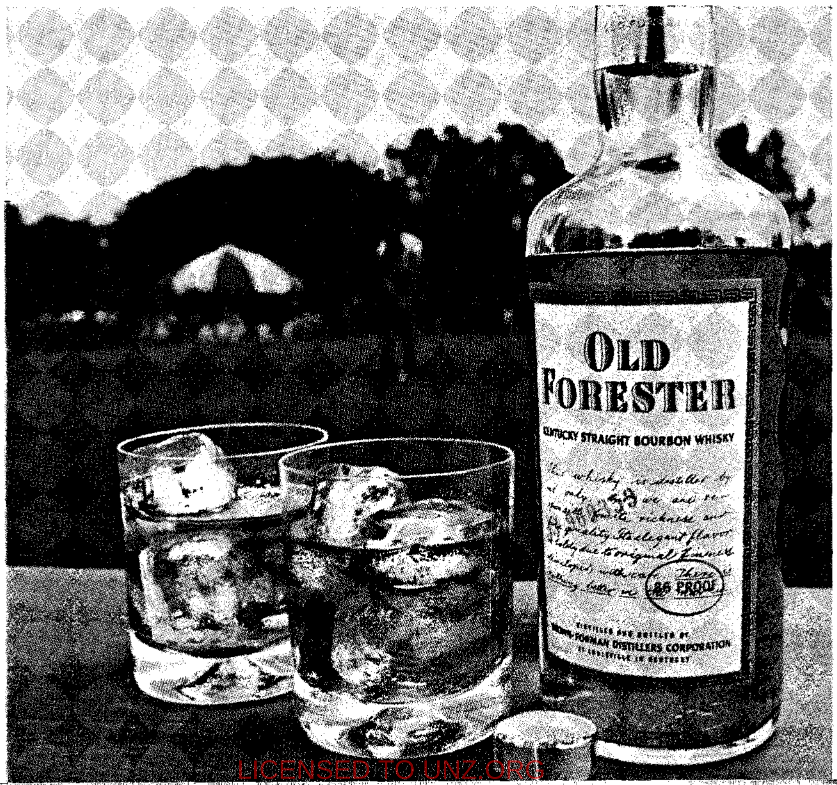
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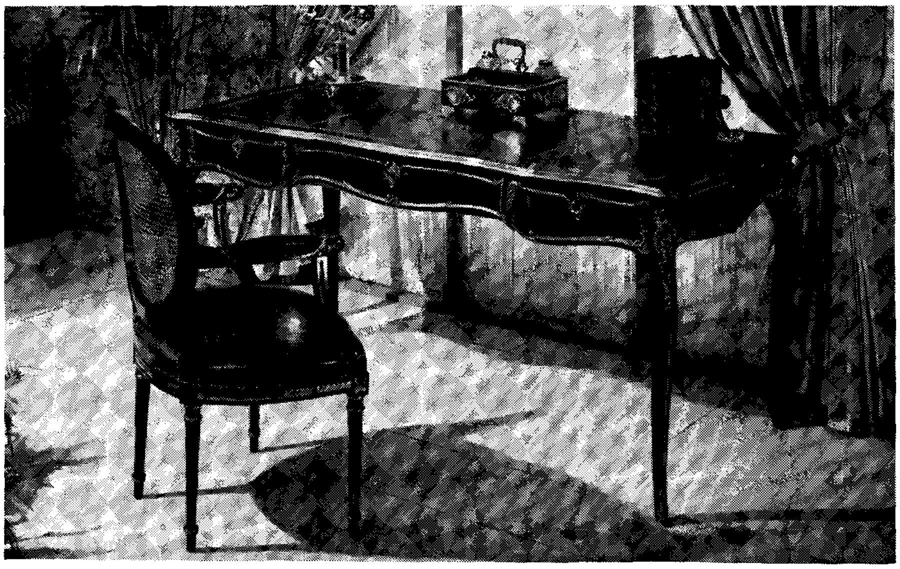
ternaturally clean, and seemed like no railroad station on earth. It was entirely empty of any irrelevant travellers and loiterers unacquainted with Brown Brothers. (I was somewhat relieved to learn later that they had not been banished, and regular train service suspended, to give us exclusive use of the station; rather, the place normally closes for the night shortly after five-thirty, when the last train goes out.) Now we proceeded on a ribbon of red carpet through the echoing, weirdly gleaming concourse to an escalator leading down to the waiting train. At the head of the escalator, the top officers of the Union Pacific Railroad—its president, the chairman of its executive committee, its Northwestern general manager—and their wives were deployed in a receiving line to greet the guests.

The train would depart shortly after midnight, its eight-hundred-and-sixty-mile route taking it first south to Portland; then east, through the Columbia River Gorge, to Pendleton, Oregon; then southeast, reversing the old route of the fur traders and homesteaders, through the Blue Mountains and along the Snake River, to Boise, Idaho; on to Shoshone; and then north on a spur to Ketchum, the station for Sun Valley, where it was scheduled to arrive at ten o'clock the following evening. The train consisted of two sections of twenty cars each; counting locomotives, glass-enclosed dome lounges (there were two on each section), dome diners (one per section), and regular diners, the ratio of Brown Brothers guests and their hosts to cars figured out to around five to one. A doctor would be on each section, and I learned (accidentally—no one was supposed to know) that a small plane would circle above the train all along the route, ready to swoop down in case a heart attack should necessitate fast transport to a hospital. Security guards would discreetly watch over us at crossings. All railroad stations along the route had been freshly painted—even the stations we would pass during the hours of darkness, a Union Pacific man told me. (He added dryly that some of the stations had been painted only on the three sides that would be visible from the train.) One out-of-use station had been considered beyond visual reclamation, and the only possible course had been followed. It had been razed.

Metal name plaques on the doors identified the guests' compartments. Inside, they found, along with their ordinary luggage and their armored-



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car-pickup luggage, a booklet with color illustrations describing the route and entitled "From Your Train Window," which the Union Pacific had prepared for the occasion. I resolved to read mine later; the last thing I was aware of that night was the gentle jolt as the train left Seattle.

We went through the famous Gorge ahead of schedule—around seven in the morning instead of seven-thirty, as announced in the program—and, accordingly, I, along with almost everybody else except trainmen and porters, missed it; for what consolation it could bring us, the porters said that, owing to the early hour and an overcast sky at the Gorge, it had been almost entirely dark there anyway. When I did get to breakfast, and subsequently to the dome lounges, we had left the Columbia River and were following the smaller Umatilla through prairies and farmlands, with brief showers intermittently spattering the cars' domes and brilliant sunlight illuminating them in the intervals.

Everyone in the lounges was very relaxed, revelling in the enforced idleness, which most of Brown Brothers' good and long-standing friends probably don't get very often. I spent the morning enjoying the classic, and perhaps soon to be extinct, train-ride privilege of striking up idle, expansive conversations with strangers.

Mr. Trippe, of Pan Am, had chosen a seat right in the front of a dome car, and was taking in the scenery with the enthusiasm of a novice traveller; as a matter of fact, he said, although he had crossed and recrossed this part of the country hundreds of times, he had never crossed it by train before.

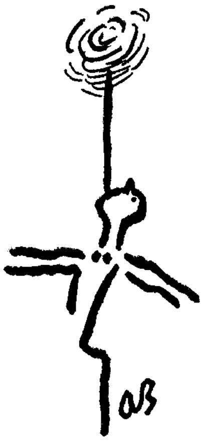
Farther back in the same car was Hans J. Baer, of Julius Baer & Cie., a private bank of Zurich, who is about forty and who once attended Horace Mann School and subsequently took an M.A. at New York University. Mr. Baer was wearing a bright-blue turtleneck shirt and was sitting with Mrs. Baer, a dazzling blonde, who was wearing a bright-green turtleneck shirt. I reported to Mr. Baer what Mr. Hentsch had told me the previous evening about Zurich banking in contrast to Geneva banking. "Yes, we have to admit Geneva is more French and relaxed, in banking and in everything else," Mr. Baer said. "We're more stiff and German, even in our furniture styles."

Mrs. Baer, looking out, remarked that the Union Pacific's sprucing up in preparation for our passage seemed to have extended beyond the stations; even the crossbars of the telegraph poles along the roadway had evidently been freshly touched up with orange paint. "Those shiny bars—isn't that *funny?" she said, with a silvery laugh.*

"Whaddya mean, funny?" said Mr. Baer, in impeccable Horace Mann School mock outrage.

"I've never seen the Swiss bankers like this before!" Frank Hoch, the Brown Brothers partner—of Swiss parents himself—who has the most dealings with them, remarked to me a bit later in the morning, with astonishment in his eyes. "So positively exuberant! And, you know, I doubt that I'll ever see them this way again, either."

In another dome lounge, another exuberant, ungnomelike Swiss banker—Alfred E. Sarasin, of Basel—told me that, in 1948, as a young man, he had spent six months at Brown Brothers as a trainee. He had enjoyed the stay, he said—even his constant arguments with the landlady of his sublet apartment, in the East Eighties, who had been something of a Nazi. "They were comic arguments, if you can believe it," he said. Mr. Sarasin went on to say that he was going to have to leave the Brown Brothers party early, so as to get back to Basel in time to preside at a meeting of the Swiss Bankers Association. The minute that was over, he intended to go with his family to his private game preserve, across the French border, and spend the weekend shooting partridge, pheasant, deer, and white boar.



J. Howard Rambin, Jr., originally of Stonewall, Louisiana, who is now chairman of Texaco, Inc., and a director of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, sat by himself, staring contentedly out of the window. He did not seem to mind when I interrupted his reverie, though, and as Rieth, Pendleton, Cayuse, Gibbon, and a great deal of sagebrush shot by, he told me that in his opinion the United States must end the Vietnam war, cut down on Great Society programs, further reduce foreign aid, and continue to be wary of the Russians.

Nicolas M. Salgo, a native of Hungary, who is chairman of the Bangor Punta Corporation, of New York City, which consists of a railroad and concerns that manufacture lifesaving flares,

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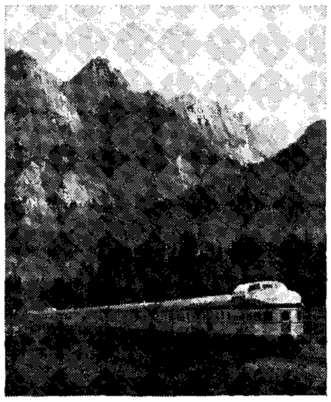

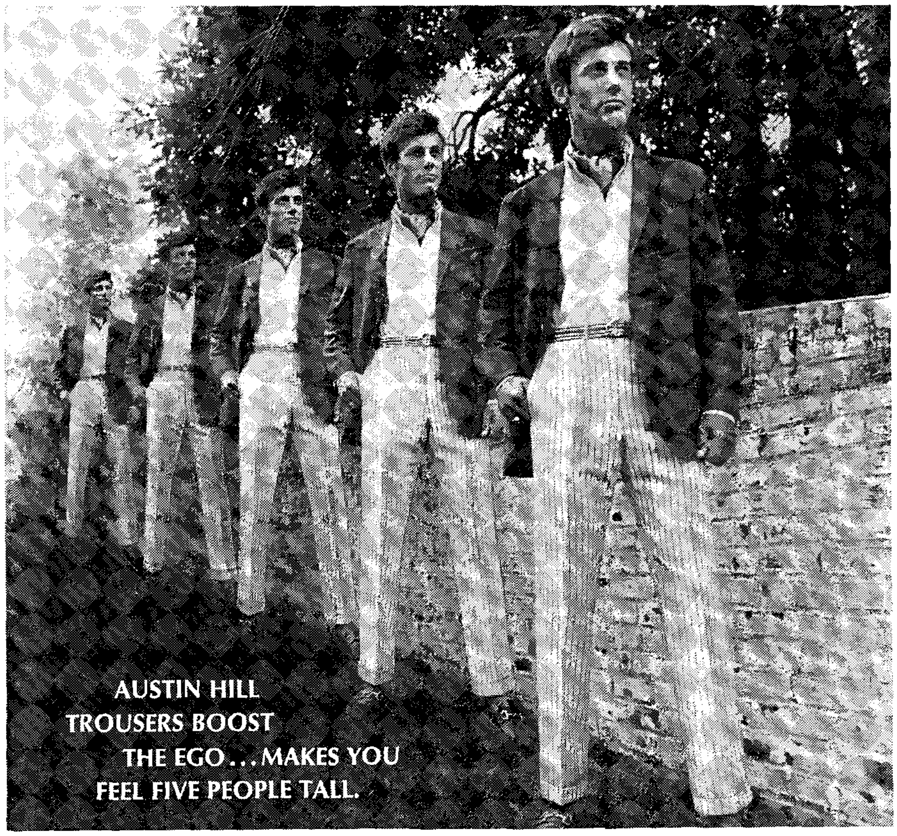

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AUSTIN HILL

boats, jewelry, and firearms, among other things, told me that his company is always being tagged with the currently fashionable term "conglomerate" but that he objects to the designation, on the ground that it connotes a misleading vulgarization of the specialized art he practices—that of assembling and managing such a company. If Tex Thornton wants to let his Litton Industries be called a conglomerate, said Mr. Salgo, *that* was all right with *him* (Mr. Thornton, being on the train but out of hearing, couldn't testify whether he did or didn't), but, for his part, he wasn't going to have people calling Bangor Punta that if he could avoid it. I asked Mr. Salgo what railroads, jewelry, boats, and so on have to do with each other. "Nothing," he said. "Except that we hope that they all prove to be profitable. When Bangor Punta takes over a company, the head of the company says to me, 'What do you want me to do tomorrow?' I say, 'What did you do yesterday? If it worked, go on doing it.' If it doesn't work, of course, he's out."

Dr. Wallenberg, the financially and industrially mighty Swede, who is a tall, handsome man of around seventy, with chiselled features and silver hair, said that he had just seen one of the other guests—Charles S. Garland, of Alex Brown & Sons, Brown Brothers' banking cousins in Baltimore—for almost the first time since they encountered each other in an early round of the 1920 English Championships, at Wimbledon, when both men had been internationally ranked players. Who won? I asked. "I don't remember," said Dr. Wallenberg. "Everybody here says that means he won, but I think it's the other way around. I think the matches you lose are the ones you remember. Tennis is like banking in one respect: you have to have a good, hard drive and a good, soft lob. Remember that—hard drive and soft lob."

At about noon, the train stopped at La Grande, a small town in eastern Oregon, southwest of Troy, Promise, and Paradise and a bit northwest of Halfway and Cornucopia. The main purpose of the stop, apparently, was to have the outside of the glass of the dome cars hosed down and scrubbed, and during the five or ten minutes that this operation took many of the guests got off. They saw the huge prairie sky stretching to bare hills, and, since the sun was out strongly now, got a whiff of furnacelike intermountain heat. In front of the incongruously gleaming clapboard station, a few railroad men eyed them with faint curiosity. Unseen

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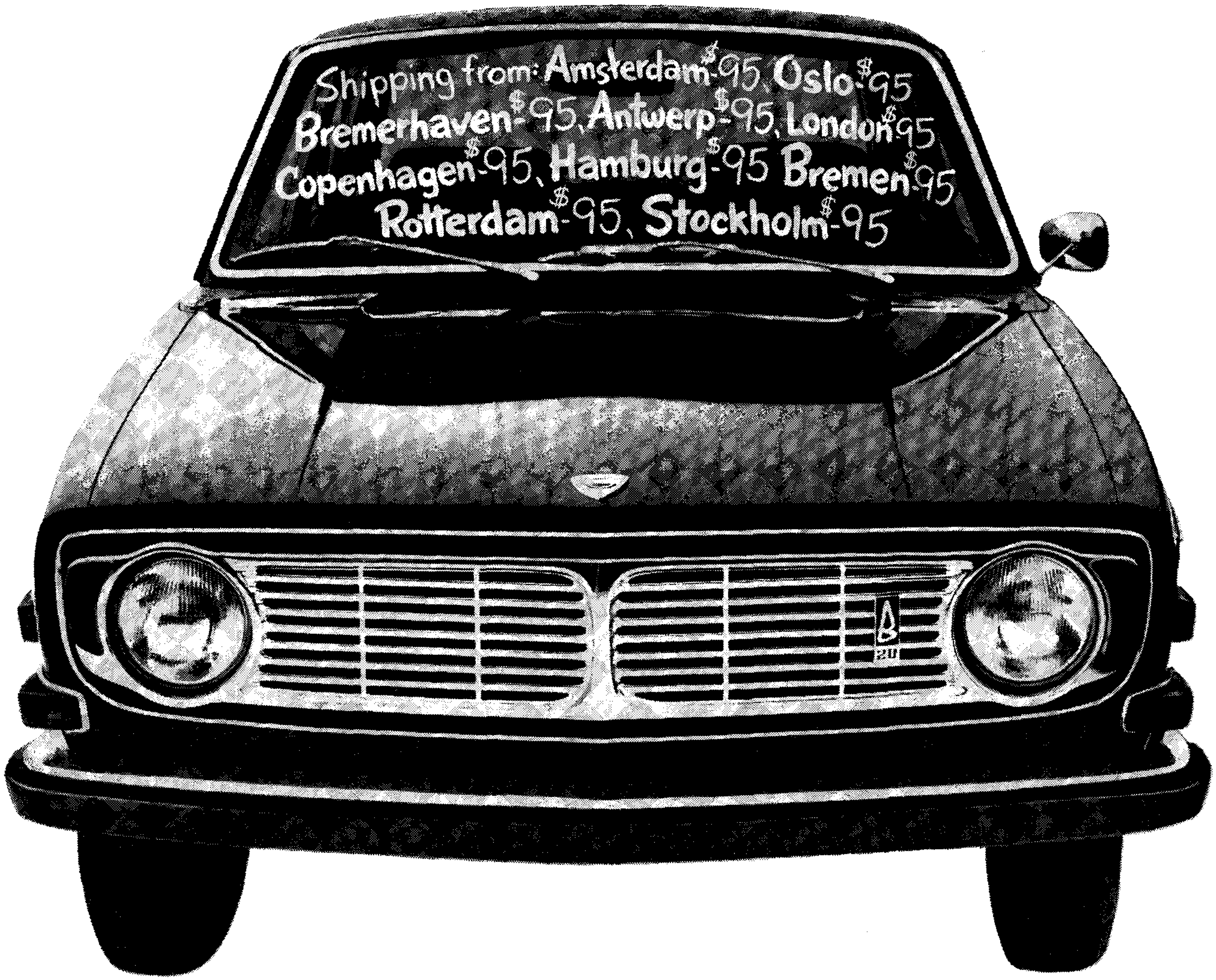
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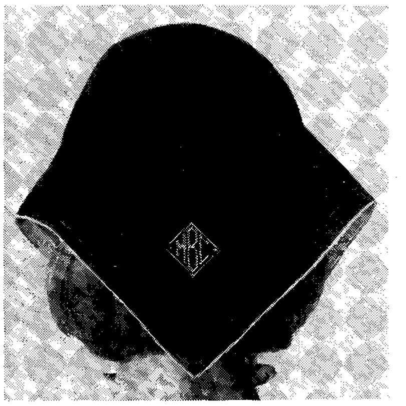

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and unheard, somewhere overhead, the heart-attack plane presumably circled.

Back aboard, I had lunch with Frank E. Barnett, the Union Pacific's chief executive officer, Mrs. Barnett, and J. O. Blair-Cunynghame, chairman of the Royal Bank of Scotland. Mr. Blair-Cunynghame said that he was one member of the party—and, apparently, except for Union Pacific people, one of the few members—who had travelled this route by train before. It had been twenty years ago, he said, when he was a junior member of a British Overseas Airways Corporation purchasing team that came to Seattle to buy Boeings. "We weren't satisfied with the price, so we decided to go away for a little while," said Mr. Blair-Cunynghame. "A nice, leisurely train trip to the Midwest and back seemed appropriate. Several days later, when we got back to Seattle, it was all right."

Mr. Barnett said he had been doing some scratching in the company archives, and had figured out that the foreign banks represented on the train—and, in many cases, the previous generations of the families represented on the train—had at the turn of the century raised a hundred and seventy-five million dollars to finance an expansion of the Union Pacific, including the laying of part of the roadway we were travelling. "Last night, I inspected this train before you got aboard," Mr. Barnett said, "and afterward my wife and I turned to each other with tears in our eyes, and I said to her, 'This is the last great train.' "

On my way back to my compartment for a rest after lunch, I encountered Mr. Garland, who said, "I don't remember how that match came out, either. Wonderful fellow, Wallenberg, isn't he?"

Outside my compartment were more parched fields, sparsely cultivated, and here and there a farmhouse and a battered car, miles from any other sign of habitation. On a barn I saw a sign: "DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN TONIC A MEDICAL DISCOVERY." The 747 suddenly seemed remote and unreal, and even the B & W itself a bit ahead of its time. Indeed, everything about the trip suddenly seemed unreal. It struck me that in its sesquicentennial program Brown Brothers was—unconsciously, as far as I knew—showing its foreign guests the surviving American past and the emerging American future to the exclusion of a more immediate and perhaps painful subject, the American present. And the guests appeared to be avoiding that subject, too, presumably out of tact. The manners so prized by

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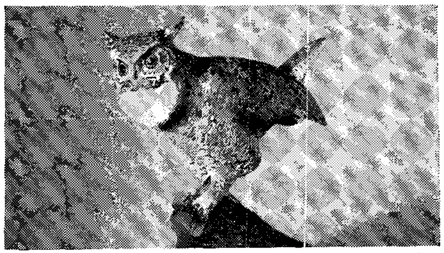

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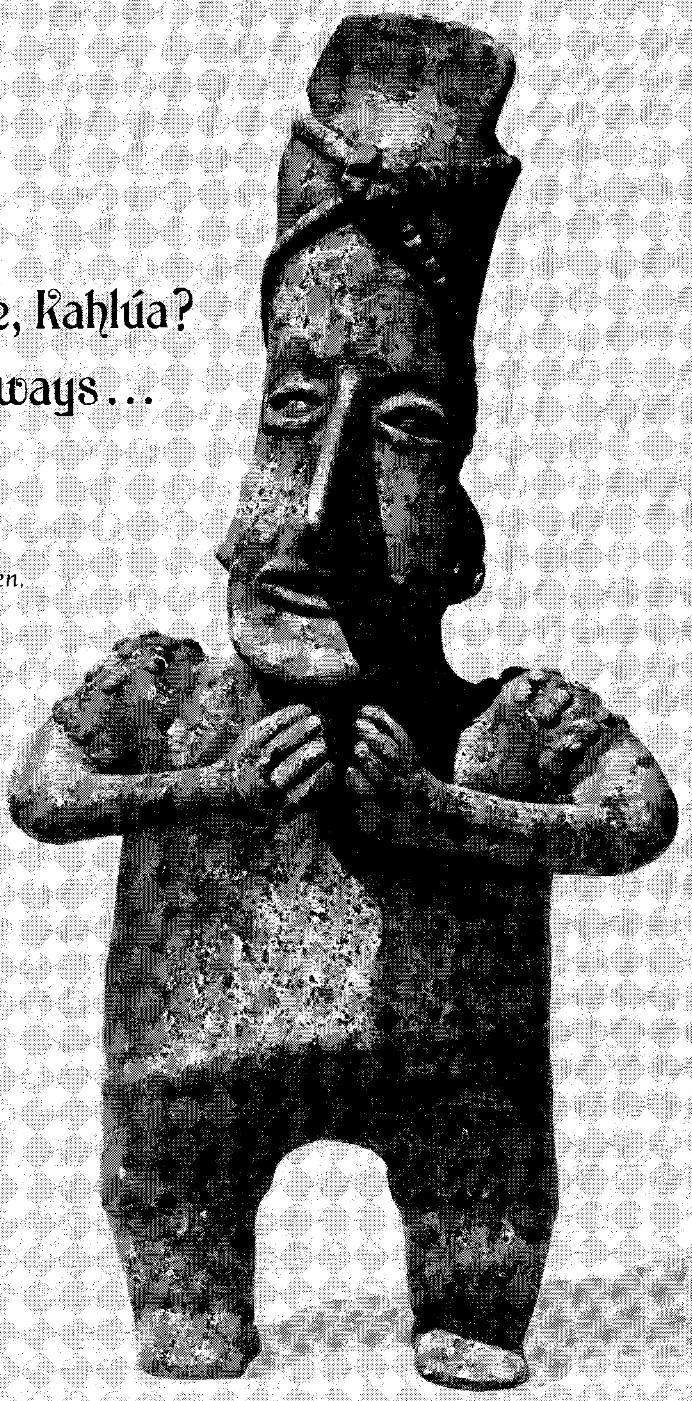

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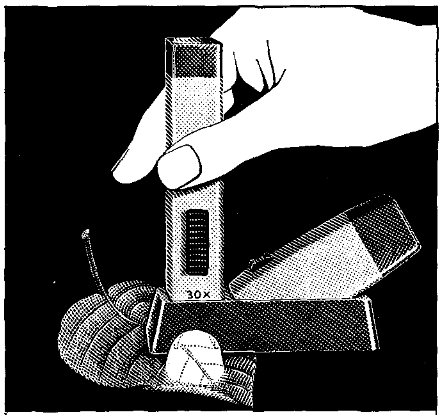

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Brown Brothers as an institution and so well exemplified in its partners and guests were getting in the way of reality. Later that afternoon, in one of the lounges again, I did hear one Scandinavian banker speaking, with a kind of sympathetic regret, of "your unfortunate war," and saying that in his observation, rightly or wrongly, anti-American sentiment in his country seemed to have waned since the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. The banker's American listeners were noncommittal. Otherwise, for all the talk I heard, the nation a part of which we were crossing might have been a strange combination of, on the one hand, space vehicles and superjets and lavish restaurants revolving in the sky and, on the other, lonely farmers nursing themselves with patent medicines—and nothing in between.

We reached Boise at about five-thirty, and stopped to take aboard several late-arriving guests, among them William McChesney Martin, Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, who was to be the speaker at the formal dinner at Sun Valley. Many of the passengers climbed off for another stretch. One of these was Lady Clegg, who said to someone on the platform that she understood that this was Bwahz and was informed that, on the contrary, it was Boysey. Boise seemed to take our passage in stride, except that, I was told, a local funeral had had to be postponed an hour so that the only available limousine could be used to bring the dignitaries who were joining the Brown Brothers party from the airport to the train.

At dinner, and after it, in the last hours of the train ride, the guests made themselves at home in various ways, according to their tastes. The heads of Celanese and Union Carbide played a joking, or possibly not so joking, game of pretending to trade off their unprofitable subsidiaries. Jean Frère, of the Banque Lambert, in Brussels, and Mrs. Frère played a card game called Crazy Bridge with Fritz Schoeller, of Schoeller & Co., Vienna, and Mrs. Schoeller. George A. Stinson, president of National Steel, got permission to go up to the cab of the first locomotive, and there he put on an engineer's cap and held the controls for a while. ("Did you notice that time when the train went faster?" he asked friends afterward.) The representatives of General Motors, United States Steel, the Federal Reserve Board, and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York got off in a corner and had a long, earnest conversation. Later, I asked

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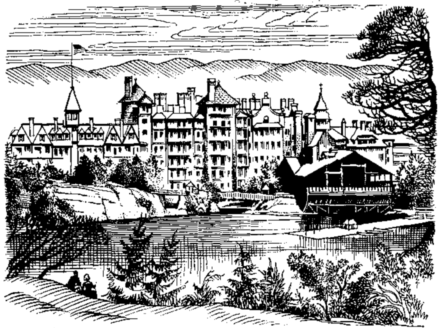

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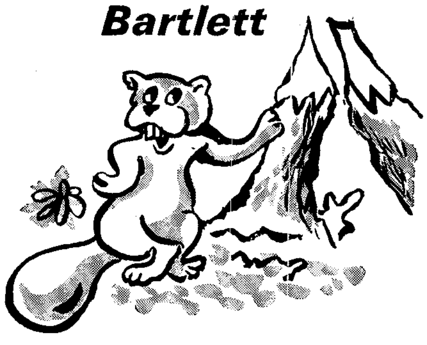
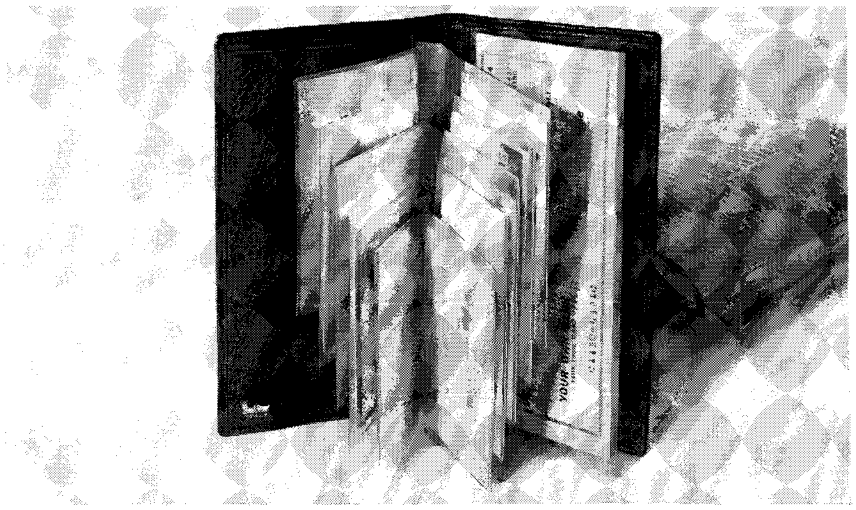


Mr. Hayes, the Federal Reserve Bank man, what it had been about. "Oh, the national economy—things like that," he said offhandedly.

At Ketchum, the guests left the train and boarded buses for the short ride to Sun Valley. "Goodbye, train!" Mrs. Nunneley called, blowing it a kiss from her bus window.

NEXT morning—Wednesday—in Sun Valley, the hosts and guests "got down to work," as a Brown Brothers partner put it. The work consisted of engaging in a morning's symposium on the problems attendant upon the world shortage of capital. It was a chilly, changeable morning, Sun Valley's enclosing mountains alternately basking in brilliant sunshine and assuming a forbidding gray cast. Sir Cuthbert Clegg said that he had been torn between dressing for London and dressing for Barbados; he had decided, correctly, on London tweeds. The crowd that gathered for the symposium—at the Sun Valley Opera House, a timber-and-stucco auditorium used more often for movies, religious services, and symposia than for opera—appeared to include the Brown Brothers partners and their male guests to a man, and I counted more than fifty dutiful wives, too.

During the symposium, which went on from nine-thirty until twelve, with a half-hour coffee break in the middle, the participants freely bandied terms like "gross-capital formation," "new capital flow," "Eurocurrency market," and "propensity to save," which describe the various aspects of the game of Crazy Bridge that the international bankers and businessmen of the rich countries incessantly play with one another. Dr. Wallenberg asserted—presumably not just out of courtesy—that, in spite of all its troubles, the dollar is still the world's soundest currency. The group manfully tackled what no one denied is the greatest capital shortage of all—that felt by the poor countries. "With eighty per cent of the world's people attempting to exist on twenty per cent of the world's product, it is in everyone's self-interest to act, in order to avert an explosion that could destroy much of the productive wealth that has been built over these two remarkable postwar decades," Mr. Roosa said bluntly. Mr. Roosa's proposal for action was to replace unilateral foreign-aid programs with an arrangement under which the developed countries, acting in concert, would keep funds constantly flowing to the underdeveloped countries, the



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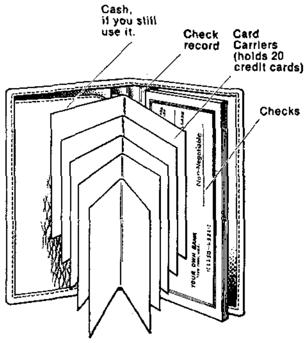
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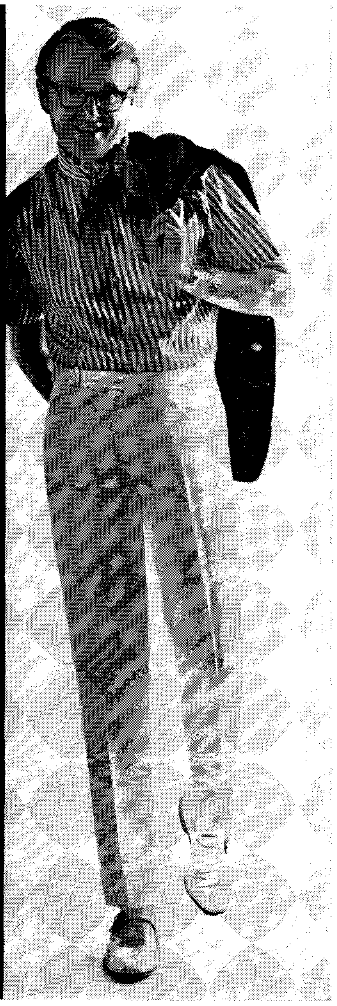

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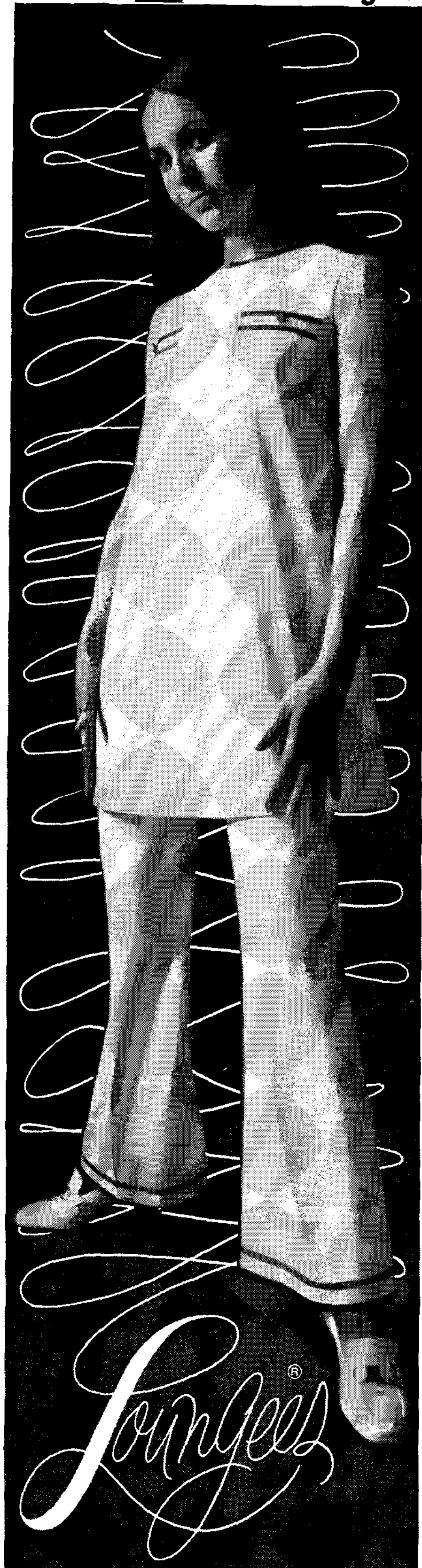

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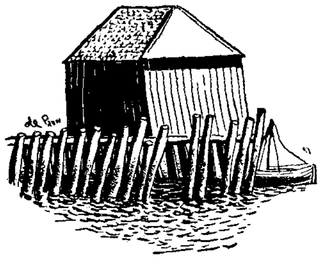
amount supplied by each developed country in any given year to be determined in part by the current position of its balance of international payments. Dr. Otmar Emminger, a director of the Deutsche Bundesbank, the central bank of West Germany—a country with a large balance-of-payments surplus just then, in contrast to the United States' large deficit—couldn't find himself in agreement with that criterion; he suggested that the amount of the payments by each rich country should be tied instead to its gross national product, in which respect, of course, the United States vastly exceeds West Germany in all years.

The symposium didn't resolve this easily understandable controversy, or any other, but it did raise a lot of pertinent questions, and undoubtedly set a lot of influential people thinking about them. The following morning, Thursday, the group went back into session for another two-hour stint, making a total of four hours' formal deliberations during the four days' program—bankers' hours, I supposed.

Wednesday afternoon was recreation and sports time, with a choice of golf, tennis, skeet, fly-fishing, horseback riding, swimming, or riding the chair lift up Mount Baldy, Sun Valley's highest peak. A hard-core big-business group, including the Allens, the Connors, and the Trippes, chose golf. The Baers, Mr. Pullen, and Sir Cuthbert chose skeet, the Schoellers and Mr. Salgo chose riding, while Mr. Blair-Cunynghame, Mr. Blough, Dr. Emminger, Mr. Hentsch, and the Paleys were among the fly-fishing enthusiasts. I joined the largest contingent, the Baldy expedition, which proceeded to the base of the mountain in two buses and then, two guests at a time, mounted the moving double chairs, with the help of some coaching from the lift operators. The chairs on the Baldy lift ride some twenty feet above the ground and sway considerably in a brisk breeze, which we had then, and since they are without protective crossbars, the twenty-minute lift ride provides a stimulating experience. But our adventure was to be one that outdistanced even Brown Brothers' thoughtful planning.



From the peak—ninety-two hundred feet above sea level, and bare not only of trees, as its name suggests, but of everything else as well—the prospect was dramatic, even daunting. Several large thunderstorms had suddenly formed, and the deep-blue-green lower mountains surrounding Baldy were obscured here and there by dense black clouds, out of which lightning now and again streaked down into the valley. Just as the couple of dozen of us at the summit—Europeans except for Mrs. Lovett, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, and me—were deciding that we had better cut short our sightseeing and climb into downward-bound chairs before we got drenched, the lift stopped working. The operator at the summit learned by telephone from the bottom that the storms had knocked out electric power all over Sun Valley, and no one could say when it would be restored. So there we were, on top of Baldy, without shelter, and with a few stray drops of rain beginning to fall, taking consolation in the thought that we were better off than a handful of unfortunate guests who had been caught en route when the power failed, and were now stranded in midair in their chairs.

Mrs. Lovett, who is a vintage Brown—the daughter of James Brown, who was a partner in the firm from 1901 until 1934—told Mrs. Hayes a motto that she said she had learned many years ago from the mother of a friend of hers and liked to remember in moments like this: "Never reflect difficulties." Mrs. Hayes smiled, and so did several of us other summit strandees. Meanwhile, the rain held off, and within a few minutes, after several unsuccessful attempts, the lift operators got a standby diesel generator going, and the lift started moving again. All the way down Baldy, while the wind kept the chairs swinging and the lightning continued to flash, Mrs. Lovett talked equably about old New York.

Back at Sun Valley, later in the afternoon, with the threat of rain past, I learned that the golfing party had been soaked by a sudden shower. "It didn't matter, though, because the rain ended quickly and the wind soon dried us off," said Mrs. Connor. I went to the tennis courts, hoping to see a return match between Dr. Wallenberg and Mr. Garland, and saw, instead, a set of doubles in which Dr. Wallenberg and Mr. Martin stood two Europeans whom I couldn't identify. Mr. Martin, who is renowned for his tennis ability in Washington government circles, showed a strong service, and Dr. Wallenberg made up in guile what he

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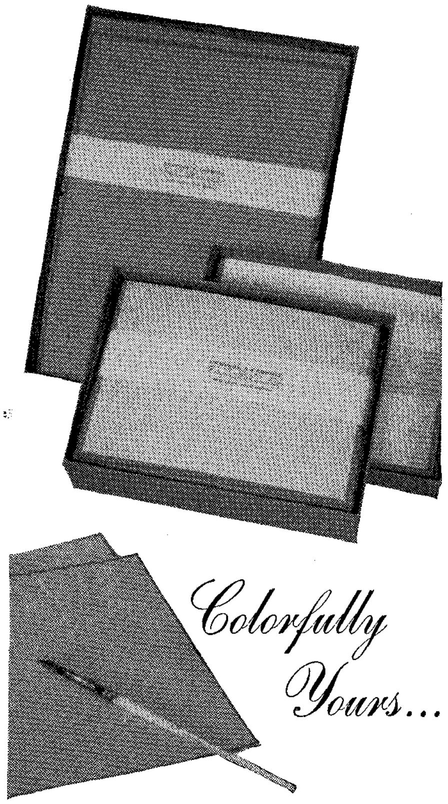

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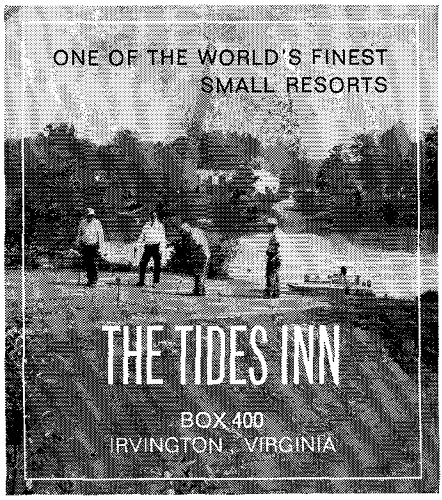


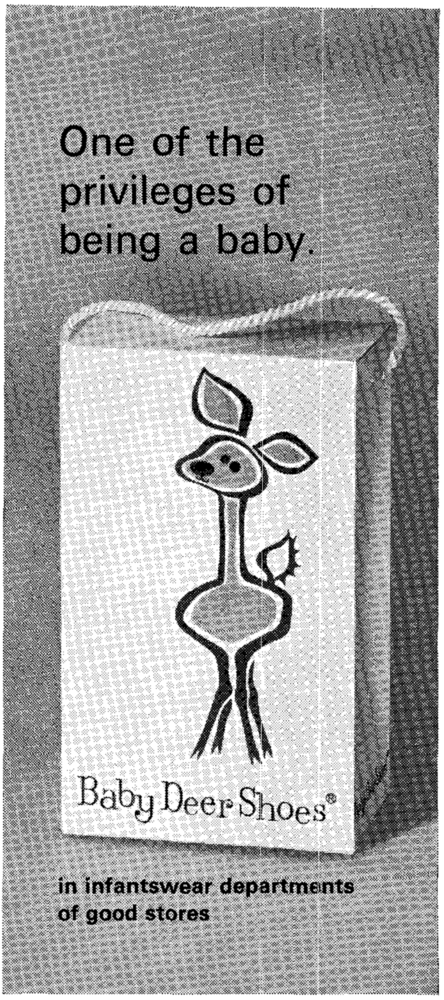
lacked in speed; when I left, their team was leading, 5–4, with Mr. Martin's service coming up.

At the banquet that evening at the Lodge, where most of the guests were staying, Mr. Martin spoke, as he had often spoken before, of the dangers of overspeculation in the stock market, and made specific pejorative references to the activities of overaggressive mutual funds, banks that set up holding companies to enable them to venture into non-banking businesses, and conglomerates. After his speech, there was dancing on the Lodge Terrace and entertainment by a singing group from the University of Utah. Again, as in Seattle, the young performers were all fresh-faced, white, wholesome-looking, well groomed, and constantly smiling; after they had finished, someone remarked that young people like those are the answer to hippies.

AT Thursday lunch, the last meal of the celebration, I sat with a mixed group of Americans and Europeans on the Terrace. Before it was over, a telegram was brought to one of the Americans. His private plane, the telegram informed him, was on its way to pick him up at the little airport at Ketchum; weather conditions were reported as favorable over the Midwest and East for his flight home. I had a vision of dozens of company planes converging on Ketchum to retrieve chief executives and their wives. Most of the European bankers, lacking such facilities, were planning to take an overnight train to Salt Lake City, and there to board regular airline flights the next morning.

At our table, the Amsterdamer Mr. Jiskoot remarked that he could do business with Americans because, unlike many European bankers, he wasn't afraid of them. Mr. Salgo, of Bangor Punta, reported triumphantly that after Mr. Martin's remarks the previous evening he had confronted the Federal Reserve chairman, challenged him on the word "conglomerate," and got him to admit that he shouldn't have used it.

Our group fell into a philosophical mood about the Brown Brothers celebration itself. Someone said again that only Americans do this kind of thing, and someone else asked: Why do they do it? What is accomplished? Well, Mr. Jiskoot said, to take one example, he had met Conrad Hentsch in person for the first time here, after doing business with him by mail and telephone for some years. Mr. Salgo said he had been especially pleased to "establish a dia-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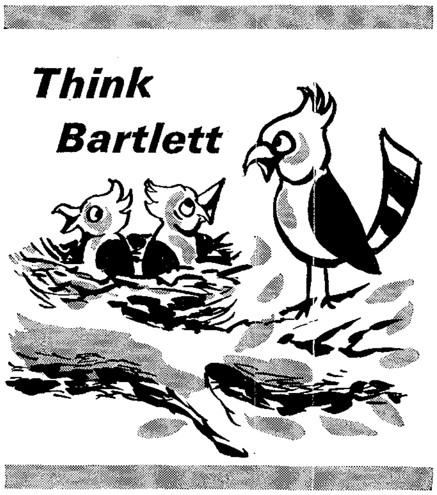

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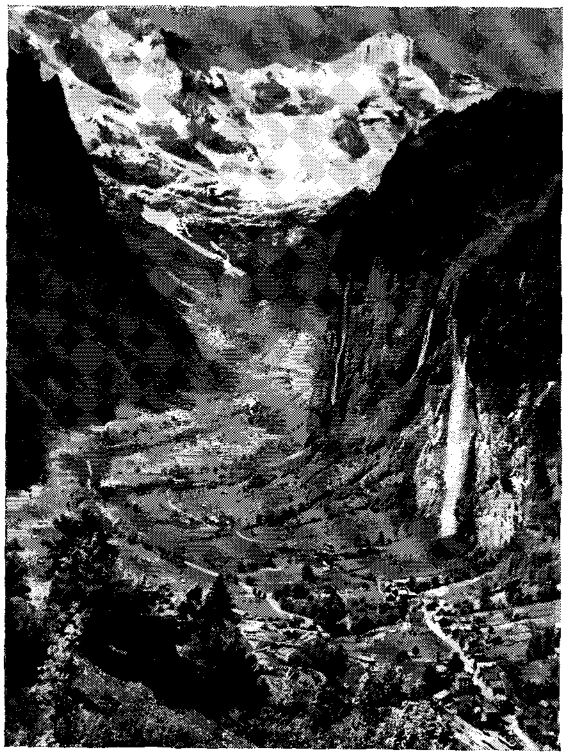

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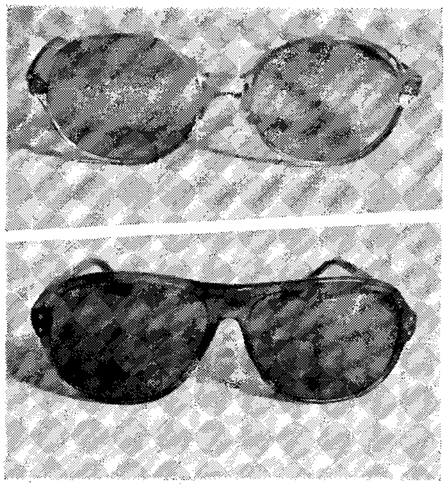

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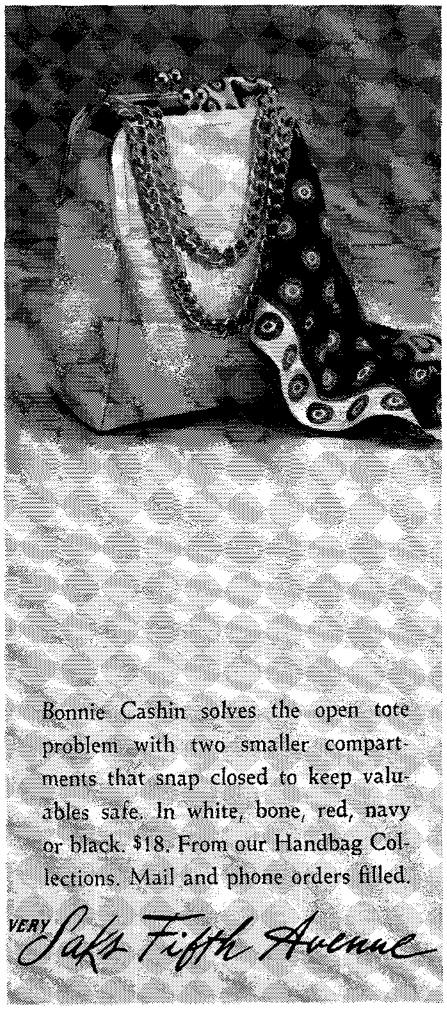

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logue" with the leading Japanese bankers, because his firm might be wanting a Japanese partner soon. And then, others pointed out, there were all the incidental conversations that had taken place, part social and part business, lubricated by relaxed conditions such as so seldom obtained at regular bankers' or businessmen's meetings. Who knew what had been accomplished by them—what implications they might have for future world monetary coöperation, investment in underdeveloped countries, and the like? The really astonishing thing, they all agreed, was that everyone who was there *was* there. What on earth had induced all these busy people to take time off from carrying the world's commerce on their shoulders? Obviously, respect, admiration, and affection for Brown Brothers. But which was the real point—establishing dialogues or contributing to the greater glory of Brown Brothers? Both. Paradoxically, the event had been one devoted to the furtherance of commerce at which no faintly commercial note had been struck, unless you considered the 747 presentation a sales pitch, and one of the Europeans remarked that maybe part of the American business genius was a knack for somehow managing to have things both ways.

As for the hosts, whatever intellectual or professional benefits the celebration had conferred upon their guests, socially it had been a triumph. A week or so later, back in Wall Street, they would be enjoying the successful party-giver's time-honored satisfaction of having his party earnestly discussed by those who had not been there. Indeed, David Rockefeller himself—a good and long-standing friend of Brown Brothers whom its partners would surely have leaped to invite but for their blanket ban on domestic commercial bankers—would be heard to complain mildly that for three lunches in succession he had listened to nothing but talk about the Brown Brothers party, and to ask whether there wasn't some other topic of conversation.

After lunch, Juan O. Monasterio, director of the Banco Commercial Mexicano, S.A.—a portly man who looked like Santa Claus with a clipped mustache instead of a beard—made a funny speech of thanks to the hosts on behalf of the guests. He said that he had been made to feel so much at home that he expected to be named a Brown Brothers partner shortly, and therefore felt qualified to invite everyone present to the firm's two-hundredth-anniversary celebration. Of course, he added, it wasn't surprising that the party had

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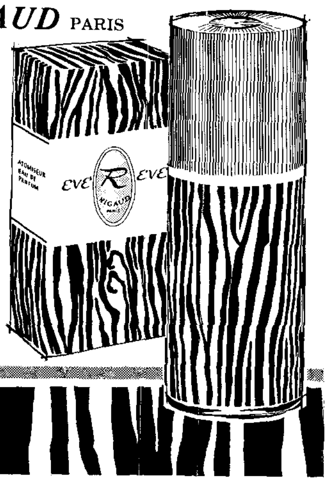

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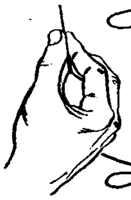

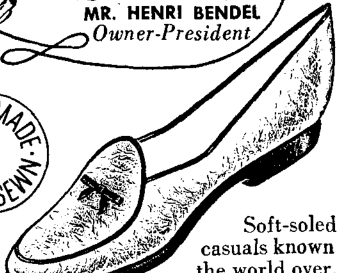

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been a success, since any party is a success if you invite people for a free four days. Mr. Monasterio sat down amid loud laughter and applause, and was followed by Mr. Hentsch, who made a more traditional speech of gratitude. Mr. Hentsch thanked the Brown Brothers partners, their staff, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and the Union Pacific Railroad, complimented the wives on their charm, and complimented the partners on their distinction, intelligence, and ability. Then he said, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will please ask you to stand." After just a second's confusion, everyone did, whereupon Mr. Hentsch asked for a moment of special thought for Americans fighting in Vietnam, and went on to say, "May I ask the partners of Brown Brothers Harriman & Company to extend our best regards to their partner, Mr. Ambassador Averell Harriman. As you all know, he is in charge of a very difficult and important negotiation concerning the United States. Please sit down."

It was a breathtakingly high-handed gesture, asking the group to stand without telling them why in advance, especially when the purpose was controversial; but old-fashioned European bankers are high-handed, just as cats are independent, and if anybody could have brought it off, it was Mr. Hentsch, and it seemed to me he did. After everyone was seated again, Moreau Delano Brown rose and said, "I am not going to say 'Goodbye' but only 'Au revoir,' and the Brown Brothers sesquicentennial symposium is now adjourned." —JOHN BROOKS

•

CHORTLES WE DOUBT EVER GOT CHORTLED

[*From Freedom & Union*]

Although the Republicans won every major Federal and State office in Arizona except one, the exception, Morris Udall, saw his 58 per cent majority in 1964 . . . rise to 70.3 per cent in 1968, the greatest of his five victories. One of his aides chortled: "This surely proves that it doesn't hurt you with the voters to advocate the Convention to explore transforming NATO into a Federal Union."

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THE RACE TRACK

Dike Does It Again

ONE of the pleasures of going racing is watching good horses run, but I must say that finishes like the one in the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday are hard on the nerves. Claiborne Farm's Dike won it by the shortest of noses, overtaking the Pelican Stable's Al Hattab in the very last stride. Ogden Phipps' Reviewer was third, a neck away. The race was more dramatic than the recent Gotham Stakes, which Dike also won, and in which Reviewer and Rooney's Shield ran a dead heat for second place. In the Wood, Reviewer and Al Hattab raced along head and head in the lead and Dike was a dozen lengths behind for half of the mile and a furlong. It hardly seemed possible that he would catch them, though a glance back showed the orange jacket of Velasquez on Dike beginning to move up. (By the way, Claiborne's colors are among the oldest in American racing, going back to Colonial days.) Even when he was really rolling in the stretch, I wondered whether Dike would be as good as third, but suddenly there he was, first past the post. Needless to say, Dike is going to the Kentucky Derby, and with plenty of friends.

I thought Dike made a rather wide turn into the stretch, but since he was going pretty fast, no doubt centrifugal force was to blame. I couldn't help feeling a little sorry for Al Hattab, who was shipped up from Florida; he tried so hard. And I want to give full marks to Reviewer. He went all out all the way—a bang-up effort for a son of Bold Ruler, whose progeny are not notable stayers. I can't say as much for King of the Castle, Reviewer's stablemate, who is also by Bold Ruler. He was never in the picture. Despite the beastly weather—cold, rainy, and windy—a crowd of 46,709 bet $5,447,170.

If you care about pedigrees, Dike is by the French-bred Herbager, who was by Vandale out of Flagette. His dam is Delta, by Nasrullah out of Bourtai, a daughter of Stimulus. Recently, the Kentucky Thoroughbred Breeders Association voted Delta the 1968 Broodmare of the Year, particularly on the performances of three of her sons—Cabildo, Canal, and Dike. You may not know that Delta's great-granddam, Affection, was sold at a public auction for $100. As the tale goes, John Sanford, a figure in racing fifty or so years ago, imported Affection from France, ran her for a good thing at Saratoga, and bet on her accordingly. She didn't win, and Sanford, in a huff, ordered her sold. After passing through a number of hands, she wound up in the stable of Marshall Field II, for whom she produced Escutcheon—a winner and a producer of winners, among them Bourtai. Later, A. B. Hancock, Jr., acquired Bourtai and Delta, and the latter won stakes in his colors. At the present price of bloodstock, I wonder what Delta would bring at a public auction.

IN Kentucky, they're warming up for the Derby a week from Saturday. Last week at Keeneland, in Lexington, the Cain Hoy Stable's Ack Ack ran almost as fast on a sloppy track as most horses do on a dry one, clicking off the seven furlongs of the Forerunner Purse in 1:22⅘ and finishing twelve lengths ahead of Tripsville. Sheik of Bagdad and Rae Jet, the only other starters, were third and fourth. Ack Ack was ridden by Ycaza, who is booked for Top Knight in the Derby. Then Ycaza flew to San Francisco, where he rode Claiborne Farm's Jay Ray in the California Derby at Golden Gate Fields the next day, and won on him, too. Johnny Longden, who trains Frank McMahon's Majestic Prince and also gallops him in his work, will run him in the Stepping Stone Purse at Churchill Downs this weekend. Top Knight will not have a race before the Derby.

IF you're wondering about the girls, Mrs. Joan O'Shea, a newcomer, rode something named Rescue Squad at Aqueduct last Saturday, and finished last. At the opening of Suffolk ("Suffix," the railbirds call it) Downs, in Boston, it was a different story. Bill Veeck, the old baseball hand who has taken over the track, put on the Lady Godiva Handicap, in which Penny Ann Early, Diane Crump, Mrs. Tuesdee Testa, Brenda Wilson, Robyn Smith, Barbara Ader, and Connie Hendricks—all wearing conventional racing costumes—finished in the order named.

—AUDAX MINOR

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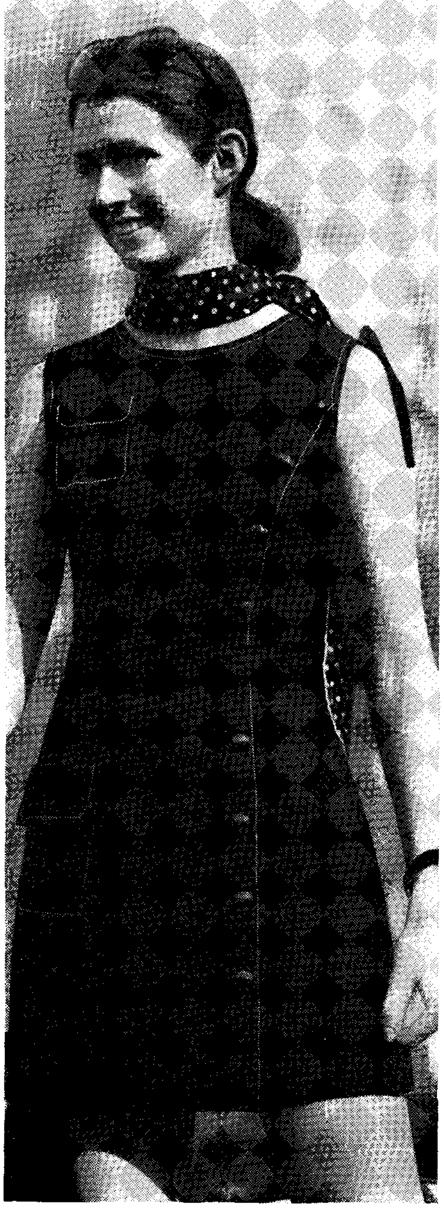

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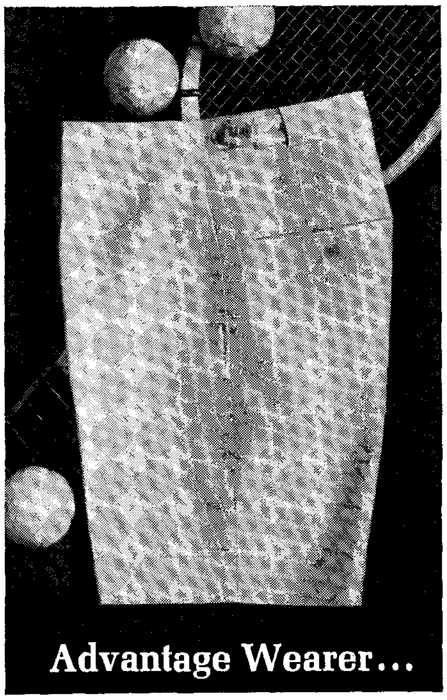

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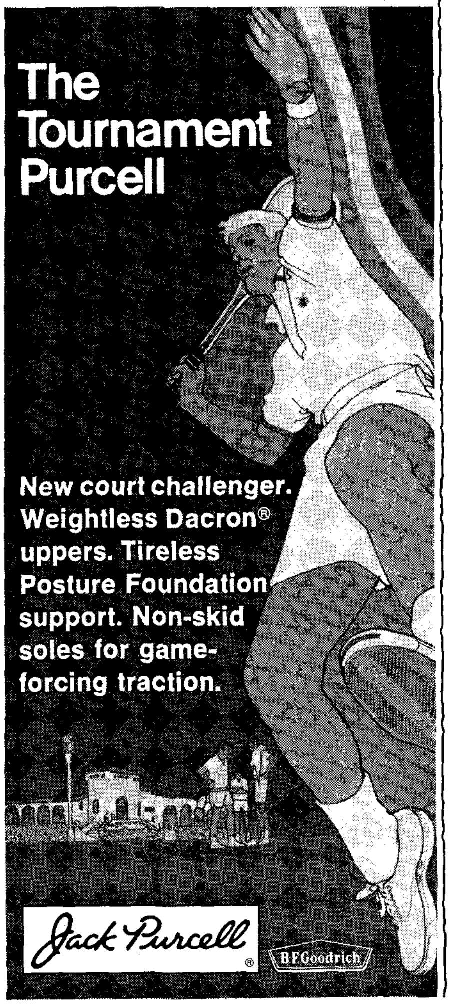
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GASTRONOMY RECALLED

SOME WAYS TO LAUGH

FOR anyone who "drinks his wine with laughter and with glee," as it says we do in the song about the tavern in the town, it will perhaps seem odd for me to include coffee-tea-milk in a list of potables, and certainly they do not qualify as apéritifs or cocktails. But they are liquid and a part of our life. Other people have written about them, with greater skill and knowledge, from Brillat-Savarin to Soyer and beyond, and their words are available in most libraries for those of us whose opinions can accept some embellishing.

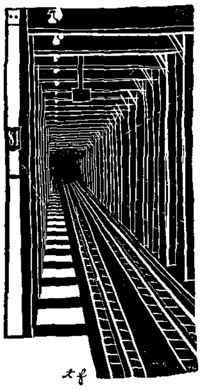
For the same reason, it is wasteful of me to say much about either spirits or wines, in the face of bad to wonderful books about them that continue to be written after several thousand years of steady praise and some blame. As for beers and their like, I agree with A. E. Housman, who wrote as one who should know:

> . . . malt does more than Milton can
> To justify God's ways to man.

I love good beers and ales, and served in the English way, not numbed with cold. But I have an instinctive feeling, which may well be mistaken, that it is foolish to mix the grape and the grain, and since I like wine better than beer, I usually choose to drink it.

I indulge in some drinking-liquors that I do not approve of on aesthetic grounds, because they interest or enliven me and, occasionally, because I am by nature courteous. I like a good dry Martini, and I do mean good (made of the best procurable ingredients, and with care) and I do mean dry (not sweetish or weak or drowning over ice cubes). I also like a potion that never fails to baffle and even repel the bartender—dry or sometimes sweet vermouth half-and-half with gin, and at room heat. This qualifies as the old-fashioned gin-and-it of English pubs, but in German Switzerland, where I first met the shocker, it was bluntly referred to as *ein Gift* (poison). It suits me, in my present chronological status, especially at off times of the day when either duty or dallying tells me that a mild yet forthright nip is indicated. I like French and Italian apéritifs, especially the bitter ones, either straight or with soda water. I like brandy-and-water, about half-and-half again, and only now and then; it is a restorative for weariness. After good meals, I sometimes like cognac or marc, or a rare taste of fruit alcohols like kirsch, but I have not drunk any sweet liqueurs since I was first feeling my way—alcoholically, at least—in my very early twenties.

As for wines, they are for me. I am the twin of the fabulous old lady on the Atlantic liner who when presented with the yard-long menu handed it back with a simple "Yes." I like honest wines as such—all of them and always. Of course some are better than others, and I like the best ones the most. But I could and would forgo any other liquid forever as long as I might drink one humble wine with my daily bread. I like wine before, during, after, and in between meals, if things point that way. I like to know, and to use, local wines, which is probably why I have managed to live near the grapevines since I was four. If I were told today that even one more sip of wine would kill me, I might *believe* it, but I know that I would also investigate the prognosis, weigh its validity, and then decide for myself. If I agreed to abstain for survival's dubious benefits, I could at least taste vicariously by continuing to serve wine to my friends and, like old George Saintsbury in his "Cellar Book," grow mellow on memory.



WATER should be man's first and finest tipple, but seldom is these days. It is easy to say that a good spring or well is the remedy, but even that becomes doubtful as chemicals and wastes infiltrate the earth we blandly and ceaselessly defile. I have strong personal reactions to this subject and am inclined to splutter about it, and I know that my own final blow will come on the day a reputable vintner tells me that even fermentation is not ridding his wines of fallout. After that, what? Where?

Perhaps fortunately, I have never prescribed a rule for how to boil water—a topic open to plagiarism from all sides. My own opinions were formed early in life, from hearing my mother describe an ignorant housewife as one who could not do it, and a reclaimed soul as one who could not when she married but who had overcome this handicap. In a casual way, I have kept my eye out for actual formulas for such a delicate barometer of one's kitchen and marital aptitude, and not long ago I found a good mention of it in the 1886 edition of "Mrs. Rorer's Philadelphia Cook Book":

> Wash out the tea-kettle thoroughly, fill it with fresh cold water, stand it over a quick fire and bring to boiling point. Use at its first bubbles, or it parts with its gases and becomes flat.

I really knew all this anyway—use fresh water, never let it boil too long, throw it away and start over again for anything but rinsing the cups. At home, we had a special kettle for water for the tea, and it never occurred to us to deviate from the unwritten rules. The inside of this battered old utensil was encrusted with perhaps an inch of tumorous deposits of a chalky and distasteful gray-brown, never disturbed. My grandmother believed them to be a salubrious sign that the water, in heating, had left them there in a sort of purification ceremony as it came each day to the proper bubble. In other words, she preferred to assume that this horrid encrustation stayed in the kettle instead of lodging in our hearts, brains, or gizzards.

The water, once correctly boiling, was poured immediately upon the tea leaves, which had been flicked into a heated pot—Crown Derby for company and plain boneware for everyday. As I remember, we always drank tea for lunch, very black (except cambric for us children, of course), and "strong enough to trot a mouse on." As my mother grew older and assumed her position as lady of the house after her dam's death, there was simple tea in the English style about four o'clock, and in spite of the bother (and I feel rather strongly about this, because I was usually the one who assembled the whole seemingly easy ritual and then cleared it away) it was a pleasant thing to be there in front of the fireplace and to hold a cup of the hot delicate brew against one's lips, for after noon we drank pale-green tea, not the throat-rasping potent black.

Naturally, our supplies, even through a couple of wars, came in occasional shipments in tin boxes from Dublin. We held firm to Grandmother's edict that the first-grade was perforce kept in China, the next-best was sent to Ireland, and the rest was shoved off on England. I shun thinking of what the old lady would have said about the stuff in tea bags, but fortunately she

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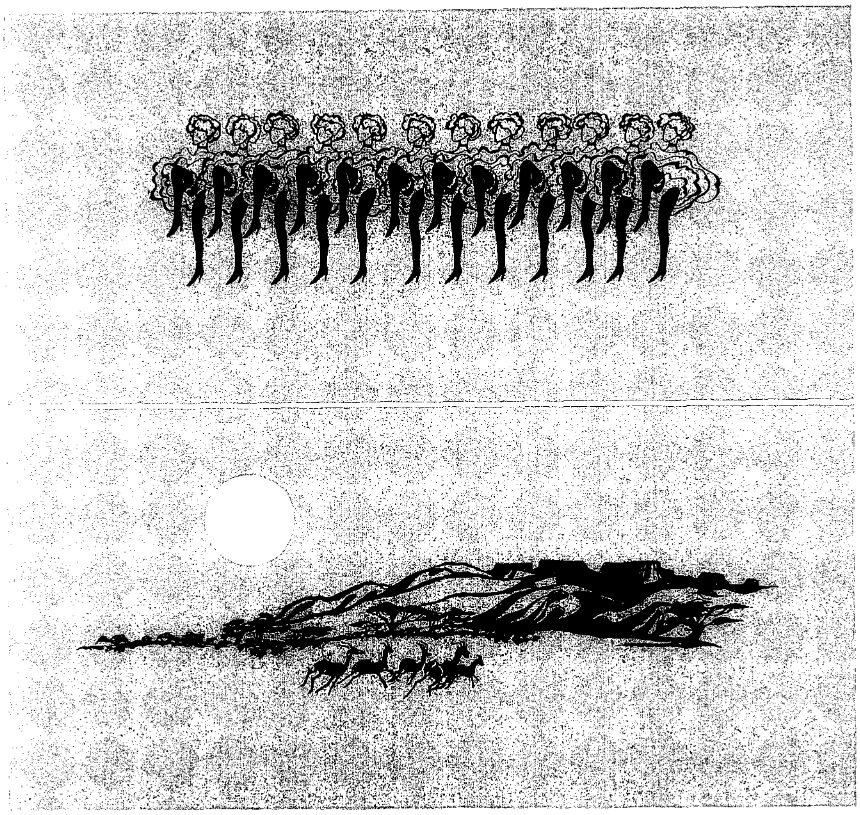

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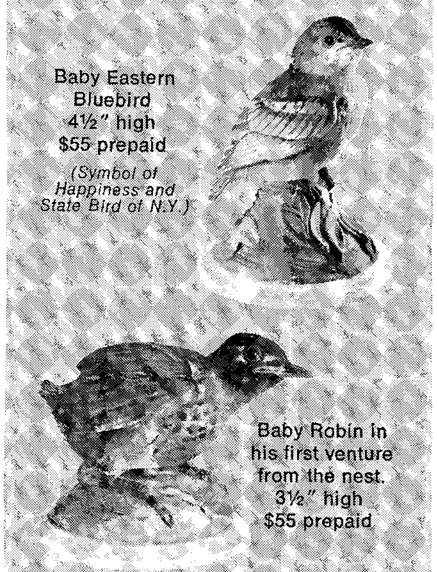

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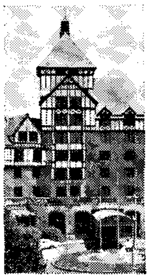

never knew of them. (Who invented them? Was a new star sighted by anyone?)

Myself, since about my twenty-fifth year, I get drunk on tea, so that like any controlled alcoholic I steer clear of my daemon except in emergencies, when I know that I must be overbright for a time and do not have to drive a car. One cup of even the lowly orange pekoe will make me talkative, and after two I am tittery and flushed. Three will lift me that many feet off the ground, not safe to be behind a wheel. It is with regret that I choose to stay sober, for I have a vain dream of being able to sniff imperceptibly at the liquid in a shell of Belleek and know at once if it is gunpowder or young hyson. This snobbish but detached satisfaction must remain beyond my personal horizon, the way the decadent beauty of a pink fresh foie gras stays unattainable to a person prone to gout.

The water that goes into an honest teapot—and, for that matter, any pot at all, including the human—is of increasing concern, even without my own splutterings. Detergents, insecticides, and what I think of as plain wastes but are now referred to more elegantly as effluents—they all flow-seep-percolate-drift into our diminishing supplies of potable waters on this enormous and generous continent. We absorb them at home and in public, even on the washed vessels for our food and drink. The filthiest bar I ever went into was in Colón, and I held a shot glass of rum in my gloved hand and hoped as I tipped it down my throat without touching it to my lips that the raw alcohol would protect me, but no spirits can eliminate the chemicals in detergent film, as far as I know—even if we rinsed all our plates and glasses in straight C_2H_5OH. We accept—physiologically, at least—surprising amounts of all this, as yet unmeasured but guessed at by horrified ecologists and such. We drink fallout in our coffee cream. And vegetables and animals and other supplies of human provender are fed on the effluents piped into our ever-greener valleys from prosperous sewage plants that convert waste into "harmless" water, which somehow and strangely seems to be discouraging the fish in streams, lakes, bays, oceans.

The history of the human body indicates that with time—*given* that time—it will erect its own fortress, the way the common fly has done in areas systematically bombarded with DDT: bigger and better flies. People may be

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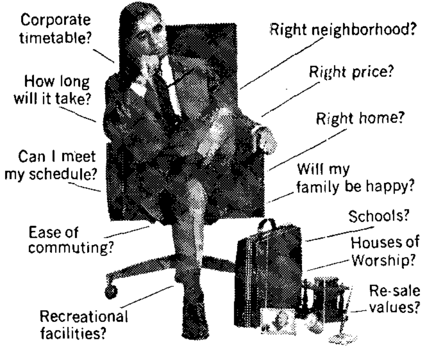
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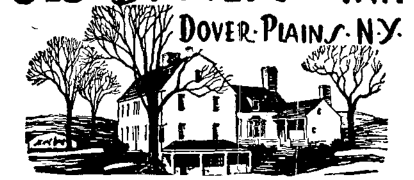

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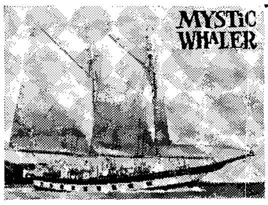

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walking around in a few decades so full of chemical poisons that they will be impervious to threats not yet invented. It is an interesting surmise, in the face of my own smug assurance that I shall escape it, and in the meantime I refuse to drink most tap water, or to use it for any food but soups, which is inconsistent. I prefer to die from something gutty and nostalgic, like undulant fever, or botulism. I want to encrust my arteries with the natural calcium of bottled water rather than the stinking liquid from my kitchen faucet, which has been chlorinated, irradiated, iodized, fluorinated, and otherwise raped for my safety.

As for making good tea or coffee in these protected days, the best thing to use is the water bottled for plain drinking. Unlike most liquor, it can be bought in five- and ten-gallon jars, nicely provided with legs and spigots by its merchants, and worth whatever it may cost, which is much less than alcoholic spirits, of course. Even tea-bagged tea or a mug of instant coffee tastes better if it has been made with water drawn from the olla on the back porch. I do not have an encrusted kettle anymore. All that the stuff from my taps does is make strange rings on things in the house, and attract perverted or desperate snails and earwigs in the garden. It also kills many cut flowers in their vases before their time, which is ominous.

But here is a trick I have often used if there is no pure spring nearby and not even a *bottle* of good water to buy: fill a quart or half-gallon jar or a pitcher from the tap, swish through it a handful of clean grass, and chill it. Wheatgrass is apparently most potent, and it can be grown in a box of earth wherever there is moderate air and sun. A few sprigs of alfalfa will do well, too, and they are easy to grow in any kitchen plot or border. (They are also pretty, and are fine in posies when the deep purple-blue flowers bloom.) But green weeds from meadows or ditches, or good plain *grass*, will do. For an hour or so, the water will taste faintly green, of "chlorophyll." Then it will be fresh and sparkling, and miraculously will not leave a ring on the jar.

When I am alone and needful of an outer goad, I bring to the boil one cupful of water in a Teflon pan, put a teaspoonful of instant coffee and a half teaspoonful of espresso-grind into about an ounce more of water in a mug, and then pour the hot water into it and cover it tightly. In four or five minutes, it is steeped. Now and then,

Julie Andrews' "son" had to wear rags to school.

It's hard to go to school when you must go on an empty stomach, with torn clothes and wearing someone else's worn out shoes. It's even harder to return home to a relative's shack of a house where you and your family must live and watch your father's chronic asthma worsen because he can't afford to lose the 50c a day he earns.

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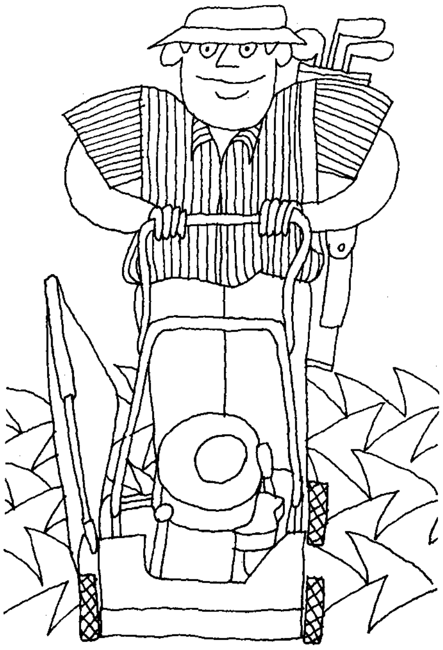

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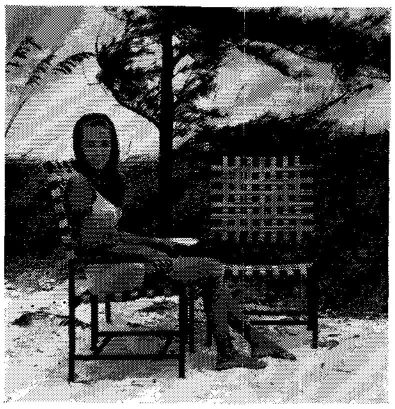
I add one small-size saccharin tablet and a little rich milk, which is probably from radioactive cows. This is a private show of quasi-independence, certainly, from my intrinsic recognition that caffeine and I are enemies. In public, I permit myself two sips of after-dinner coffee—no more—when it is, as Brillat-Savarin wrote, "so steaming hot and so crystal clear that its perfume fills the room." Even two sips can be a voluptuous delight when they are taken knowingly.

At home when friends come, I make "real" coffee, and with care. I use a drip pot lately, but think I prefer a Chemex, with its filter. I use freshly roasted and ground beans when possible, or buy the smallest available cans of regular or drip coffee, since I do not serve the brew often enough to justify keeping supplies on hand. I make it strong, and add up to one-third overroast or espresso-grind, according to my guests. I serve it only after an evening meal, unless there is a beloved barbarian or a dietary eccentric at table whose demands are worth being satisfied without cavil. This is seldom the case, fortunately, although I do number one or two former alcoholics among my oldest-and-dearests, who need and *get* countless cups of coffee while we sit drinking our own poison from stemmed glasses.

On afternoons when two or three of the few tea lovers I still know feel limber enough to come to my fireside, we drink the brew in correct style, and I make it the way I learned to as a child, but in an enamel or Teflon pan. And meanwhile tea bags and "instant" drinks are with us. It is repellent to me to be served a cup with an umbilical string hanging over the edge, but it happens in otherwise dignified homes and public places. I agree with several people that in an emergency the dead-mouse bags can be used, but always removed in the kitchen before the tea is served, and I know that this brew can be controlled and even good.

In the same way, I believe that instant coffee can be a very decent beverage if made with a little care and respect. On trips, one can even be grateful for it. Two travelling friends of mine once devised a kind of elixir which countless of us have since made and carried in flasks on our long and short safaris, and which most of us keep on hand in the home-based refrigerators. Two tablespoonfuls of this powerful brew in the bottom of a cup and enough boiling water to fill it will make a breakfast drink that is



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probably better than anything procurable for miles around—or two demitasses, a pure godsend after a motel-diner meal, and highly recommended even at home (perhaps with a little rum floated judiciously onto them).

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1 pound regular-grind coffee.
8 cups cold water.
Filter paper.

Soak the coffee in the water for 12 hours, covered. Strain through a fine sieve, and then filter the liquid through a paper or cloth. Keep the elixir in icebox. (And a hundred years ago this recipe would end, "Dry the grounds to stuff pincushions." Today, out with them!)

This trick is one of the tried-and-trues, and especially handy for people who live alone and cannot keep ground coffee fresh enough with the small amounts they use. It is also recommended to lazy people, which includes me. How pleasant to have a pungent cup ready in as long as it takes to boil six or eight ounces of water, with no boring pot to clean!

I, being both lazy and the possessor of a curious nose, have evolved an interesting combination of this elixir and a touch of the tropics that I must have read or dreamed about. True to form, I store it in the icebox, ready for unexpected guests or even, now and then and very cautiously, a small taste for myself. A generous tablespoonful of it in a cup of hot milk makes a pungent kind of *café au lait*, and since powdered decaffeinated stuff can be used instead of the comparatively honest "regular," it is safe to serve as a nightcap to soothe the sleepless. It makes a good demitasse at the end of a meal (with or without

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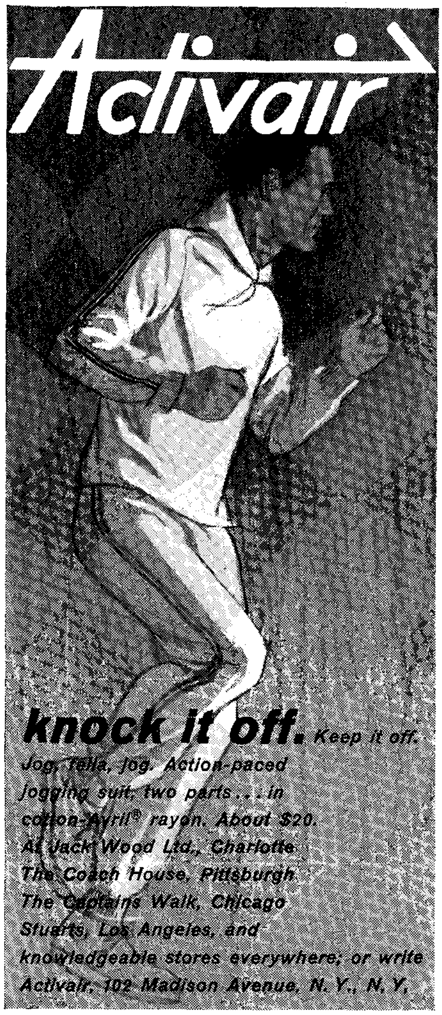
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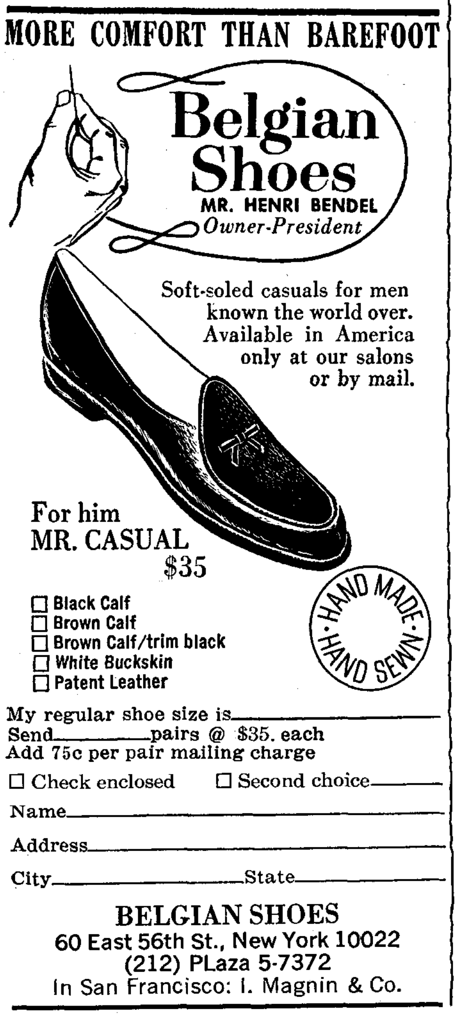
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rum!)—one tablespoon in the little cup, then filled with boiling water.

- 1 cup water.
- ½-¾ cup instant coffee (plus 1 tablespoon espresso-grind for added flavor).
- ½ cup brown sugar.
- 1 tablespoon Angostura Bitters.

Stir ¼ cup water into coffee. Add sugar to ¾ cup water, and boil five minutes. Add to dissolved coffee. Add bitters, stir rapidly, and pour into jar or bottle. Cover at once. Keep in icebox. 1 to 2 tablespoons will make 1 large cup of coffee.

Since I am writing of my own gastronomical prides and prejudices, I can admit that I am not proud of such compromises. I am intrinsically *agin* instant coffee, even if it claims to be a hundred per cent pure and blended to suit my nationwide personal taste. (What impudence!) I am even more agin instant tea, which sometimes contains the additional affront of sugar or mint or jasmine flavoring built into it, plus other chemical properties that make it soluble in cold water, to pour over ice cubes.

It would be an amusing job to compile an anthology of literary tidbits about tea and coffee, which, despite being cheerful non-inebriants, have inspired some surprisingly lusty prose and verse. Both beverages are fairly strong in natural drugs that are listed as stimulants and even excitants in our pharmacopoeia, but that we absorb as a routine part of our culture. Fortunately, in America, where the coffee break is an essential in office management and coffee often accompanies all three of our daily meals, it is usually a weak brew compared to the European half cup served after eating, or the Continental mixture of hot milk and coffee that is breakfast or part of a simple supper. Otherwise, we would be twice as jittery as we already are. In the British Isles, and perhaps in some of their former colonies, strong black tea is served at eleven and again at five in offices and factories, and, with "suckie-sweets" tucked into the cheek, is what has kept many an otherwise miserable employee on his feet—toothless but vertical.

My father's father, an Iowa giant in looks and behavior, gave up stimulants forever when he was forty, or at least he believed so. He saw the Light and became a militant Christian. In those days, this included forswearing liquor as a tool of the Devil, but he drank a brew of his own—hot and cold and all day long—steeped each morning from a half pound of freshly ground coffee beans or a large cup of tea leaves

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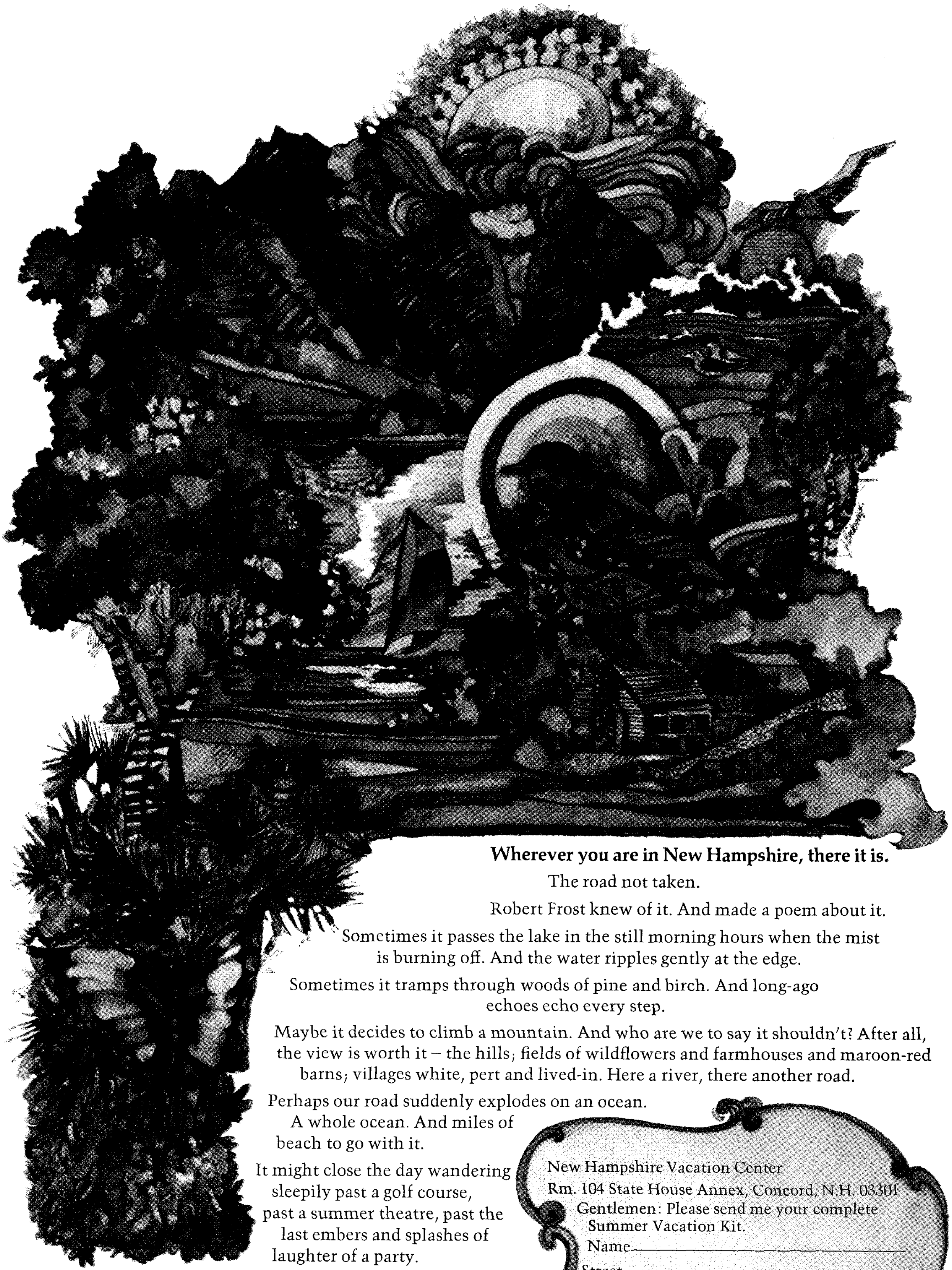

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Robert Frost knew of it. And made a poem about it.

Sometimes it passes the lake in the still morning hours when the mist
is burning off. And the water ripples gently at the edge.

Sometimes it tramps through woods of pine and birch. And long-ago
echoes echo every step.

Maybe it decides to climb a mountain. And who are we to say it shouldn't? After all,
the view is worth it – the hills; fields of wildflowers and farmhouses and maroon-red
barns; villages white, pert and lived-in. Here a river, there another road.

Perhaps our road suddenly explodes on an ocean.
A whole ocean. And miles of
beach to go with it.

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and one quart of water and a cup of sugar, sipping it like cough medicine if his huge frame felt like sipping, between the floods of strong black coffee and tea that came with every meal. He was the man who now and then, on market days, would buy a little bottle of root-beer extract—the size meant to make several gallons—empty it into a tumbler of water, and toss it off, firm in his faith in his own abstemiousness. Where a lesser human being would have shaken to death or at least fallen down, he simply prayed a little more.

Here is a recipe that reminds me of the caffeine punch the old man devised. I first heard of it from a woman born and raised in Vermont instead of on the prairies, who assured me of its potency:

A Tea

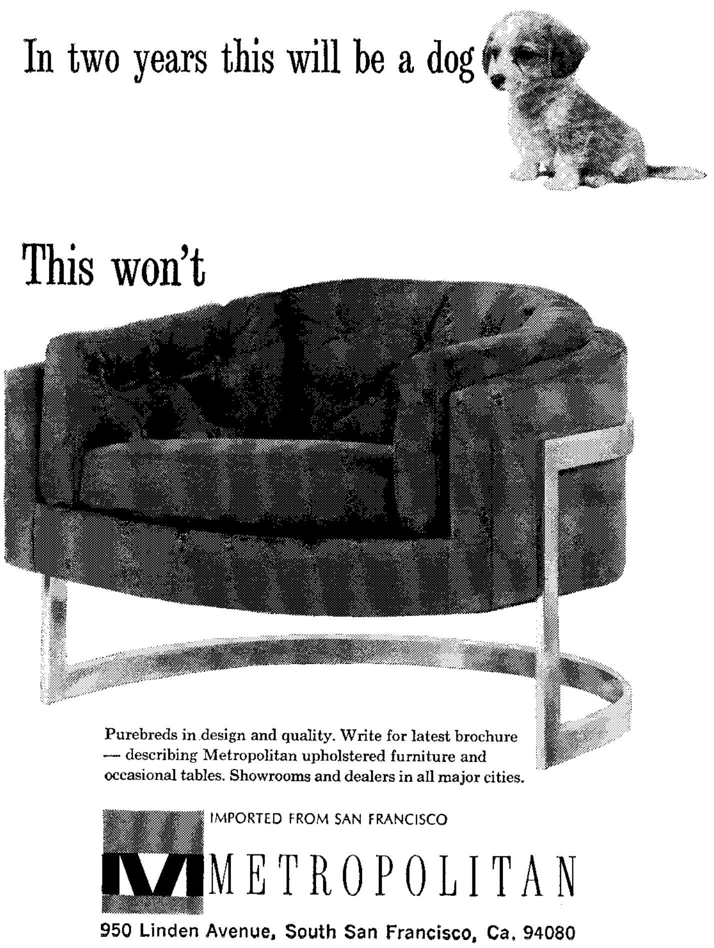
1 or 2 tablespoons tea. (My grandfather would be incredulous!)
1 quart cool water.
1 sprig mint, if desired.
Let stand in hot sun 3 or 4 hours. Chill.

This reminds me of another New England drink for haymakers and other people working in the fields in summer: two tablespoons molasses, one tablespoon vinegar, a pinch of powdered ginger for each cup of cold water. (Grandfather would shrug pityingly.)

COKE, slaphappy with cola and sweetening, is often said to be our national drink. Coffee-tea-milk, though, are standard in restaurants and many homes, to be drunk with meals.

Milk is mistakenly used as a beverage, and has probably killed, with its double socko of proteins, almost as many adults as it has nursed through infancy and senility, where it naturally belongs as a substitute for the human mammary fluid. It is useful in cooking, and when it is fresh and raw ("certified," when it can be bought, and thus unquestionably of surer quality than the pasteurized, homogenized, and vitamin-enriched products commonly consumed by publicity-conditioned Americans) it can be a very pleasant and nourishing addition to a light meal or nibble, or as a restorative.

Tea I have implied that I appreciate, and even know how to make correctly, but seldom do. It can fairly commendably be served with or after luncheon, and toasts or dainty cakes and cookies are good with it in the late afternoon. (Best of all, I must add with nostalgia, are very thin small sandwiches of white homemade bread, with sweet butter and drained sliced cucumber or care-



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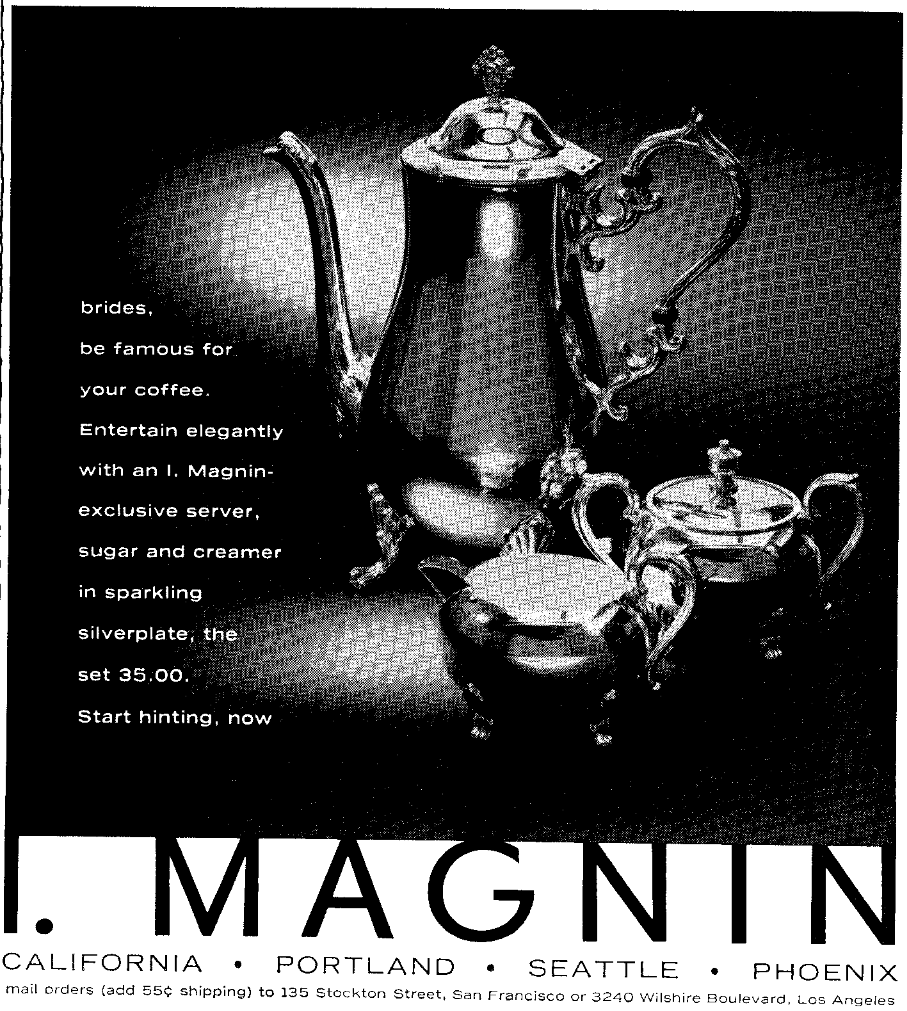

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fully dried watercress or, most delicious, one or two thicknesses of tender nasturtium leaves—dream stuff, of course, but why not mention it?) Coffee, I state firmly, should never be served *with* any meal but breakfast. In fact, it is actively revolting to me to try to taste with my mind's tongue its flavor and beautiful aroma with meats or green salads or *pasta* or fish, although when I was much younger I loved to eat rich chocolate desserts with a cup of it.

If considered as a cultural compulsion, a near-steady flow of hot weak liquid perhaps acts like the pill patterns of many modern people: one cup or capsule to relax, then one to stimulate, and so on. We are in much the same conditioned behavior with common salt, which most recipes list as an essential ingredient of everything from soup to gingerbread, reducing a strong and distinctive flavor to nothingness. Perhaps we should take another *taste* of coffee and tea, and even milk, and consider them for a few minutes as new and peculiarly delicious—something to be savored and used sparingly, judiciously. We have too much of them. When they are in short supply, they become a luxury. We can live without them—even milk—unless we are infirm or very young or old, and even then we can remind ourselves that the South Sea Islanders never saw a cow but still had beautiful teeth, before our missionaries moved in.

In the case of these three liquids, which my grandfather sternly preferred to consider non-stimulating but which send me quickly into the dizzy jitters or nudge my liver to give out a firm warning, I do not think of any of them as the beginning of a meal. Unless a true friend *asked* for a glass of milk, for instance, I would not serve it before dinner. But there are many discreet and even appetizing things to be drunk "safely" while other people are roaring it up over their dry sherry and their Martinis and Scotches, and I have spent years unobtrusively concocting them: Margaritas without tequila, Gibsons of pure water, bourbon-and-branch made of apple juice. What we drink before a meal to be shared with friends is unimportant. The basic reason for this remains as true as it is primitive—a man or an animal cannot swallow if he hates or is fearful. And that is why I like always to sip slowly at almost any liquid, and with chosen people aged from a few months to near a hundred years, before we sit down together. —M. F. K. Fisher

• •

TROUBLESOME FAME

To be born famous, as your father's son,
  Is a fate troublesome enough unless,
Like Philip's Alexander of Macedon,
  You can outdo him by superb excess
Of greed and profligacy and wantonness.

To become famous, as a wonder child,
  Brings no less trouble, with whatever art
You toyed precociously, for Fame had smiled
  Malevolence at your birth. . . . Only Mozart
Played on, still smiling from his placid heart.

To become famous while a raw young man
  And lead Fame by the nose to a bitter end,
As Caesar's nephew did, Octavian,
  Styling himself Augustus, is to pretend
Peace in the torments that such laurels lend.

To become famous in your middle years
  For merit not unblessed by accident—
Encountering catcalls, missiles, jeers and sneers
  From half your uncontrollable parliament—
Is no bad fate, to a good sportsman sent.

But Fame attendant on extreme old age
  Falls best. What envious youth cares to compete
With a lean sage hauled painfully upstage—
  Bowing, gasping, shuffling his frozen feet—
A ribboned hearse parked plainly down the street?

—Robert Graves

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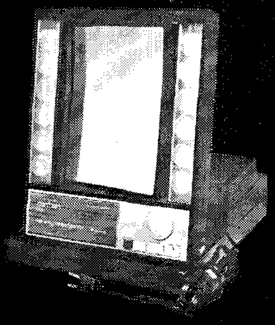

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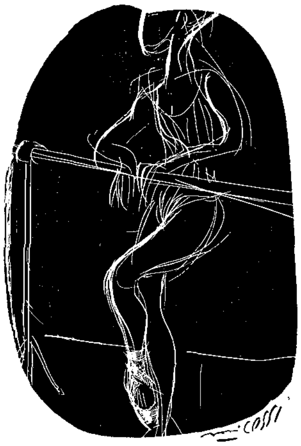
MUSICAL EVENTS

And, in Conclusion . . .

I PROMISED last week to make no more nominations for Mr. Bing's successor, and I shall keep my promise. I have been deluged, however, by further letters and phone calls, and my correspondents and callers have brought forward several names that, for one reason or another, I did not mention. One of them is Leonard Bernstein, who would obviously be the ideal man. But I doubt that Mr. Bernstein has resigned his taxing duties as musical director of the New York Philharmonic in order to assume the even more taxing duties of the Met's impresario. Another is George London, the great Metropolitan baritone, whose vocal career seems to be over, though he is still young. Last time the Metropolitan hired a singer for the job, it had good luck. He was Edward Johnson. I did not mention Mr. London because I thought that he was tied up as the artistic administrator of the John F. Kennedy Center, in Washington. But it appears that he could easily be lured away for the Metropolitan job. Still another is Schuyler Chapin, a man experienced in managerial affairs. And another suggestion is that Anthony Bliss, a member of the Metropolitan's board of directors and a man who has spent his life in close connection with opera, take over, with perhaps the assistance of an outstanding conductor as musical director. Most of these are excellent choices. But this is to be my last reference to the subject in this column. And, just to relieve all the candidates of any embarrassment, I should like to say that not one of the people I have mentioned is a close friend of mine (though I have shaken hands with most of them at one time or another), and that not one of them has suggested to me, even by a hint, the idea of putting his name forward.



THE most interesting event of last week, though it was a conventional one in most respects, was the appearance with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday night of the Hungarian conductor István Kertész. Since last season, Mr. Kertész has grown a goatee and a mustache, which add years to his rather boyish face and make him look a bit like old photographs of his great countryman Arthur Nikisch. But it was not the facial adornments that made the evening interesting to me. It was the growing realization that of all the younger conductors now before the public Mr. Kertész stands out as by far the most mature, the most tasteful, and the most generally accomplished. He did not succeed in bringing out quite the degree of lustre in matters of tone that Eugene Ormandy does with this orchestra. But that, after all, is Mr. Ormandy's secret, and nobody else can manage it. The points that struck me about Mr. Kertész were his unobtrusive authority, his assurance and poise, his profound knowledge of the scores he conducted, and his absolute control over the orchestra's every phrase. You would think that these attributes were common to all prominent maestros, but they are not—at least, not in the degree in which Mr. Kertész possesses them. He is the compleat conductor, experienced in opera as well as in the symphonic repertoire, and one of our outstanding symphony orchestras should snap him up if he is available.

The program that evening opened with a New York première—an Aria and Allegro for Strings and Brass by the Hungarian-American composer Eugene Zádor, who, if you happen to remember, is the man who wrote the opera "The Scarlet Mill," which I reviewed earlier this season. Mr. Zádor is a master of the old-fashioned craft of musical composition, and his new work is written with great skill. It contains a fugue, and its instrumentation is wonderfully clear and original. It is an engaging composition. Its general structure is tonal with bitonal passages, and it resembles the music of Prokofieff more than that of any other composer I can think of. It is, however, a thoroughly individual work, and a genuine contribution to the symphonic repertoire. The composer came onstage to take a couple of bows at its conclusion, but seemed rather eager to leave, and not without reason. His arm was in a

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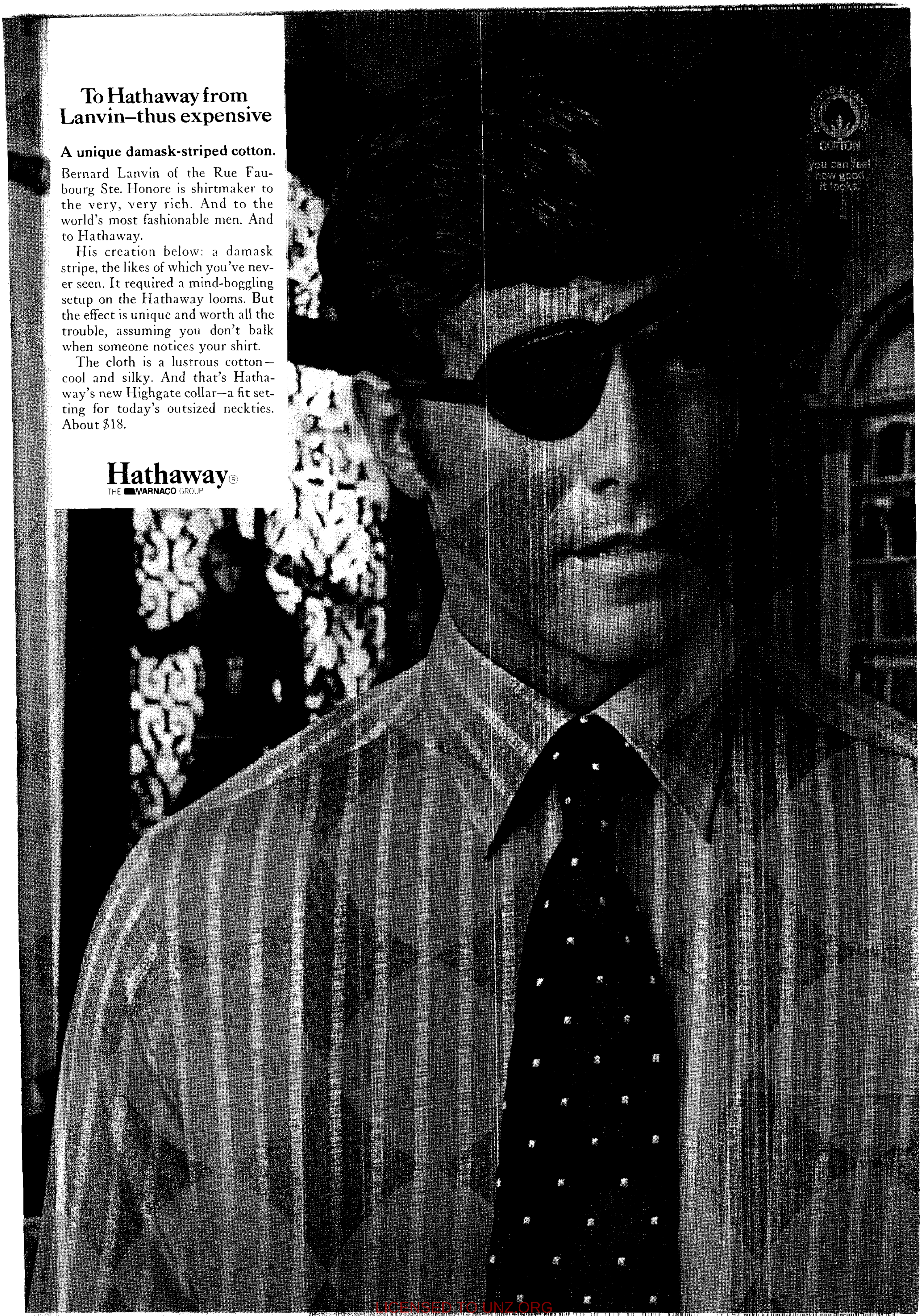

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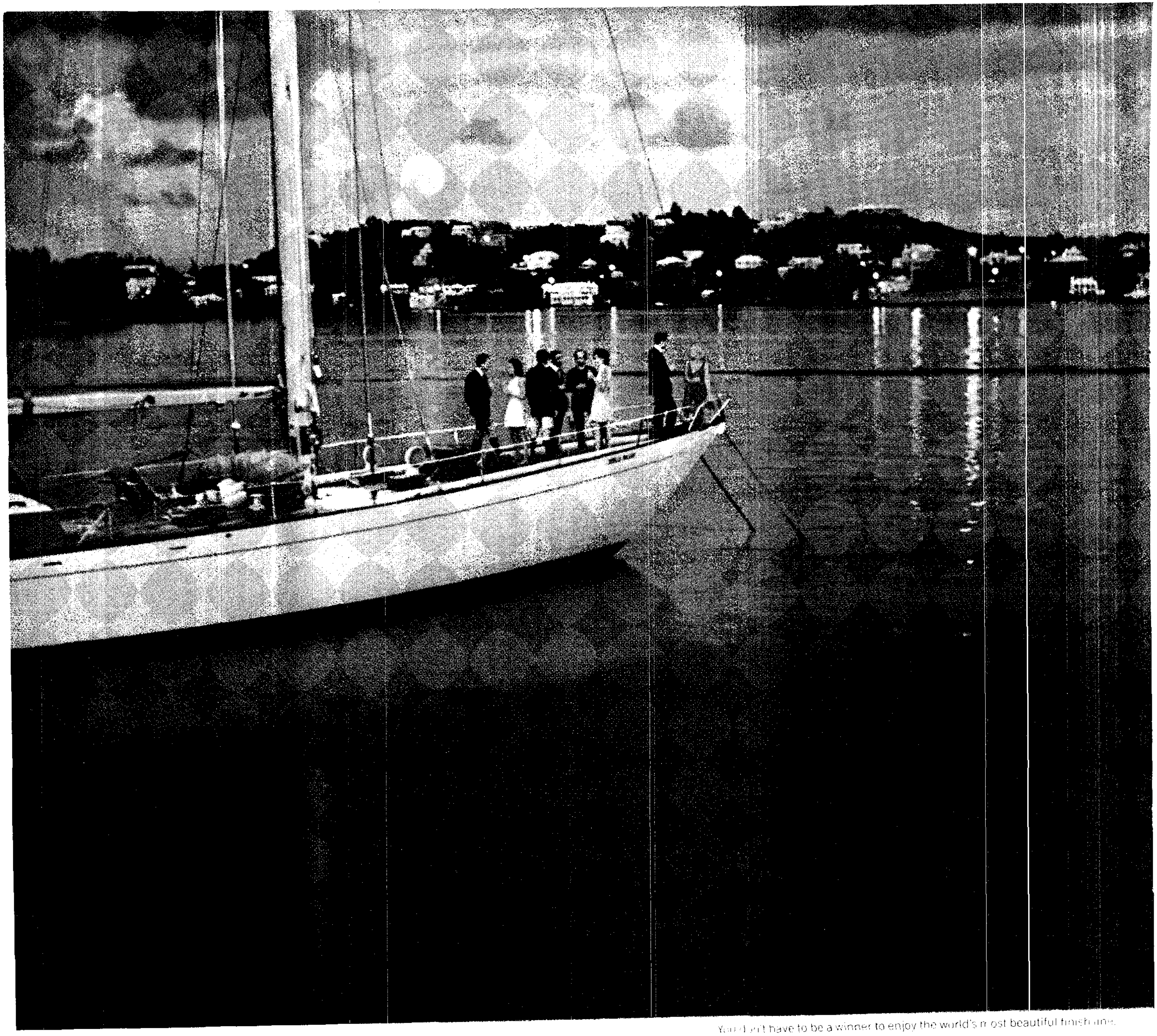

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sling. Just a few hours before the performance he had had the bad luck to be slightly injured in an automobile accident.

Then came Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony (No. 45, in F Sharp Minor), which Mr. Kertész conducted with great sensitivity. It has been a long time since I encountered this symphony in the concert hall. It is, of course, a trick composition, in which the players leave the stage one by one until only a couple of violinists, and usually the conductor, are all that remain. It used to be popular with conductors like Damrosch and Koussevitzky, but it hasn't appeared here lately. Mr. Kertész introduced a new stunt, and an amusing one, by leaving the stage himself, shushing the audience as he went, while the two violinists completed the symphony. All good, clean, and quite classy fun. After the intermission, Mr. Kertész conducted Schubert's great C Major Symphony. Here he had a chance to show his artistry. Not since the time of Toscanini have I heard a better performance of this long work. The tempos were exactly right and never dragged. Inner voices that are often ignored came through plainly and beautifully. Trombones and horns produced silken tone. The treatment of the scherzo was rather special, with a considerable amount of rubato, and punctuating pauses before certain important notes. A gypsy element seemed to be present, and it was quite appropriate.

LAST Friday night, the Juilliard Opera Theatre presented the American première of Arthur Honegger's "Antigone," along with Francis Poulenc's "La Voix Humaine," in the old Juilliard Concert Hall, on Claremont Avenue. Both works have plays by that incurable aesthetic fop Jean Cocteau as librettos, and both date from the period between the World Wars, when French opera died in a clutter of mannerism. There is, nevertheless, a difference between them. Poulenc's music is far superior to Honegger's—far more expressive as well as more traditional. In fact, as time goes on, it is becoming more and more clear that Poulenc was the only first-rate talent among the "Six," who dominated French music of the time. Still, neither of these works is a really viable opera. "La Voix Humaine," as you probably remember, involves a woman and a telephone, and is a virtuoso vehicle for a mature French singing actress. All the changes are rung

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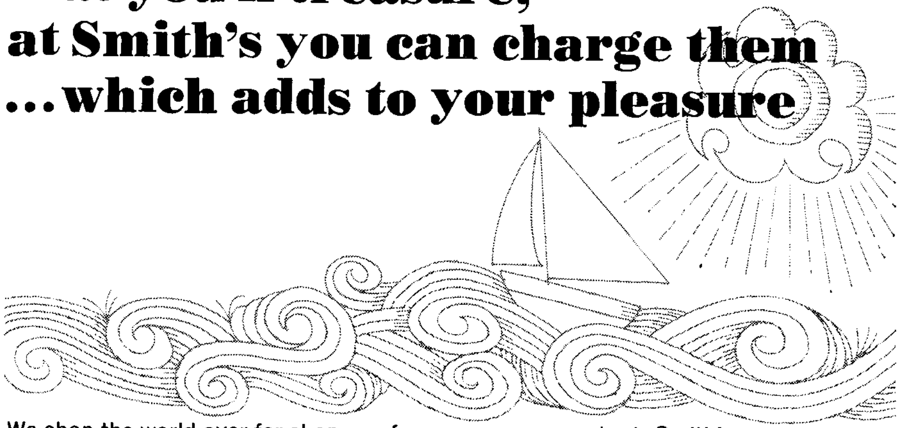

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on feminine, and particularly French feminine, emotion. Barbara Shuttleworth coped creditably with its moods but failed to project them ideally. Part of her trouble was her French diction, which, though studious, was not free enough to permit her complete ease in this very difficult role.

Honegger's "Antigone" is one of those bloodless creations that were all too fashionable in the Paris of the twenties, and it now seems so old-fashioned as not to be worth reviving. The Cocteau adaptation of Sophocles that serves it for a plot is stylish for its period, though utterly inhuman and devoid of the slightest trace of emotion. The music is amazingly undistinguished for a composer of Honegger's reputation, and it is obvious in every phrase that he was an extremely clumsy writer for the voice. The production was an accurate reinvocation of the style of Paris in the twenties, with the Greek populace represented by four people in masks, and a semi-abstract set. The student singers—among them Anita Terzian, Stephen Rowland, Ryan Edwards, and James Selway—strove nobly to bring the thing to life. The French diction again was variable, more often poor than otherwise. I am glad that I heard "Antigone" only because now I know that I never want to hear it again. So far, the presentations of the Juilliard Opera Theatre have not been up to expectations. Perhaps there will be an improvement next season.

LAST Wednesday night, in a mood for gathering up loose ends, I attended a performance of "The Marriage of Figaro" by the New York City Opera in the New York State Theatre. I was agreeably surprised. The opera, sung in the admirable English translation by Ruth and Thomas Martin, received a wonderfully smooth and beautifully coördinated interpretation, for which the stage director, Vlado Habunek, and the conductor, Gabor Ötvös, must be given credit. Helen Vanni made her City Opera début as the Countess, and sang fairly well (she seemed to be having trouble focussing her voice). The others—Spiro Malas as Figaro, Joy Clements as Susanna, Malcolm Smith as Bartolo, Frances Bible as Cherubino, David Clatworthy as Count Almaviva, Nico Castel as Basilio—were all excellent. This was an intimate, stock-company performance, remarkable mainly for its fine group workmanship. I have seen performances of the opera in several

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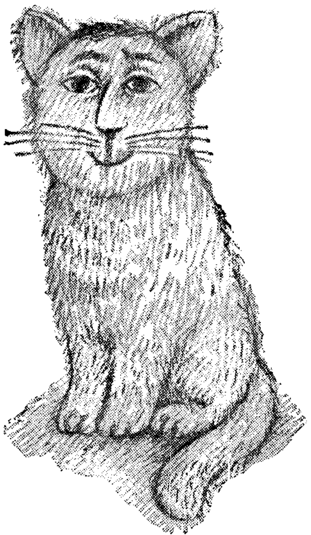

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Dylan's Anti-Surprise

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"I don't need much, that ain't no lie./ Ain't runnin' any race./ Give to me my country pie./ I won't throw it up in anybody's face," sings Bob Dylan on his new album, "Nashville Skyline" (Columbia KCS 9825). And, at least on the surface, that declaration sums up the mood of this much more than pleasant record. Dylan has taken a vacation from mythmaking and perversity to relax and fool around with his music. As usual, his sense of timing is perfect. "Nashville Skyline" appears at a moment when the whole rock scene has relaxed; the era of the masterpiece, when everyone waited tensely for the latest miracle to emerge from the studio, is really over. The album also represents the culmination of a year in which Dylan-mongering fell to an all-time low—in which news of our hero was consistently homey and reassuring, like a polygraph finally straightening out. Dylan, as we all know, has been a-&-w in Woodstock, occasionally trekking to Nashville and meeting up with Johnny Cash.

So I wasn't even surprised that "Nashville Skyline" wasn't much of a surprise. Dylan has been hung up on country music for a long time—"John Wesley Harding" got everybody interested, but it should be remembered that "Blonde on Blonde" was recorded in Nashville in 1966—and he had given every indication that he was going to keep pursuing it. Much as I had expected, "Nashville Skyline" is a collection of simple, melodic country songs. The one shocker is Dylan's voice. He really *sings*—carries a tune, that is—and, as a result, sounds ten years older and just like a country singer, which seems to be his point. The album is his tribute to a genre, complete with manifesto ("Country Pie," the song quoted above). The usual relationship between Dylan's words and his melodies is reversed. "Nashville Skyline" is primarily *sound*—country sound of several varieties. Most of the lyrics are pastiches of country-western and pop clichés ("I was cruel./ I treated her like a fool./ I threw it all away") whose function is to provide the proper setting for the music. In the past, Dylan has used country music as

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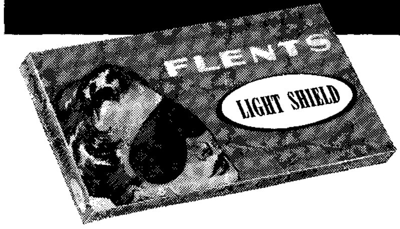

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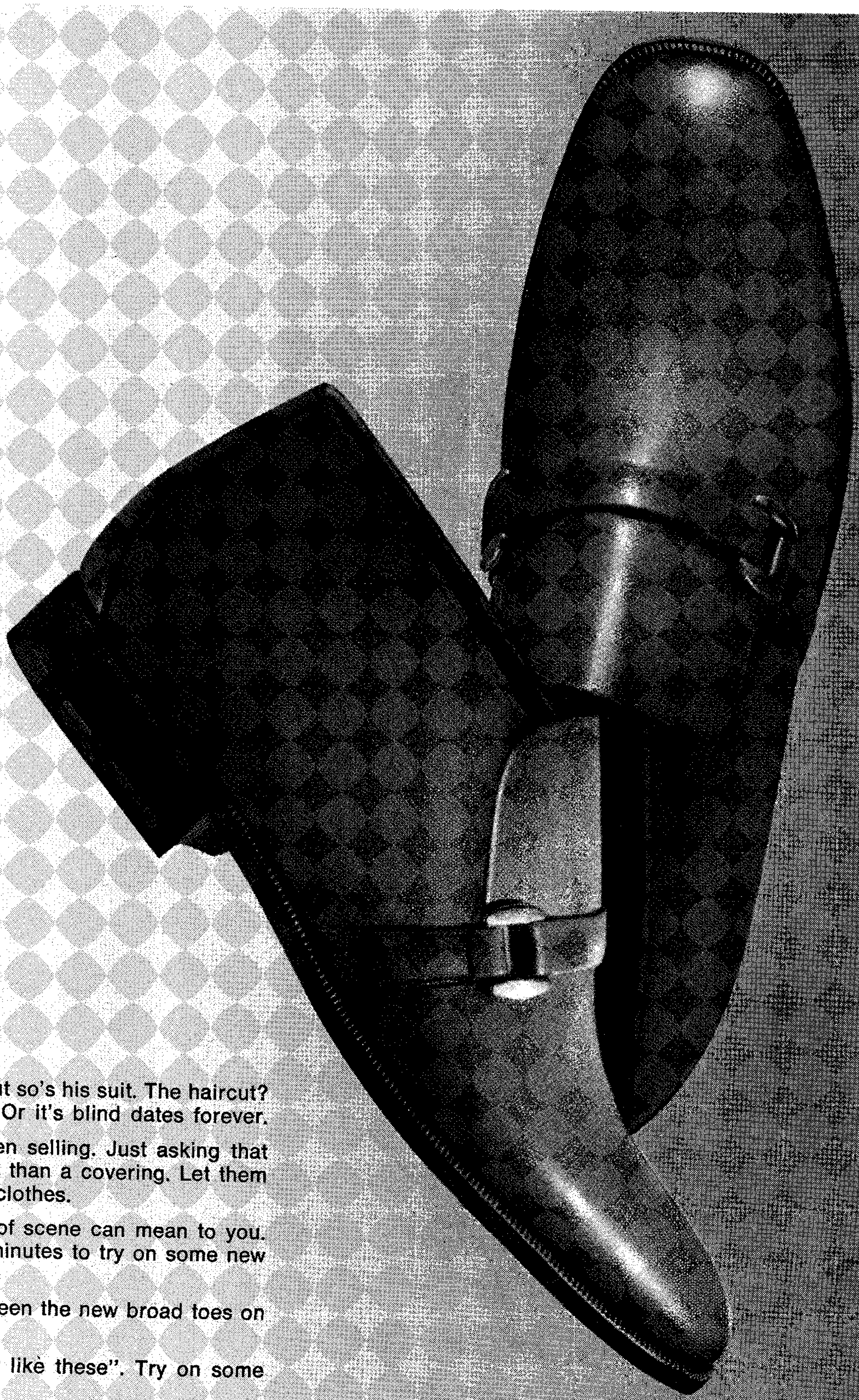

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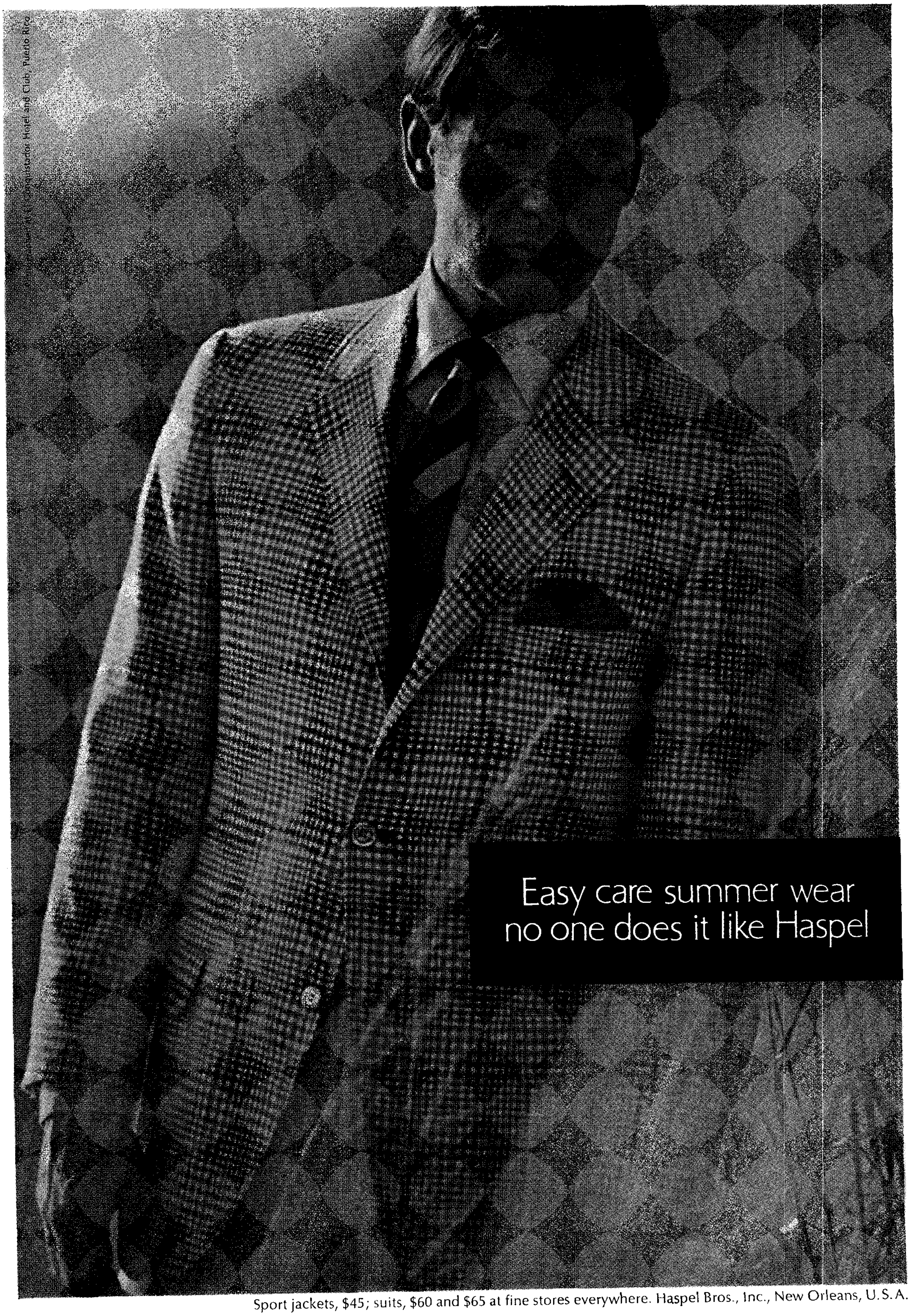
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a vehicle for self-expression; in this album he subordinates self to genre. Using examples from his earliest work, he comments on this reversal of values: in the much publicized duet with Johnny Cash, he transforms his old song "Girl from the North Country" from an intensely adolescent, weltschmerzy folk ballad into a stylized, cheerful country-western song; "Nashville Skyline Rag," an excellent instrumental, contains unobtrusive snatches of his unmistakable harmonica, a trademark that hasn't changed in eight years.

Dylan's mood of acceptance, his use of clichés in the attempt to fashion "generic" songs, his revived interest in his past were all evident on "John Wesley Harding," though here these concerns are treated more casually and playfully. Furthermore, several country records put out by pop performers in the wake of "J.W.H." anticipated "Nashville Skyline's" basic musical ideas. Dylan professes not to care that he hasn't presented us with anything startling—he ain't runnin' any race. But, ultimately, his refusal to top himself turns into a new way of topping himself; his acceptance becomes another form of belligerence. Unpredictability, he is saying, is as big a bore as anything else—why should he have to make the revolution every time? "Nashville Skyline" may be a revolt against hipness, but it is sure to be one of the hippest records of the year.

This album is not only about country music. Like "Another Side of Bob Dylan" and "Blonde on Blonde," it is about women. Dylan has always combined frankness about the power struggle between men and women with reticence about sex—an unusual combination. The conventional approach in pop music is to combine realism with a display of sexual power—indeed, to identify the two—or else to soften the whole male-female relationship with fantasy. The first tendency comes out of blues and is bound up with the myth of black sexuality; the second is the product of white music and puritanism. Before Dylan (and the Beatles), American bohemians and radicals who rebelled against the hypocrisies of white middle-class culture almost invariably used blackness as a central metaphor. Dylan never did. Like all the other folkies, he learned blues riffs and sang about Mississippi, but his radicalism was modelled on Woody Guthrie's and his bohemianism on Allen Ginsberg's, and blues sensibility contributed little to his melodies (diatonic and crude), his

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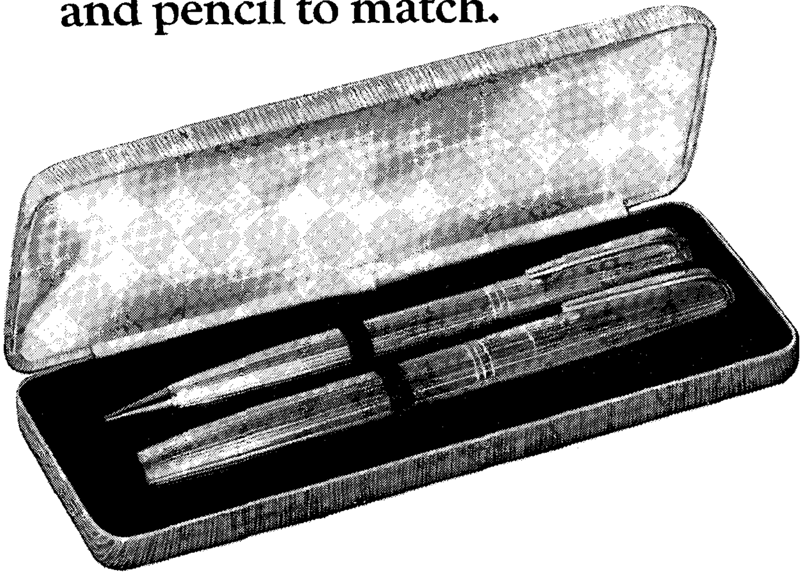

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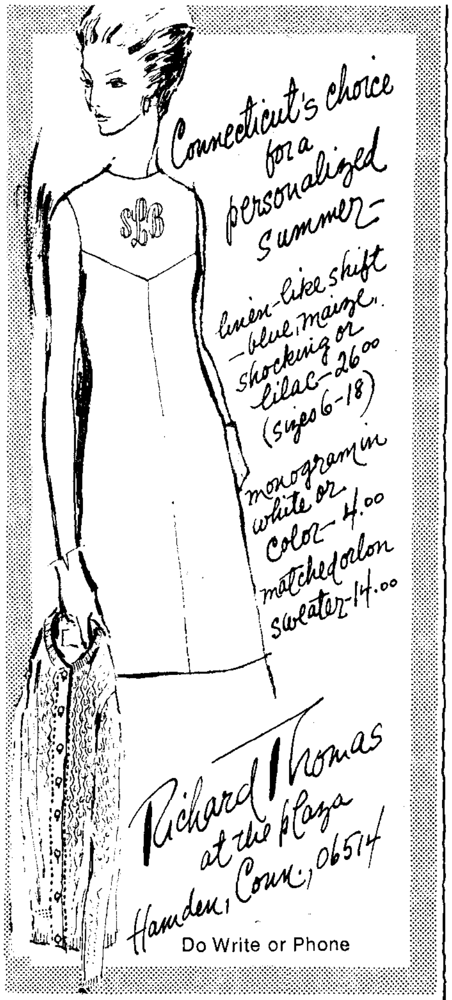

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rhythms (English-*cum*-hillbilly), his lyrics, or his sexual attitude. Now he is discovering that romantic fantasy, staple of the white pop tradition, has its place. His attitude toward women, like his attitude toward everything else, has softened considerably. "Nashville Skyline" is an album of tender, humor-filled love songs—not a putdown in the lot. "One More Night" is reminiscent of "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right"—only now Dylan acknowledges it is at least as much his failure as hers that "I couldn't be what she wanted me to be." "Tell Me That It Isn't True" pokes fun at his past mania for uncompromising honesty: "They say that you've been seen with some other man./ . . . Darlin', I'm countin' on you./ Tell me that it isn't true." My favorite cut, musically and lyrically, is "Lay Lady Lay," a low-keyed, delicate sexual invitation backed up by absolutely spectacular organ music.

In short, this record fulfills a promise Dylan made us all a year ago: "Shut the light, shut the shade./ You don't have to be afraid./ I'll be your baby tonight." O.K., Bobby.

"THE BEST OF SAM AND DAVE" (Atlantic 8218) is now available, and recommended. . . . "Randy Newman" (Reprise RS 6286), which originally came out last spring, has been repackaged and is being promoted again—more successfully than before, I hope. It took me a long time to like Newman, a gifted and offbeat songwriter with one of the weirdest voices ever recorded. Apparently, the FM disc jockeys haven't yet turned on to him, because he has received almost no exposure, at least in New York. . . . MC5—the only group to perform for the Lincoln Park protesters in Chicago—has released its first album, "Kick Out the Jams" (Elektra EKS-74042). The group puts on a great live show; neither the music nor the revolutionary haranguing comes through as well second-hand. Still, the album generates more electricity than most these days. —ELLEN WILLIS

•

WASHINGTON (UPI) — Sen. Albert Gore, D-Tenn., has introduced a resolution to make iris—the state flower of Tennessee—the U.S. national flower. Gore has some powerful opposition. The spell was broken when officer Sherwood Smith's wife gave birth to a 7-pound, 12-ounce daughter.

—*Dallas Times Herald.*

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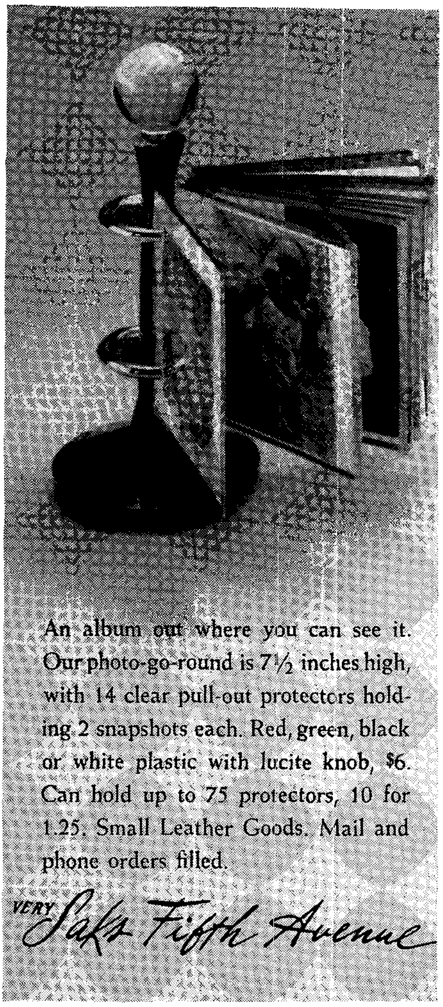
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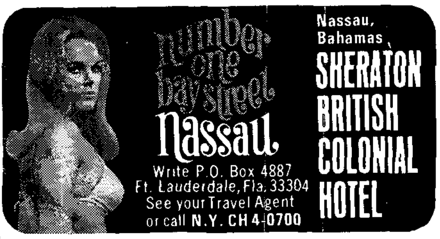
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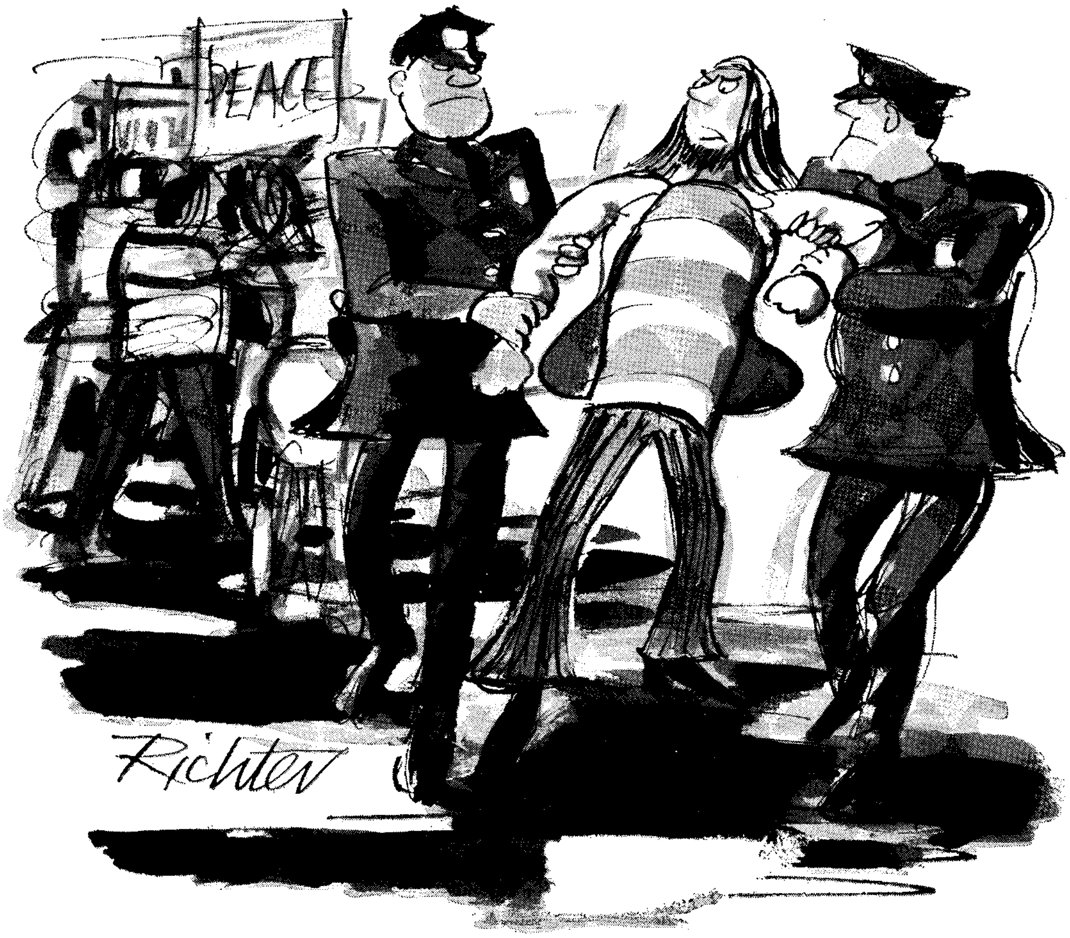
BOOKS

Kingsley Amis at Halfway House

A TALENTED first novelist sets up to do the impossible and often brings it off. To pass from the pupal to the winged stage, to break into print and possibly into fame, he is willing and sometimes able to play well over his head as a writer and to create a sustained and remarkable piece of work that is unmistakably his own. Once he has done the impossible, though—once he has passed through the looking glass and into the world—he has only the possible to pit himself against the next time out. Having proved himself at great cost, he now sees the odds swing in his favor until he is comfortably certain of future success. Which often leads to a lowering of sights, a lessening of effort, and a decline in the unity, cogency, and power of his second book. At this point, the reader—especially one sharing the lifelong ups and downs of a favorite writer who happens to be a close contemporary—hopes for a counterattack by the writer, a regrouping of his powers, now seasoned with experience, and a decisive and victorious return to his earlier manner. At the least, he should now be good for a series of satisfying books in an idiom he has made his own; at best, and only rarely, he may pass clear through some sort of personal sound barrier and begin to write equally effectively in quite another vein. Such Picassos of letters are regrettably few and likely to remain so.

If any writer's development is a curve plotted by the conflict between his solitariness—the tent or envelope of near-withdrawal that is the only state in which he gets things done—and his publicness as a man who dares to sign his name to books, this century has intensified the conflict and made the curve far less predictable, especially for novelists, and most especially for satirists. In other times, a satirist could count on a sufficiency of kicks, cuffs, and snubs from his patrons and superiors to see him safely through a productive career and out the other side into a modest and—for a while, at any rate—an unsung grave. Nowadays, though, the writer whose trade it is to bite the hand that however exiguously feeds him must go on biting it with undiminished keenness even as it scatters an embarrassment of largesse in his lap. In fact, it is almost a platitude to say that a satirist's recognition and recompense are directly proportional to the outrageousness of his early attacks on his society, and that his sharpest thrusts are deftly turned aside and turned to profit by the print-media hierarchy. In short, a satirist, who must file his dispatches, so to speak, from inside the whale, runs a constantly increasing risk of being dissolved in its enzymes and becoming just another item in its diet. After assisting in some pioneering but involuntary work in self-dissolution by straight novelists—the only writers then prominent enough to be publicized and atomized—in the thirties and forties, the leviathan has broadened its scope to include biographers, historians, and satirists. The stigmata of the engulfee are obvious: identification with a fabricated and idealized public self, continuous performances (not on paper for the reader but in person for the press), advanced TV panelism, utterance of incessant (and ignorant) opinions on sex, pot, politics, and air pollution. Today it is almost unheard-of for a serious writer to be almost unheard-from.

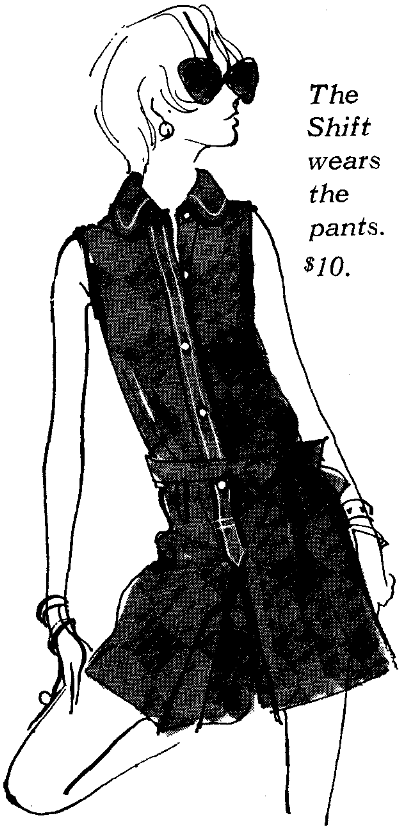
Which brings me at last to Mr. Kingsley Amis, who began his career unluckily by being labelled an Angry Young Man, and luckily by writing "Lucky Jim." The first assured his fame, or notoriety; the second gave notice of his promise. Though it is not, I think, his best book, "Lucky Jim" is nonetheless a fine one, savaging most of the institutions and traditions still standing at the end of the Second World War and introducing a new type of classless anti- and non-hero, who manages, barely but decisively, to be more likable than his mingily pedigreed antagonists. Jim Dixon succeeds in winning our hearts and our partisanship by representing the bloody-minded id in



"Hold it a minute! I'm an inside agitator!"

all of us; in his wholesome hatred for teachers and for learning itself, in his honest greed for free food, free drinks, and free girls, in his innocent eye on the main chance, Jim bravely and pusillanimously takes a role a whole postwar college generation would have loved to dare to take.

Once the considerable dust of "Lucky Jim" had cleared, Amis did not immediately succumb to the sophomore jinx of the possible, nor did he immediately repeat and enlarge on his first success. The closest he came before 1960—before "Take a Girl Like You"—was "That Uncertain Feeling," which will, and should, be remembered for its gritty, funny closeups of Welsh shabby-genteel-intellectual family life, its exegesis of the miserable politics of provincial librarianship, its measurement of the vast canyon between classes in the Britain of 1954 or so, its convincing portrait of a man-eating piece of female county gentry, and its well-built Feydeau slapstick. But it does not begin to approach my nominee for Amis's masterpiece, "Take a Girl Like You," in unity of theme and plot, in depth of characterization, in seriousness of play. Amis is after big game here—perhaps for the first and only time since "Lucky Jim"—and he never puts a foot wrong in his long and unrelenting stalk of the minute, particular relations between a really decent virgin and her clever, caddish, and eventually decent seducer. What makes "Take a Girl Like You" so good—and I would rank it with "A Handful of Dust" as one of the great serio-comic novels of the century—is its unrelenting intensity of observation, a word-by-word mosaic of perception that adds up to a sad, good-humored final say on the relations between men and women. Amis is especially good, like Orwell, on shabbiness and shabby gentility; on pretensions, particularly lower-middle-class ones; and on all kinds of cant and sham, for which he has an X-ray eye. But he is best and most original on the subject of sex, to which he brings the faultless eye and ear of a handsome man who has been there himself. His women possess real dimension of a kind not often seen since Fitzgerald (is it possible that only the writer who is himself attractive to women can portray them justly and affectionately, and that the others must idealize or denigrate, and in either case flatten, their female characters?); his "duds" and "smashers" of both sexes are not simply types but deep and realized personalities. Even the mysterious and marvellous Able Seaman Arthur Jackson—



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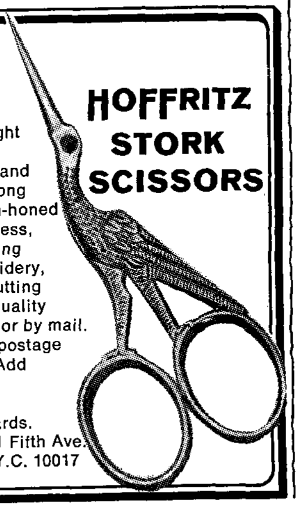

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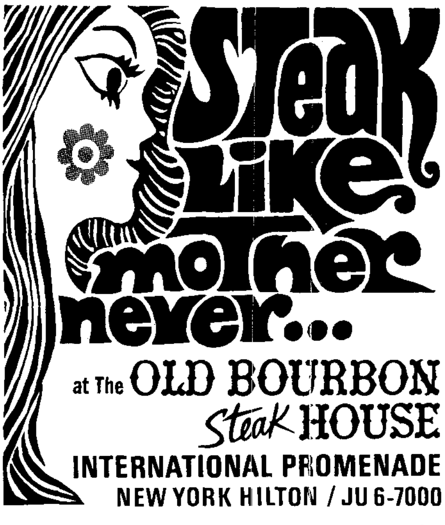

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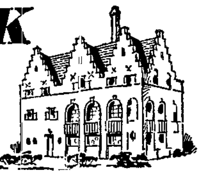

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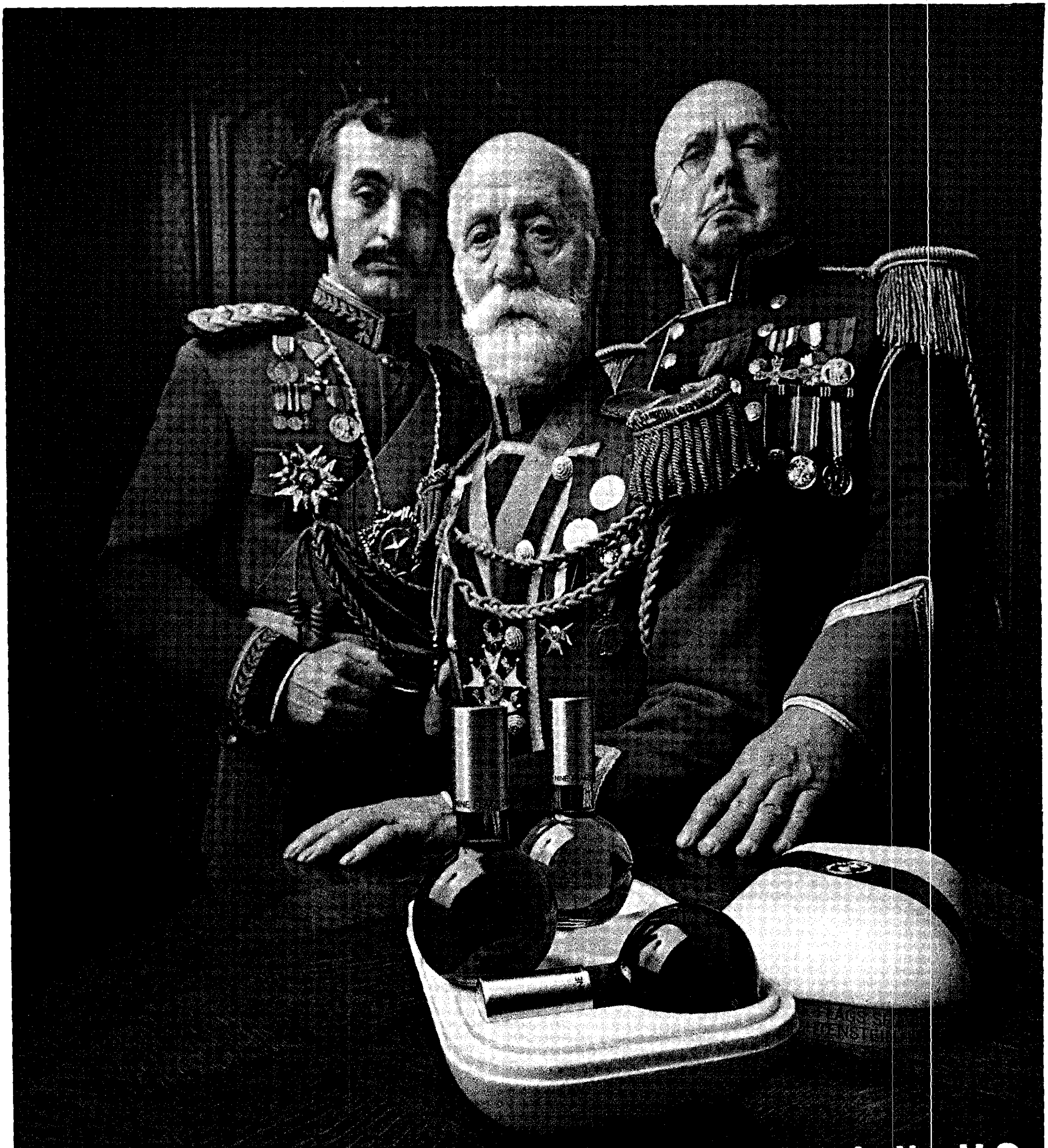

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who is only seen "reading the news" about his failed marriage in a drunken yell under a lamppost—is as real and believable as any of the major characters.

After "Take a Girl Like You," Amis's next two novels—"One Fat Englishman" and "The Anti-Death League"—represented dead-end forays into new milieus. The first, the story of a boorish and repulsive English publisher's rapacious visit to the United States, is nearly unreadable in its cold distaste for its characters, who to a man (or woman) are moral lepers no writer or reader would willingly identify with; the second, an experiment in futurism *cum* science fiction, gets hung up on its glittering hardware and fails to progress to a conclusion or to resolve itself as a story about human beings. "The Egyptologists," published the year "The Anti-Death League" was, is perhaps beneath mention as a collaboration (with Robert Conquest) and as a one-joke joke that is extremely wearying. Clearly, something awful had happened to Kingsley Amis since 1960. Though this is a review of the books and not the man, it seems fair, and safe, to say that he was simply taken up: that he was made a part, perhaps involuntarily, of the mindless, circular, self-perpetuating London game called literature, with its serial TV interviews, intellectual gossip columns, and bitterly playful public controversies that never seem to end. Perhaps, like Auden's Yeats, he became his admirers; these admirers, though, were not the library-card holders of Leeds and Great Barrington or the undergraduates of Vanderbilt and Edinburgh but the tit-for-tat, *quid-pro-quo* newsmen and broadcasters and pundits and P.R.O.s and party-givers of the British (and transatlantic) metropolis.

His new book, "I Want It Now" (Harcourt, Brace), reflects this. In a sense, it is a return to his earlier manner: the style and language move more freely and brightly than they have for a long time; the lengthy strings of perceptions and their funny qualifications—thesis, antithesis, anti-antithesis—roll out again with a crackle of real comic power; the story moves in time and space with Amis's old swagger and audacity. It is a readable story and a witty one, and it deserves to be read if only on the ground that we have only so many Kingsley Amises (one, to be exact) and that any Amis book is better than none. But here, too, there is something seriously wrong. "I Want It Now" is in a way a translation of

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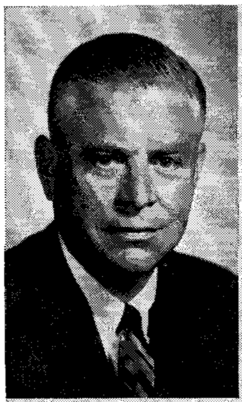

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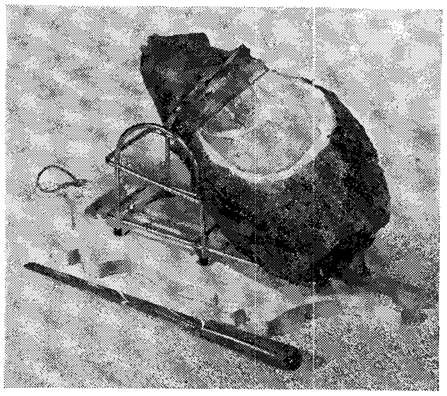
"Take a Girl Like You" into a different social key. The pointedly everyday tale of suburban, middle-class seduction has been transmuted into a fantasy about the pursuit of a rich girl by one of the tolerated hangers-on of the rich. Ronnie Appleyard, a subtly defamatory television interviewer, meets Simon Quick, the ungovernable daughter of a titled millionairess, and elects to make himself her husband out of avarice (seduction isn't in it, since Ronnie himself is seduced by Simon in the first pages of the book). The devolutions of the plot arise from the distant early detection of his scheme by Lady Baldock, Simon's mother, and her subsequent evasive maneuverings. After a series of peripatetic houseparties in London, the Aegean Islands, and the Deep South, in the course of which boy meets/gets/loses girl, and, perhaps more important to the purpose of the book, Amis gets off several hundred volleys at the cheeseparing niggardliness and titanic vanities of the rich, Ronnie closes in for the kill in London, where the dénouement takes the form of an unannounced on-air confrontation between him and his arch-enemy, Lady Baldock, in the course of a TV show about the very rich.

While this climactic scene is, I think, blurred, botched, and indistinct (especially by comparison with Lucky Jim's brilliantly stage-managed and immensely satisfying triumph over his tormentors), as is the final, anticlimactic walk-into-sunset (or Chelsea fogbank) of the reunited lovers, these faults don't seem to be cardinal failings in the construction or execution of the novel. Rather, they are logical consequences of some false assumptions taken at the *beginning*. First, it is deeply questionable whether a person of such real, if narrow, power and status as a television interviewer is by definition qualified to be an Amis anti-hero. Unlike Jim Dixon, John Lewis, and Patrick Standish, Ronnie Appleyard is not an enemy of the Establishment, subsisting meagrely on its sleeping tolerance. Rather, he is a member of it who is handsomely rewarded for his labors in its behalf and whose chief goal is to rise to the top of it, in money if not in power. This, certainly, is more than a difference in degree; it is a difference in essence, in kind. Ronnie is not a rotter by virtue of his humanness, his greedy vices; he is a rotter because of his inhuman compact with the Establishment. For such a character to be saved by the love of a gentle woman is, if implausible, still cricket by the rules of comic fiction, but for him to be less



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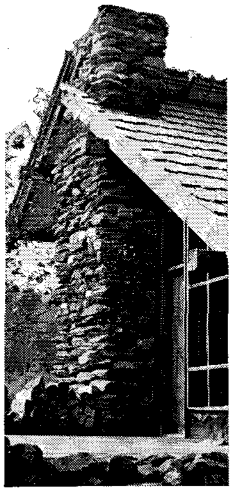

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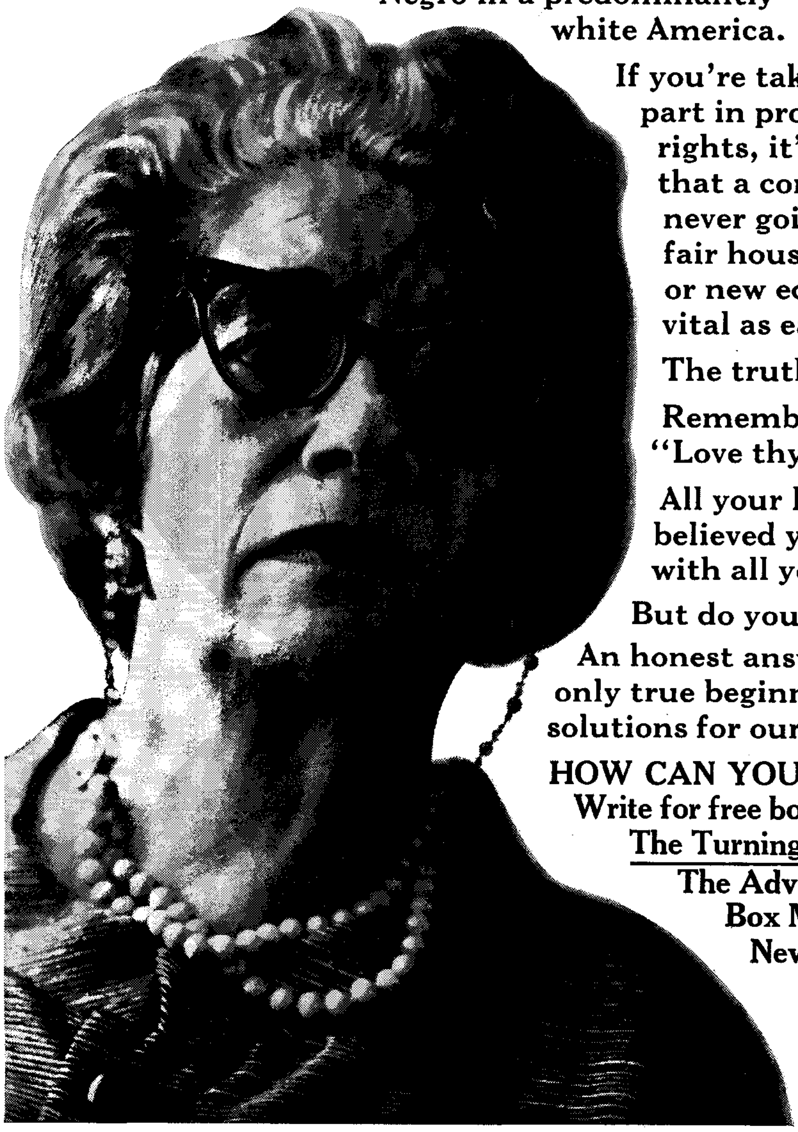
Surely one of the things that they want is not to be known as "those people".

Just think for a moment of the times in your life when you've felt "different" or "out of place". Then try to imagine feeling that way most of the time. That's a little—a very little—of what it's like to be any Negro in a predominantly white America.



If you're taking an active part in promoting civil rights, it's wise to remember that a complete answer is never going to come only from fair housing, or equal opportunity, or new educational opportunities—vital as each one of these things is.

The truth lies deeper.

Remember this line: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

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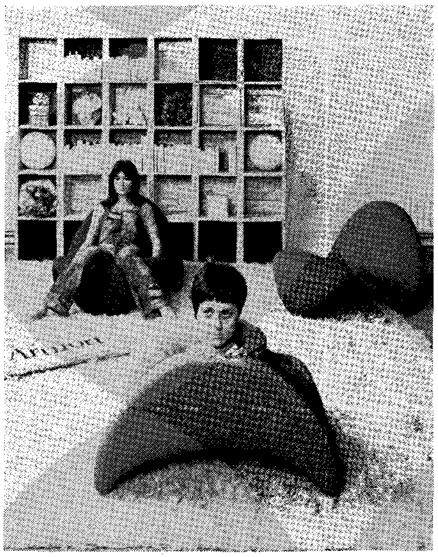

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than a thoroughgoing rotter at the beginning is for his redemption to be incomplete and unconvincing at the end. And Amis, who seems ambiguous toward his protagonist, never works wholeheartedly at making Ronnie the real rat he must be first if he is to be a real man later. Instead, the true bile and gall of the book are spent on the characters, or caricatures, of the rich, who, almost for the first time in Amis, are virtually interchangeable and unidentifiable as individuals. Thus it is a confusing surprise to learn that Lady Baldock is really a graspingly possessive mother—a fact that should have been evident after her first entrance—or to discover, late in the book, that her husband, a blank of Lord Peter Wimseyish idiocy, is really a good guy after all. In short, the characters are hated and ridiculed so continuously and unrelentingly that the reader is permitted no hint of genuine feeling for, or even against, them. They emerge undifferentiated, two-dimensional, and dull.

This, then, is clearly the case of an important writer who has preserved his powers and perceptions—and his ability to *write*—into middle age but who has become dislocated from his base of knowledge and experience. There are very few very rich in the world; few of us know even *one* of them; few of us feel more for them than a sort of low-grade, tabloid-newspaper fascination, envy, and resentment. On the other hand, all of us are involved every day with the socially mobile poor man who has made it, however insecurely, and with his poor neighbor who hasn't; with the self-doubting woman who contrives to anchor herself to something and spends her life giving value for love and money; with the nay-saying petty bureaucrats who try, and manage, to kill joy in cities, schools, and businesses; with the innocent and perverted ambitions of ordinary men who would be otherwise. All this is Kingsley Amis's world, his oyster, which he has opened for us three times now with astonishing wit, panache, and love. It would be awful and unthinkable if, at forty-seven, he could not perform this feat again.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HEROD AND MARIAMNE, by Pär Lagerkvist, translated from the Swedish by Naomi Walford (Knopf). A beautiful small book, beautifully designed. Herod, Edomite King

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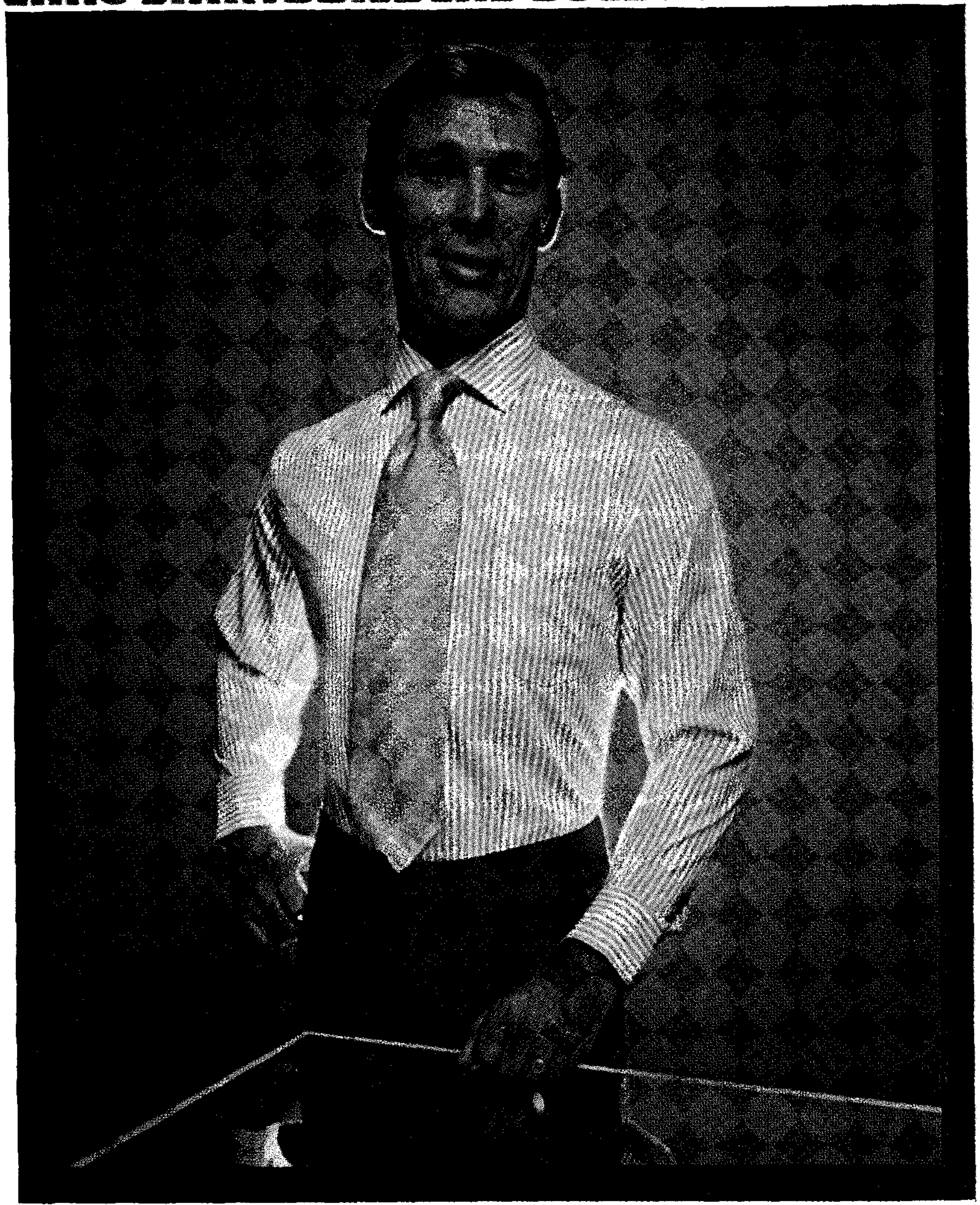

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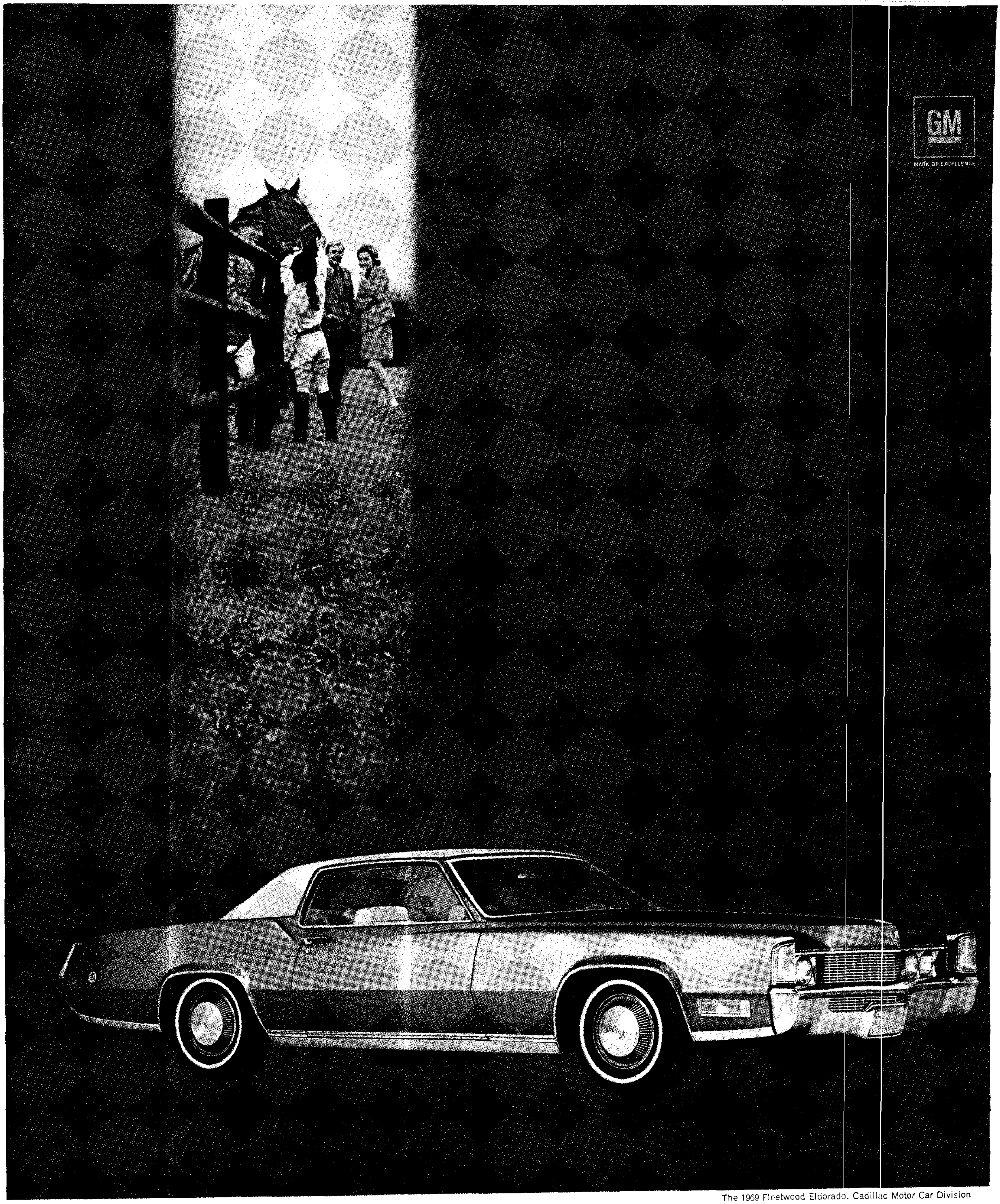

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of Judaea, a hated, brutish man, glimpses the fair Jewish woman Mariamne on the road to Damascus, falls in love, woos her, makes her his queen, and finally has her slain. Long after her death, when he himself is mortally ill, the well-known star is sighted, the three wise men are interviewed, and Herod perpetrates the Slaughter of the Innocents. Dying, he remembers Mariamne: "Strange that this love could have lived on throughout his long and evil life; yet it had. How it endured alongside his wickedness was past understanding. Yet so it was. And it had done so without influencing his life, or changing it in any way." No one writes better parables than Lagerkvist. His intrusions of modern insight into the fabulous texture are extremely delicate—Mariamne, when Herod turns from her, "could not truthfully deny that she missed the sensual satisfaction to which he had accustomed her, in spite of so much in him that revolted and disgusted her"—and only the final romantic reëmphasis falls short of Biblical dignity.

GENERAL

The System: The Misgovernment of Modern Britain, by Max Nicholson, with an introduction by Max Lerner (McGraw-Hill). What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed—and then some. Mr. Nicholson sees his countrymen as a collection of widely divergent ethnic strains—peoples who are clever, earthy, inventive, merry, and artistic, but whose personalities have been jammed into a narrow mold (the rulers) or suppressed entirely (the ruled). He sees the roots of Britain's troubles in several Victorian decisions, such as the building of an empire and the creation of a civil service staffed by amateurs in administration. His prescriptions include more professionalism and more decentralization. These needs are practically worldwide, but Mr. Nicholson is usefully specific. He is also impassioned, sensible, and drolly realistic: "The men who carried Britain to world leadership in the industrial revolution must often have had shocking accents. Later in the nineteenth century, the more refined the voice of Britain became the more Britain fell behind." Ten dollars and ninety-five cents.

Torregreca: Life, Death, Miracles, by Ann Cornelisen (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A beautifully written book about a little town in a part of Italy that is regarded, even by most Italians, as darkest Africa. Torregreca is the fictional name of a town that lies approximately halfway between Naples and Taranto. There, several years ago, Miss Cornelisen, an American woman working for the British-sponsored Save the Children Fund, set up a nursery, a project that took a long time to accomplish. The most fascinating part of her book has to do with Torregreca's social structure, its economy, the beliefs of its people, and the individuals with whom she came into intimate contact. Some of these are unforgettable—Chichella, a widow who rented a house to Miss Cornelisen and who had a heart-wrenching life story, including labor from before dawn to after sunset in the fields nine miles from town, a marriage forced on her by rape, and a widowhood in which she was not supposed to be seen in public; Luca, a young doctor, who, unlike nearly everybody else in town, had seen at least one big city and had ideas of reform; Dr. Neri, an older physician, who considered it beneath his dignity to walk and was afraid to drive a car; Sister Clemente, of the local convent, who tried to force Miss Cornelisen out of Torregreca because she was a Protestant but who was forestalled by the bishop. The physical conditions of life in Torregreca are almost unimaginable by urban Americans. All sorts of pagan superstitions permeated the local Catholic Church—serpents were draped over statues of the Madonna; grain sprouts, grown in the dark, were placed in Christ's coffin on Good Friday; charms against evil spirits were sewn to underwear. Miss Cornelisen sees all the squalor but nevertheless writes about her adventures with humor and with great affection for the Torregrecans.

The Man of Principle: A Biography of John Galsworthy, by Dudley Barker (Stein & Day). An informal and discreet (but revealing) book. Of all the big men of English letters who were in the ascendant during the first quarter of this century, Galsworthy is probably the one who would be most alienated and bewildered at the way their world has turned out. He was a disturber of the Edwardian peace, it is true, and was railed at by conservative Englishmen for his attacks on the social order, but this book puts him in his proper context as a

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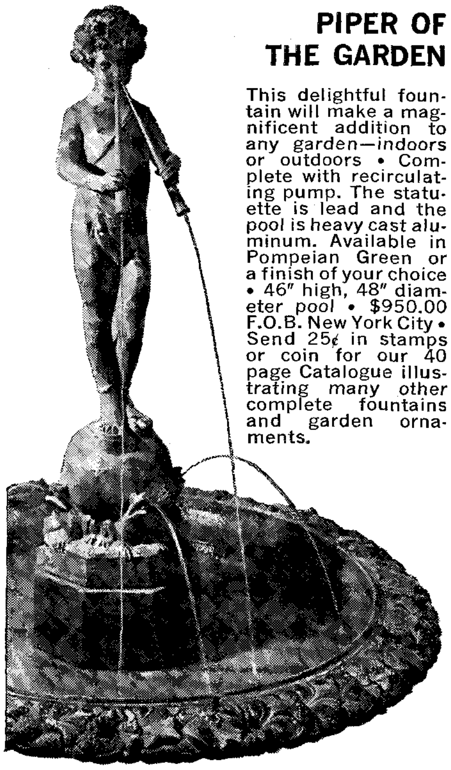

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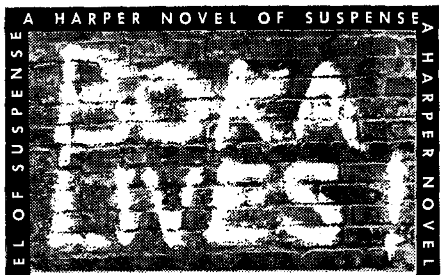

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moralist who sought to correct the tilt of the applecart, not to upset it. It also goes behind the façade of the slightly sticky and standoffish gentleman of letters that he was at pains to keep between the public and himself. He was a much more interesting man than that, and his personal history, for all Mr. Barker's discretion, is even more so.

OVERLIVE, by William M. Birenbaum (Delacorte). Dr. Birenbaum is president of Staten Island Community College, the initiator of a project to set up a college in the heart of Bedford-Stuyvesant, a supporter of black militancy, and a resolute foe of the academic ivory tower. He has coined the rather unfortunate term "overlive" (on the analogy of "overkill") to characterize our economy, in which a few have too much and too many have too little. His proposals are for educational rather than economic reform, and they are radical, including a demand that college students get out of their cloistered dormitories and live in the tenements with their urban neighbors. As sometimes happens with reformers, Dr. Birenbaum writes in a tone of smarmy self-satisfaction that tends to predispose the reader against anything he says.

THE MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES (M.I.T.). This absolutely first-rate collection of essays has been written by a group of the most outstanding mathematicians, economists, biologists, and mathematical physicists in this country in an attempt to acquaint the non-professional reader with the latest developments in the most ancient of the exact sciences. The range is very broad. There are essays on computers, including a splendid one by Professor George E. Forsythe, of Stanford University, on the agonies that a modern computer goes through in trying to solve the simplest imaginable algebraic equations. (The problem is that a computer has a limited mental capacity, and must deal with a reduced set of numbers—usually eight decimal digits—which can introduce intolerable inaccuracies in even the most straightforward calculations.) There are several essays that concern what the physicist Eugene Wigner has called "the unreasonable effectiveness of mathematics in the natural sciences"—the fact that, in an unforeseen way, connections among natural phenomena can be described by relatively simple mathematics. In addition to essays on mathematics in

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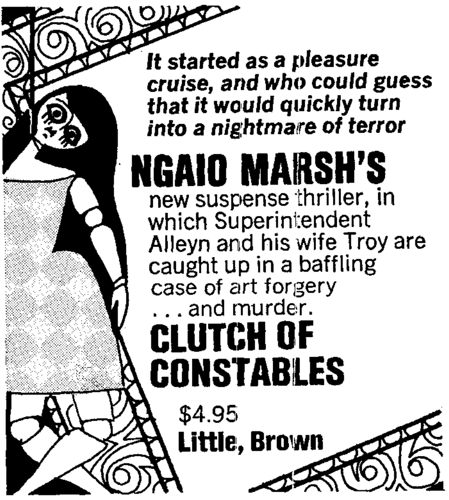

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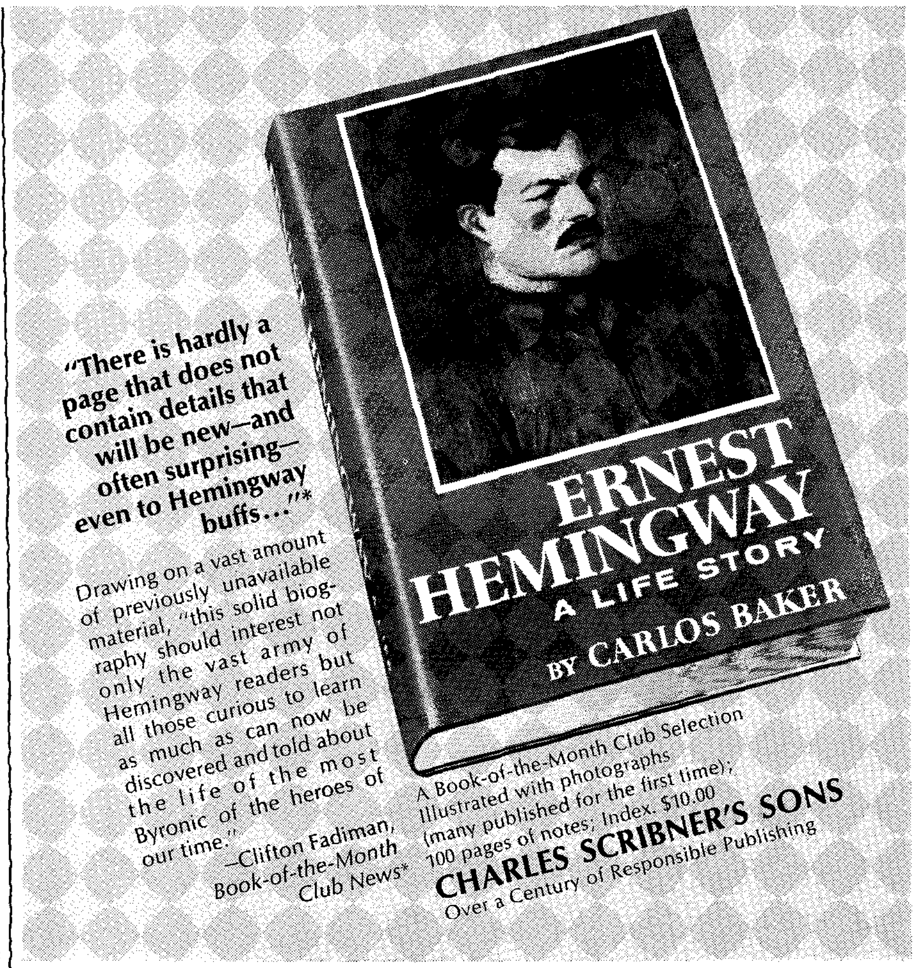
biology, physics, chemistry, and economics, there are essays on modern topology, algebra, and the theory of probability. Most of them are self-contained, and all are written with such lucidity that a reader who is willing to take the pains will come away with an understanding of why this field has flourished with such vigor since the dawn of recorded intellectual history.

FLEMISH MUSIC AND SOCIETY IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES, by Robert Wangermée, translated from the French by Robert Erich Wolf (Praeger). An exhaustive as well as an extraordinarily handsome volume devoted to the composers of the period when the Low Countries (part of modern Holland and Belgium, and a bit of France) were the center of the musical world. It was a period when Flemish composers were dominant in the great Italian centers of learning and in Flanders, and their art was one of complex counterpoint written down by a new and fairly exact system of notation. Among the great men of the period were Guillaume Dufay, Johannes Ockeghem, Josquin des Prés, and Roland de Lassus. The madrigal and the motet were born, and counterpoint found its way into secular songs as well as religious music. The movement, interestingly, lasted a couple of hundred years, passed into a state of academicism and mannerism, and then declined completely, to be replaced by a purer and less complex music deriving from the Italian opera. The book is so beautifully illustrated that one could want to own it just for the pictures. Fifty dollars.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE STRIKER PORTFOLIO, by Adam Hall (Simon & Schuster). Further adventures of the serious, sober, sexually continent British agent whom Mr. Hall calls Quiller. Quiller's assignment this time is to uncover the truth about all those crashes in the West German air arm of NATO. As usual, his superiors are too sadistic to give him any information to work on (he must accumulate his own "portfolio"), but, also as usual, circumstance provides him with a lead, and that, in turn, provides him with another lead, and the next thing we know old Quiller is locked up in an asylum for the criminally insane in East Germany. The events leading up to this predicament include a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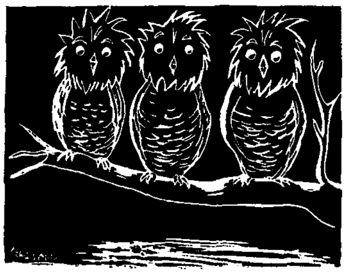

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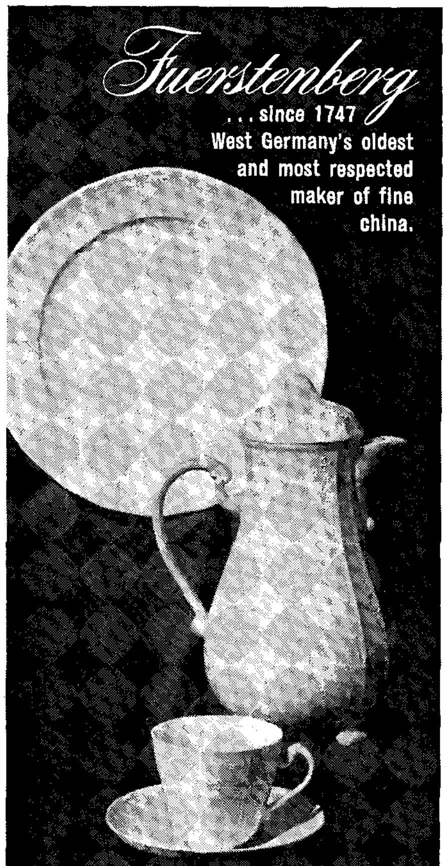

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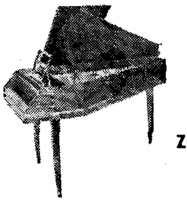

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death duel by motorcar that is almost cinematically hypnotic.

THE VALENTINE VICTIM, by Dougal McLeish (Houghton Mifflin). A chatty Canadian murder story that begins with a particularly gory shooting and ends very satisfactorily with the villain spitting and struggling in the good old-fashioned handcuffed way. The scene is the village of Farnham, not far from the city of London, Ontario, and the weather is stormy, with snow and ice, it being the season of Valentine's Day. All the people under investigation are well heeled, which is nice, because police work is more interesting to the reader when it is carried on in a posh atmosphere.

MONGO'S BACK IN TOWN, by E. Richard Johnson (Harper & Row). Mongo Nash is a professional assassin, and he is back in a town much like Minneapolis on what sounds like a simple job of work. Poor, dedicated, bloodthirsty Mongo. The contract that awaits him turns out to be a bottomless tangle of treachery, and Mr. Johnson, a jailbird turned writer, describes Mongo's struggles very entertainingly in the durable tough-guy manner of the thirties: "Time was running out like blood through a ripped gut."

•

Washington, as sturdy and rounded a character as ever held power, was so disturbed by the violence of attacks on him that he decided understandably to quit the Presidency after two terms. John Adams was tough-fibered but crotchety, both in office and out, and he suffered agonies as President but never lost his sense of being right while his enemies were wrong—which is a normal healthy response. Jefferson had migraine headaches so severe that at times they left him only a couple of hours a day for any intellectual work: a psychiatrist today would have a field day with those migraines, but it would all be the wildest guesswork. James Madison was a tiny man with an attractive wife who outshone him and think of what an Adlerian could do with that.—*Max Lerner in the Post.*

We know of an Adler who could have made him look taller.

•

As soloist with the Moscow State Symphony Petrov will play the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 while the orchestra under the direction of Eugeni Svetlanov will play the overture to "Russlan and Ludmilla" by Glinka, and the Symphony No. 5 by Tchaikovsky.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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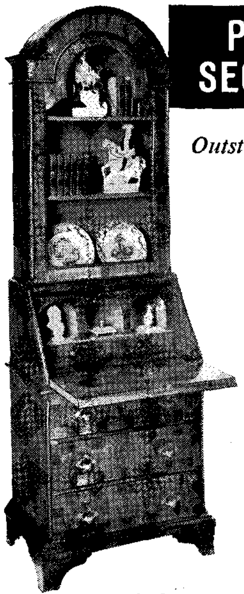

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